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Arizona Historical Review

Volume 3

April 1930-January 1931

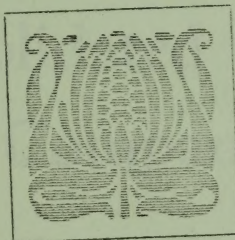
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Arizona Historical Review

Vol. 3

APRIL, 1930

No. 1



Published Quarterly by
ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Entered as Second Class Mail

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ARIZONA Historical Review

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Volume 3

APRIL, 1930

Number 1



STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

CONTENTS

Current Comment	Dan R. Williamson
Tucson—The Old Pueblo.....	{ Dean Frank C. Lockwood and Donald W. Page
San Carlos Blasted Into Dust.....	John P. Clum
An Outline of Southwestern Pre-Historic.....	H. S. Gladwin
The Canyon Diablo Train Robbery.....	Will C. Barnes
Early Days in Arizona.....	Thomas Thompson Hunter

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Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Apache County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Arizona, with its 113,956 square miles, ranks fifth in size of states—nearly as large as New England and New York combined.

Coconino County is the second largest county in the United States.

Arizona contains the longest unbroken stretch of yellow pine timber in the world.

Arizona contains the greatest variety of plant life, even including ferns, of any state in the Union.

Arizona's population has shown greatest percentage of increase of any state in the United States since 1910, more than doubling since that time.

Arizona is the greatest COPPER producing state, the 1929 production being around 833,626,000 pounds, with a value of about \$149,200,000, while the value of the five principal minerals—GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD and ZINC for 1929 is about \$158,433,300.

Arizona ranks first in the production of COPPER; first in the production of ASBESTOS; third in GOLD; fourth in SILVER, sixth in LEAD and very high in ZINC, TUNGSTEN, VANADIUM, QUICKSILVER and other minerals.

Arizona's mines employ 19,000 men and their pay rolls amount to \$30,000,000 annually.

In the excellence of her public schools and school buildings Arizona ranks among the very highest.

Arizona's 1929 hay crop was worth \$12,222,000.

Arizona's 1929 grain crop was worth \$3,941,000.

Arizona's 1929 cotton crop was worth \$15,000,000.

Arizona ships more than 9,000 cars of lettuce annually.

Arizona ships more than 5,500 cars of cantaloupes annually.

Arizona's lumber production is worth about \$5,000,000 annually.

Arizona is the only state owning its own BUFFALO herd; this state having about 85 head running on the open range in House Rock Valley.

Arizona contains the largest number of DEER of any state in the Union; the Kaibab forest alone containing about 30,000 head.

Arizona, in the Thompson Arboretum at Superior, has the only arid climate arboretum in the world.

Arizona has about 888,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$39,418,000. Arizona has about 1,189,000 head of sheep, valued at about \$9,493,000.

Arizona's Indian population, around 33,000, is second largest in the United States.

Arizona is fast becoming famous for the excellence of its PECANS, DATES, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPE FRUIT, GRAPES and MANY OTHER FRUITS.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Arizona possesses one of the seven great wonders of the world.

In the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona has the finest example of early Spanish mission architecture on the North American Continent.

Arizona has within her borders some three hundred miles of sparkling trout streams.

Within the borders of Arizona there are undoubtedly 100,000 old ruins, the largest and most important being the "CASA GRANDE" near Florence. Many well preserved cliff dwellings are tucked away in the mountains and canyons away from the haunts of man.

The present day great canal system of the SALT RIVER VALLEY, and the Casa Grande Valley as well, are built on the ruins of prehistoric canals built by a vanished people, and that these same prehistoric people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

In Northwestern Arizona ten townships have been reserved for oil by the United States Government.

Within the Navajo Indian country there is known to be something like twenty-nine billion tons of coal.

Large bodies of 65 per cent iron ore are found in the Apache Indian Reservation, and that six of the steel hardeners (manganese, vanadium, tungsten, chromium, titanium and molybdenum) are found in Arizona.

The second largest meteorite found in the United States was discovered on the Santa Fe Railway near Sanders, Arizona. Named "Navajo Meteorite" and sold to Field Museum, Chicago.

Arizona leads in irrigation and contains the most comprehensive system of dams for irrigation and power purposes in the world

WITH ROOSEVELT DAM and ROOSEVELT LAKE,
HORSE MESA DAM and APACHE LAKE,
MORMON FLAT DAM and CANYON LAKE,
STEWART MOUNTAIN DAM AND LAKE,
CAVE CREEK DAM AND RESERVOIR,
GRANITE REEF DIVERSION DAM AND RESERVOIR,

COOLIDGE DAM and SAN CARLOS LAKE, Arizona contains many lakes of rare beauty which constitute the largest acreage of artificial reservoirs or lakes extant, with more dams to be built in the near future.

ARIZONA is full of beautiful wonders—LAKES, MOUNTAINS, GRAND CANYONS, VALLEYS, PAINTED DESERTS, PETRIFIED FORESTS, NATURAL BRIDGES, PREHISTORIC RUINS, CLIFF DWELLINGS, STREAMS, DESERTS, CACTUS, HIGHWAYS, SUNSETS, COLORINGS, as well as having the most invigorating and salubrious climate in the world.

CURRENT COMMENT

DAN R. WILLIAMSON

William Babbitt

William Babbitt, aged 66, an outstanding Arizona pioneer, died at his winter home in Phoenix on February 27, from a heart attack. This is the third death among the men of the Babbitt family since last July. A brother, David Babbitt, died on November 8, 1929, and the latter's son, David Babbitt, Jr., died in Phoenix last July. The death of William Babbitt leaves but two of the five brothers living, all of whom founded Babbitt Brothers Trading Company at Flagstaff. One of these, C. J. Babbitt, lives in Flagstaff and is actively engaged in the management of the affairs of this company; the other, E. J. Babbitt, is a practicing attorney of Cincinnati. William Babbitt is survived by a wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Reilly of Flagstaff and a dozen nieces and nephews. He was a native of Ohio.

Mr. Babbitt had been in failing health for more than a year, but was not confined to his bed for much of that time. Death followed an acute heart attack of only a few hours' duration. His wife and a family friend and relative by marriage, Mrs. John Verkamp, were with him when he died. The Babbitts had spent most of the winter in San Francisco, where Mr. Babbitt had business interests. They had come to Phoenix about a month before his death, and were living at 760 East McKinley Street.

Funeral services were held from the Church of Nativity at Flagstaff, and interment made in the Catholic Cemetery there, on March 1.

Gustav Anton Hoff

Gustav Anton Hoff, born in New Carbe, Germany, December 7, 1852, and a resident of Tucson since 1880, died at the family home, 127 West Franklin Street, that city, on February 18, from a stroke of paralysis. He is survived by his wife, the former Miss Alice Ford, of California; four daughters, Mrs. E. B. Winstanley, Mrs. G. B. Quickenstedt and Mrs. Walter Hall, of Tucson, and Mrs. E. Haskell of Santa Barbara; a son, Louis

Hoff, of Guadalajara, and a brother, Julius Hoff, lives in Yorktown, Texas.

At the time of his death Mr. Hoff was secretary of the L. H. Manning Company, of Tucson. He had been connected with this company for many years. For many years he was in the mercantile business on the corner where the new Consolidated Bank Building now stands. He was a prominent and active member of the Masonic and Knights of Pythias lodges, and of the Hiram Club.

Mr. Hoff was a member of the Sixteenth Territorial Legislature, and during the early days of the territory was a very active democrat. He served as a councilman for Tucson for several terms, and was mayor of that city for one term, beginning in 1900.

Funeral services were held from the Masonic Temple, with the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Knights Templar in charge.

John Alexander

John Alexander died in a Globe hospital on January 17, following an operation. He was in his sixty-sixth year, and he had been a resident of Arizona for forty-four years, coming first to Tucson in 1886, where he lived for a year. He went to Ft. Thomas where, with a brother, Andrew, he started a store known as Alexander Brothers General Merchandise Company. In addition to this, they acquired the famous hot springs near Ft. Thomas. In 1904 Mr. Alexander moved with his family to Globe and bought the Globe Commercial Company. He also bought and operated the Dreamland Theater on Sycamore Street. This theater was the center of many civic activities until it was destroyed by fire during a big Odd Fellows' convention in 1913.

Following the disposal of his interest in the Globe Commercial Company in 1916, he became affiliated with the Solomon-Wickersham Company in Globe. He remained with this company almost continuously until he was injured in an automobile accident last September. He never fully recovered from this injury.

Mr. Alexander was buried in the Elks' plot in the Globe cemetery.

Surviving relatives are the wife, Mrs. Clara Burns Alexander; three daughters, Mrs. Charles Tupper of San Diego, Mrs.

Herbert Finnegan and Miss Ruth Alexander of Globe; a brother, Andrew, of San Diego, and two sisters, Mrs. L. B. Jones of Alhambra, and Mrs. C. Birdwell of Los Angeles. Another sister, Mrs. Louise Rupkey, preceded him in death by just two weeks. She was also an Arizona pioneer and she passed away in El Paso, where she had gone to visit a son.

Sylvestre Peralta

Death claimed Sylvestre Peralta, a resident of St. Johns since 1875, on January 4, at the age of 57. He was stricken with paralysis a few days before his death, and did not rally.

Mr. Peralta was one of the most prominent citizens of Apache County, and held many public offices. He was sheriff of that county from 1903 to 1912, and during the Campbell administration he served as a guard at the state penitentiary. Following this service he served as a prohibition officer under John H. Udall, state prohibition director. He resigned this position several years ago to engage in business at McNary. At the age of eighteen he became interested in sheep raising, and was successful in this business for a number of years.

Surviving members of the Peralta family are the widow and seven daughters, all residents of the northern part of the state with the exception of one of the daughters, Mrs. Gregorio Garcia, who lives in Phoenix.

F. E. A. Kimball

F. E. A. Kimball, who came to Arizona from San Diego, California, in 1899, died at his home in Tucson on February 25. He was a native of New Hampshire and was 67 years old.

During his thirty-one years' residence in Tucson Mr. Kimball was most active in the city's affairs. He was a member of the lower house, from Pima County, of the Fourth and Fifth and Eighth and Ninth Arizona State Legislatures. He was the author of the Mill Tax Bill for the University of Arizona, and obtained passage of Arizona's first child welfare bill. He was an

organizer of the Tucson Natural History Society and an ardent worker in the Game Protective Association. At the time of his death he was secretary-treasurer of the Summerhaven Land and Improvement Company.

Before coming to Arizona, Mr. Kimball was in the newspaper business. He established the Coronado Evening Mercury in 1887, which continued in existence under different names until 1899, when it was bought by the Spreckels interests from the company to whom Kimball and his partner had sold it three years before. Mr. Kimball continued in the newspaper game when he first came to Tucson, having been a reporter on the Arizona Daily Star until he established a book and stationery store, in which business he remained almost continuously during his residence there. During the summer season Mr. Kimball was postmaster at Summerhaven, a popular mountain resort near Tucson. He was a member of the Typographical Union for more than forty years, and by lodge affiliation he was an Odd Fellow.

Surviving relatives are the widow, Mrs. Mabel Kimball, two brothers, a sister and numerous nieces and nephews.

According to the Coronado California Journal, Robert W. Hornbeck, with whom Mr. Kimball established the Coronado Evening Mercury in 1887, died just twenty days before Mr. Kimball.

Frederick W. Perkins

Judge Frederick W. Perkins, city attorney of Flagstaff and state representative from Coconino County, died of pneumonia in a Phoenix hospital on January 6. Judge Perkins was a native of New Hampshire, was 78 years of age and had resided in Arizona continuously for 25 years. He was first judge of the superior court of Coconino County. He was past president of the Hiram Club of Flagstaff; past master of the Blue Lodge of Flagstaff, and grand master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Arizona in 1916. He had served as state representative from Coconino County for three terms.

Funeral services were held in Flagstaff, under the auspices of the Masonic Order of that city.

Surviving relatives are a sister, Jephena Wright Perkins; one daughter, Mrs. G. A. Pearson, both of Flagstaff; three sons,

Fred Hough Perkins, Phoenix; Edwin Thompson Perkins, Joplin, Missouri, and Warren Otis Perkins, Williams, Arizona. There are also fourteen surviving grandchildren.

David Morgan

The death of David Morgan, Arizona pioneer, miner and former member of the legislature, occurred in Los Angeles on January 11.

During his residence in Arizona he became general foreman for the Congress Gold Mining Company, and superintendent of the Imperial Copper Company and the United Verde Extension. He is credited with the discovery of the rich ore bed of the United Verde, which was largely responsible for that company's growth. At the time of his death he was vice president and general manager of the Zenda Gold Mining Company at Barstow, California. He was a member of the Arizona Territorial Legislature in 1907; member of the state senate in 1920, being chairman of the senate committee on mines.

Mr. Morgan is survived by his widow and a daughter, Virginia.

ARIZONA'S ANNUAL PAGEANT

The fourth annual presentation of the Casa Grande Pageant closed Sunday night, March 30th, in a blaze of glory.

This annual pageant has become a regular institution and wins wide support from the lovers of Arizona romance and history.

Being held as it is on the grounds of the age-old historic ruin of the CASA GRANDE, the theme of the mode of living of these interesting but unknown people is carried out by our best thinkers, builded on traditions and legends gathered from where they may.

Dean Cummings, of the University of Arizona, Tucson, and Mrs. Mark Twain Clemens of Florence, assisted by many others, deserve the thanks of all for their untiring efforts in making this year's pageant the outstanding success that it proved to be.

DEDICATION OF COOLIDGE DAM

In our opinion the outstanding event in our state's history was the dedication of the great Coolidge Dam, by Calvin Coolidge, at the request of President Hoover on March 4th last. Coolidge Dam is built on the Gila River not far from the historic location of the old San Carlos Indian Agency, and the great lake that will cover all of this ground will be and is known as San Carlos Lake.

Governor Phillips met Mr. Coolidge and wife and personally escorted them from Yuma to the dedication.

The great event was witnessed by some ten thousand happy people who reveled in Arizona's glorious sunshine during the ceremony.

The age-old enemies, the Pimas and the Apaches, smoked the peace pipe, and Will Rogers smilingly talked in the "Mike."

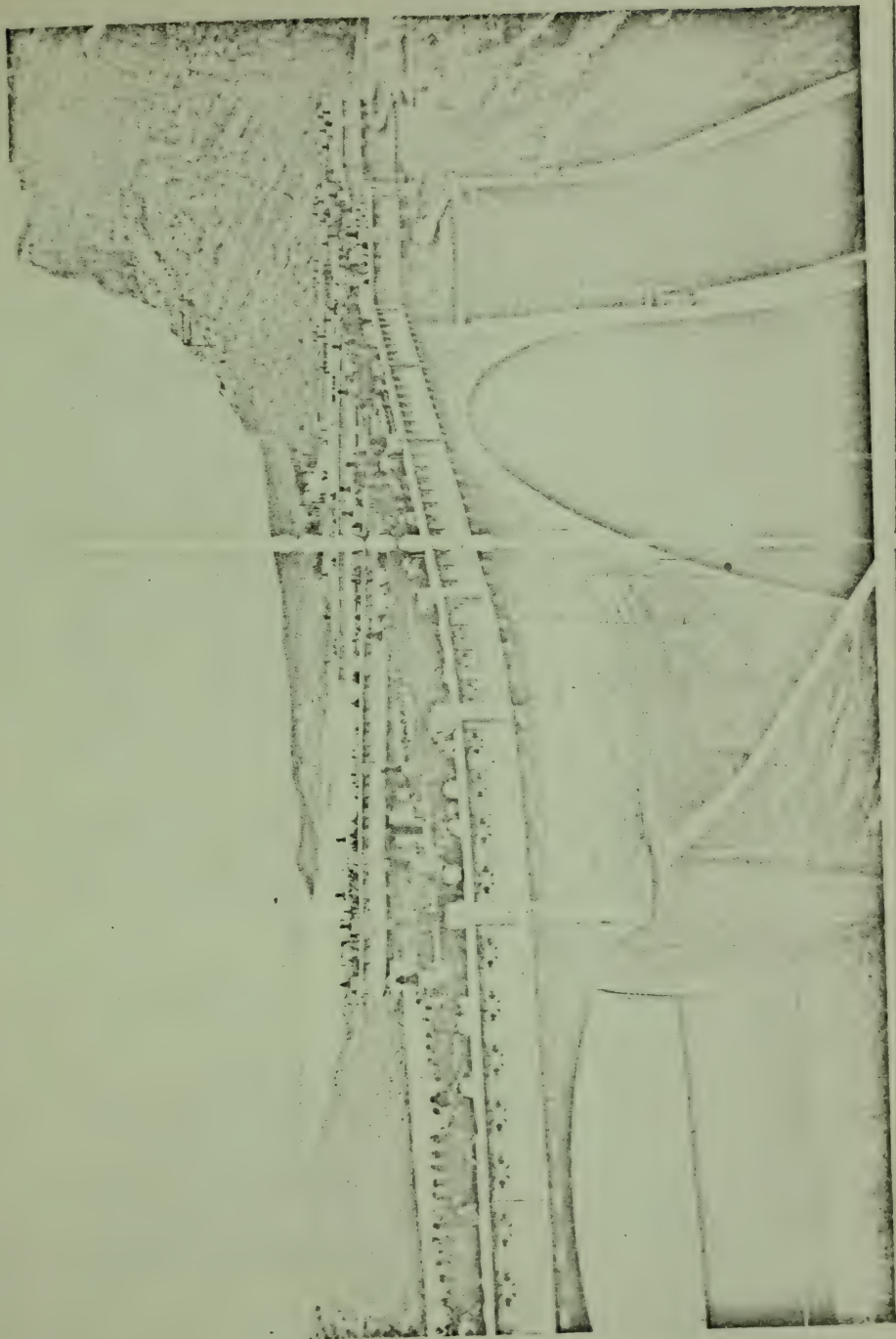
This dam is in our opinion the finest and most beautiful major structure built by the hands of man, and is a creation of the brain of Major C. R. Oldburg, who is now in Russia.

Old Chief Talkalia, most prominent of the old-time Apaches, was to take part in the dedication, but his soul was gently wafted to the happy hunting grounds during that interesting ceremony. He was buried in the Pinal cemetery between Globe and Miami, where loving friends will erect a monument to his memory.

INVITATION TO COOLIDGE

(Mailed thru the Office of Governor Phillips)

To the Honorable Calvin Coolidge,
And his good wife, if you please,
Who are now in the land of the "Golden West,"
Enjoying the ocean's breeze.
For that is a land of beauty,
Powerful, grand, sedate,
The home of the "Sunkist" orange,
Well known as the "Golden State."
And we hear in Arizona,
Our sovereign state supreme,
The baby state of our country,
And brightly our records gleam.
We are proud of our hills and valleys,
Our mountains and cactus plain,
We are proud of our upright people
Who strive to our rights maintain.



We are proud of "Our Colorado,"
Winding its way to the sea,
And our marvelous canyon that named it,
Proud work of the Diety;
We are proud of our mines of Copper,
Silver and Lead and Gold,
The whole wide world enriching,
Like the "Midas" mines of old.

We are proud of our fertile valleys,
And proud of the homes they bring,
We are proud of our dams and rivers,
While the world their praises sing,
We are proud of our great Dam, Roosevelt,
We are proud of its inland sea,
For its waters come in as the snows melt,
In the lands of the great pine tree.

I am proud I was there with "Teddy,"
In March of Nineteen Eleven,
When he came to dedicate Roosevelt,
Then the greatest Dam 'neath heaven;
And now to you both we're appealing,
Another great work has been done,
Please come and dedicate Coolidge,
The finest dam 'neath the sun.

When softly the shadows are falling,
As over the waters you scan,
There before you in lines that are classic,
Is the noblest work of man.

Yours most sincerely,

DAN R. WILLIAMSON,

State Historian.

February 19, 1930.

Then Coolidge came to our calling,
And there in the afternoon,
'Midst the splendor of sky and mountains,
With our pulsing hearts in tune,
Were the magical words then spoken,
Dedicating this work, well done,
To the love of God and religion,
And pleased was everyone.

Ten thousand were there to see it,
Ten thousand who were as one,
Many of them were Indians,
Children of Earth and Sun;
Calmly they smoked the peace pipe,
Those who had fought for years,
For the love of God was over all,
And that allayed all fears.

And now to the River Gila,
May ever your waters flow,
Filling our lake "San Carlos,"
With run off from rain and snow;
May the beautiful land below you,
And rich is its virgin sod,
Be the home of prosperous thousands,
All blest by, and loving, God.

DAN R. WILLIAMSON,
State Historian.

March 25, 1930.

COOLIDGE DAM DIMENSIONS

(Arizona Republican, Phoenix, March 5, 1930)

Elevation of top of dam, 2,535 feet above sea level.
Height of dam above bedrock, 250 feet.
Height of dam above stream-bed, 250 feet.
Thickness of domes at bottom, 21 feet.
Thickness of domes at top, 4 feet.
Length of dam on top, 880 feet.
Length of dam on bottom, 300 feet.
Distance from rear of dome to toe of buttress, 286 feet.
Buttresses spaced 180 feet on centers.
Buttresses from 60 to 24 feet thick.
Area of land submerged, 22,000 acres.
Reservoir length, 23 miles.
Reservoir capacity, 1,200,000 acre feet.
Will irrigate (present designation), 100,000 acres.
Concrete in dam, 205,000 cubic yards.
Steel (reinforcing), 3,500 tons.
Rock and gravel excavation, 280,000 cubic yards.
Present total stored water supply, 170,600 acre feet.
Present available above penstocks, 145,100 acre feet.

Area cultivated this year, 55,000 acres.
Annual runoff Gila river, 385,000 acre feet.
Duty of water, 3 acre feet per acre on land.
Congressional act authorizing constuction, June 7, 1924.
Preliminary construction started March 1, 1925.
Construction contract let November 1, 1926.
Contractors, Atkinson, Kier Bros., Spicer Company, Los Angeles.

Construction work started January 1, 1927.
Dam completed January 1, 1929.
Storage of water started November 15, 1929.
Appropriations for dam construction, \$5,500,000.
Estimated cost entire project, \$10,000,000.
Project, lands all in Pinal county, 100 miles below dam, immediately adjoining Salt River project on south.
Ownership, 50,000 acres Indian; 50,000 acres white.
Railroad, Southern Pacific through center of project, running from Tucson to Phoenix.

Principal towns, Florence, Coolidge, Casa Grande.
Climate: Average maximum temperature, 113 degrees F.; average minimum, 31 degrees F.

Precipitation: 10 inches.

Soils: Gravelly loams to heavy silt.

Crops: Cotton, cantaloupes, lettuce, alfalfa, oranges, lemons, dates, grapefruit, figs, olives, grain, watermelons, and others.

Power plant at base of dam.

Installed capacity, 10,000 kilowatts.

Average annual revenue, \$200,000.

Reservoir area involved submergence of old town of San Carlos established in 1872 as military post for Apaches. Notable for locale of Geronimo, Apache Kid, Naches, and other Apache chieftains.

Involved removal of 20 miles of Southern Pacific railroad running from Bowie to Globe. Cost of removal \$2,400,000, of which government paid \$1,000,000.

Indians removed: 550 in over 100 homes or teepees; 50 government and traders' buildings torn down and salvaged.

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

By DEAN FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

University of Arizona

and

CAPTAIN DONALD W. PAGE

One time City Inspector of Buildings, Tucson

Copyright Applied for by Frank C. Lockwood

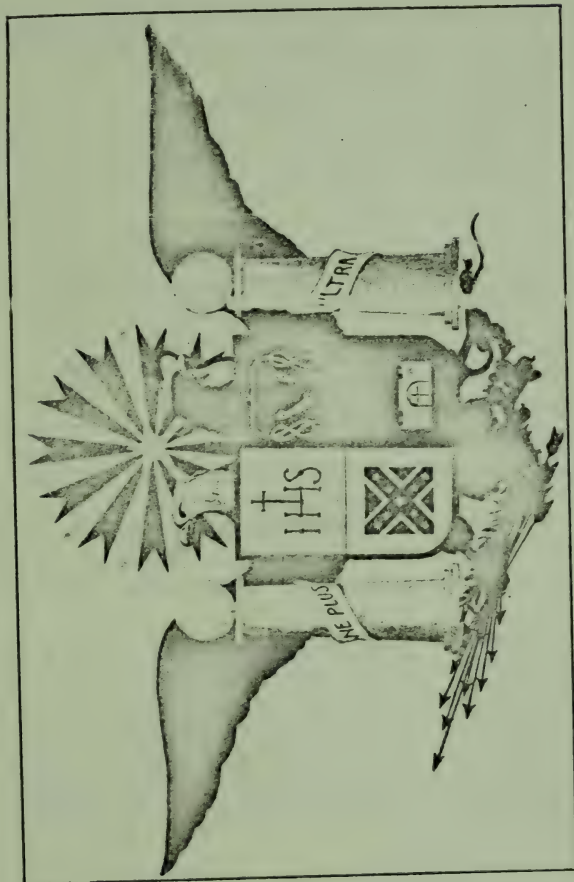
PREFACE

Tucson is one of the American towns that has distinction. It possesses a character all its own. For decades travelers have recognized this fact, and each one in his own way has enjoyed it, pondered over it and sought to explain it. Tucson somehow piques a stranger's curiosity and stirs his imagination. Its starry skies, its perpetual sunshine, the silence and vastness of its surrounding desert and mountains, the incredible purity of its atmosphere, the tender blue of its undimmed heavens—all these no doubt entranced the primitive dwellers of remote times as much as they do the modern inhabitant. But we have much more to wonder at and enjoy than did the denizens of a hundred and fifty years ago; for, now, to the charm of Nature has been added the allurements of antiquity, mystery, tragedy and romance.

It is not likely that anyone will ever be able to give a full and true account of Tucson's past. The "dark backward and abysm" of time has swallowed up forever the details of the human drama enacted by the prehistoric dwellers in this valley. But research and inquiry have enabled us to reconstruct the past in outline and, during some periods, with a good deal of detail. Much can be related with entire confidence, and to this a great deal can be added by intelligent conjecture.

Who that comes under the spell of this old city does not desire to know all about its past? However, citizens and transients alike have found themselves as much confused as fascinated by all that they hear about the early days of Tucson. All sorts of contradictory and colorful stories are told, much to the delight but little to the illumination of the stranger within our gates.

Note—This is one of two sections of a book by Dean Frank C. Lockwood and Captain Donald W. Page, the second section to appear in the July issue of the Review. The book will be out in the fall.



COAT OF ARMS OF THE CITY OF TUCSON

This seal was first suggested and sketched by Fire Chief Joseph A. Roberts; Reverend Victor Stoner, Chuncellor of the Diocese of Tucson, supplied historic data concerning the respective emblems of the Franciscan and Jesuit orders, and Captain Donald W. Page executed and copyrighted the design as it now appears. For full explanation of the interwoven symbols, see Appendix.

Unfortunately, the living raconteur is not alone at fault in this matter. Much that gets into print and into books, even, is also wide of the mark or grotesquely unreliable.

It is the purpose of this guide-book to tell as much of the truth about Tucson as can be crowded into these brief pages, and to tell it interestingly and in order. The authors have themselves for years felt to the full the glamour and romance that hangs mist-like over this ancient desert city. It so happens, though, that their training and habits make it necessary for them to seek exactitude as well as picturesqueness and dramatic effect. Their endeavor has been primarily to satisfy themselves by tracing things to their sources, and now having been able to accomplish this in some measure, they think it worth while to give others the results of their studies through this modest book.

We have thought it best to clear our pages of foot-notes and continual references to the authorities upon which we rely. We desire that the book shall be read with ease and pleasure. We make our statements and draw our conclusions after satisfying our own minds as well as we can, and then leave it to the reader to accept or reject our account as he may see fit. It goes without saying that the authors themselves are not always in agreement upon moot points. The book will be convincing, therefore, just to the degree that our trustworthiness has been established. To this we may add that what we set down here is based upon wide reading, long and diligent inquiry among old settlers, and careful physical surveys of the city and the surrounding region. At the back of the book, too, we list a considerable number of the most important books and documents to which we have had access.

The authors take this opportunity to express their great obligation to Mr. G. H. Schneider for his excellent pictorial map of the region about Tucson, and to Mrs. Luella Haney Russell for her drawing of the walled city of Tucson as she and the authors imagine it may have looked. The authors are also under deep obligation to Dr. J. G. Brown, of the University of Arizona, who made several of the rare photographs included here.

CHAPTER I.

TUCSON, PRE-TRADITIONAL TIMES TO THE FOUNDING OF THE PRESIDIO

By DONALD W. PAGE

As a community, Tucson is old far beyond the power of the imagination to grasp, so old indeed that if we consider its aboriginal origin the present city's beginning may truthfully be said to be lost in the mists of Time. That the locality has been the home of man from the remotest ages there can be little doubt, for in the beginning its strategic and economic value must have instinctively appealed to the first meat-eating humans to wander into the valley, and early man, once he found a place good, was loath to abandon it until forced into the change.

In bygone times, the country hereabouts was far more pleasing than it is today. The hills and valleys were clothed in a riotous semi-tropical vegetation; the stream that we know as the Santa Cruz was a series of broad shallow fens, girt with deep fringes of cool rushes and surrounded by vast expanses of rich wild grasses, the home of countless water fowl and beaver and the drinking place of great herds of deer, antelope and peccary; every need of early man might be satisfied by stretching forth the hand.

As the race rose in the scale of culture, the seed-eaters, too, found Nature lavish in her provision of the fruits of the several grasses, the algarrobo, the sahuaro and the pitahaya, and, responding to man's growing knowledge of husbandry, the rich alluvial bottom lands of the river produced abundant crops of maize, beans, squash and pumpkins, as attested by the innumerable chirpas (or mortar holes) to be seen along the base of the Tucson Mountains. Later on, when the agriculturists, the relatively opulent storers of grain, were attacked by their fiercer neighbors from the north and east, these same mountains provided a haven for the harassed people, whose temporary retreats and fortified positions may still be seen along the eastern slopes and the crest of the range where they sought refuge until such time as the mauraunders withdrew from the valley.

Coming down to traditional times, the mists of the ages gradually begin to clear and we are able to catch our first actual glimpse of the hitherto but vaguely visualized inhabitants of the valley, emerging from the earliest crude circular pit-house dwellings, passing through the period of the rectangular type of struc-

ture and developing the great-house or Gila culture, the progenitors perhaps of those sturdy nations that centuries later swept irresistibly southward to build up the mighty empire of the Montezumas. The Nahua or Aztec civilization of the Valley of Mexico, overthrown by Hernando Cortez in 1521, represented the culmination of seven great waves of migration that rolled down upon Central Mexico from the remote northwest and successively dominated that country. First came the Xochimilcos, then the Chalacas, Tepenecans, Tezucans, Tlatluicans, Tlascalans, and finally the Mexica or Aztecs, who conquered all who were before them and consolidated the land into the grand Nahua nation.

Briefly, the history of these migrations, as handed down by tradition, substantiated by such hieroglyphic records as the Aubin, Tepechpan, Vatican, Mendocino, Cumarraga and Telleriano-Remense Codex (all that has survived of the wealth of Nahua records), is to the effect that these seven tribes or nations had a common origin in a region lying far to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico and known to all seven as Chicomoztoc, which translated literally signifies the Land of the Seven Caves, standing undoubtedly for the Country of the Seven Nations. Greatest amongst these was Huehuetlapallan, or the Old Red Country, *huehuatl* in Nahua, meaning old and *tlapallan*, the place of red earth. Granted that the overwhelming weight of tradition to the effect that Chicomoztoc was located a great distance to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico carries significance, and that it is a proven fact that the Nahuas were wont to name their cities after some outstanding topographical feature to be found in the vicinity, then the conclusions of the brilliant Mexican historian, the late Don Alfredo Chavere, may be accepted as highly reasonable, and Huehuetlapallan identified with the region of the Casa Grande Ruins. If this be the case, then the vicinity of Tucson must also be included in this great birthplace of civilization, for ruins identical with those at Casa Grande have recently been discovered a scant eight miles from the center of the city, tradition naming them (in common with those at Casa Grande) "La Casa de Montezuma."

With the departure southward of the last wave of migration, there is little doubt that Huehuetlapallan and its dependent cities or provinces entered upon a period of more or less gradual decadence, that terminated finally in the loss not only of all of its past glories but of its very identity as well. How long this period was, and what progress and retrogression in culture occurred, it is impossible to state with anything approaching accuracy. If, however, we accept the date of the Aztecs' departure

from Aztlan (an intermediate abiding place on the route of their migratory movement, probably located on an island in the Laguna de Mexcaltitan, on the coast of Nayarit) as the year 583 A. D., and the time occupied by the last portion of their journey from Huehuetlapallan to the Valley of Mexico as 300 years, it follows that at the same rate of progress they must have departed from their home on the Gila River in the year 58 A. D., and that no less than 1,480 years must have elapsed between this date and the year 1538 when, with the arrival of the first Spaniards known to have penetrated into what we today know as Arizona, the veil of mystery that had hitherto hidden the region began to be drawn aside.

As to the changes in culture that occurred during these fifteen centuries, it is safe to say that the decadence already mentioned as following the departure of the Aztecs was not immediate. The Tlapanaltees (the generic name for the seven nations of Chicomoztoc) may even for a time have progressed, as may be deduced from the great-house ruins at Casa Grande, Tucson and elsewhere in this region, as these structures must perforce have replaced earlier and perhaps cruder types; for it is a physical impossibility for such buildings to have survived the ravages of almost two thousand years. The remnant of the Seven Nations may therefore have prospered for a time and then sunk slowly to the humble estate of ramada (or arbour) dwellers such as the Spaniards found upon their arrival, and such as may be seen today; for, excepting the matter of clothing, the modern Pimas and Papagos are much as they were then.

Entering upon historical times, the year 1538 may be said to mark the beginning of this period of Tucson's history, or more correctly speaking the beginning of the history of the great Southwest; for it was not until one hundred fifty-four years later that the name Tucson first appears in the annals of Spanish discovery and conquest. Before taking up this portion of the tale, however, it may prove interesting to examine briefly the several more or less fantastic claims respecting the city's antiquity that have from time to time been advanced by writers who have endeavored, from the standpoint of Spanish settlement, to make of Tucson the oldest town in the United States. Easily the most ambitious amongst these is one advanced by certain ultra-enthusiasts to the effect that the Valley of the Santa Cruz was settled by Carmelite fathers as early as 1508, and that these ghostly pre-pioneers were the discoverers and (it may be presumed) the original operators of the "lost Spanish mines" of the region, so celebrated in song and story!

"Treasure Land," an encomium of south-central Arizona, published by the Arizona Advancement Company in 1897, says: "According to authentic records, Marcos de Niza and the negro, Estevanico, explored Arizona in 1539, passing through the Santa Cruz Valley and the Gila settlements. He made such a wonderful report of the country, which he swore to, that the question of establishing a settlement in that section was seriously considered, and in 1552 the matter was reported favorably and the settlement ordered established. The proof of this is contained in a stained and time-worn document written on vellum, signed by his Catholic majesty, Charles the First of Spain and Fifth of Germany, the successor of Ferdinand and Isabella, the patrons of Columbus, and countersigned by the Viceroy of Mexico. It was discovered recently among the relics of the ancient mission of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson, and was forwarded for safe keeping to the Librarian at Washington, in whose custody it now is, or ought to be. The date on the vellum is 1552, and, allowing three years for good measure, we can place the date of Tucson's settlement at 1555, at which time San Augustine (Florida) was merely a strip of coast line, and Santa Fe (New Mexico) a prairie-dog village. Attached to the vellum is an interesting account of the founding of Tucson, written in the fair, round hand of Marcos de Niza.

"The town was never afterwards abandoned. It moved along the river, following the most fertile land as it was discovered, and finally located where it now is. For years at a time it was cut off from all official connection with Mexico and lost sight of. The church neglected it and the government ignored it, but the Indians were friendly, and the European settlers, cut off from home and friends, dwelt among them and became almost as they were. When the missionaries, more than a century later, entered the country again, they found many of their own race to welcome and aid them, and this accounts for the easy manner in which the people were converted. It took only three years (1690-3) to establish a chain of prosperous missions along the Santa Cruz Valley, and Father Kino was never able to induce more than a few priests to come to his assistance!"

Roberts, in his "With the Invader," says: "Tucson is an ancient city. Antedating Jamestown and Plymouth, it was visited by Coronado in 1540, lived in by Europeans in 1560, and had its first missionaries in 1581. But long before 1540 there was an Indian village existing on the site of the present city."

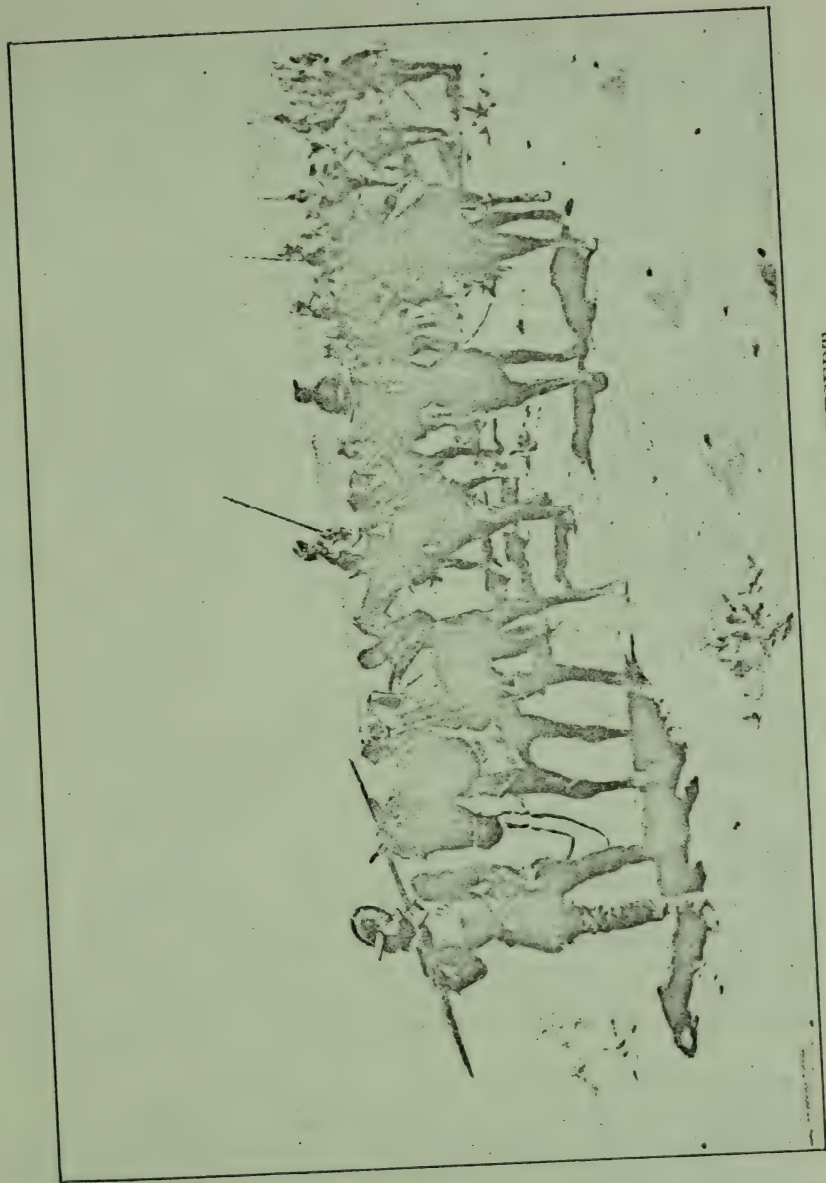
In "Arizona as It Is," Hodge writes: "About the year

1560 a permanent settlement was made by the Spanish explorers and Jesuit fathers near where Tucson now is."

Referring to the earliest of the foregoing claims, historians seem to be fairly well agreed that whilst de Solis sighted and sailed along the shores of Yucatan as early as 1506, and Ponce de Leon landed upon the Atlantic coast of Florida in 1513, it was not until six years later, when Cortez disembarked on the island later named San Juan de Ulua, that the Spanish penetration which one hundred seventy-three years later reached the Santa Cruz Valley began. There would seem to exist, therefore, certain weighty difficulties in the way of the settlement of Tucson at least prior to the last date cited, unless indeed we cast back to Martin Deham's planisphere of 1492 and, including Tucson amongst the seven cities said therein to have been founded by the Bishop of Lisbon somewhere west of the Island of Antilla when fleeing before Tarik ibn Zijad and the Moslem invasion that swept over the Peninsula in 711, seek to build up a pre-Columbian civilization therefrom.

Nor do the remaining claims, when subjected to the cold light of historical analysis, present any more convincing proof of their authenticity. The case so painstakingly elaborated from the timeworn old cedula of Charles First would seem to be rudely shattered by a letter which we have before us from the Librarian of the Congressional Library, disclaiming all knowledge of such a document, as well as of any communication from Fr. Marcos de Niza, be it in fair, round or other handwriting. And even though the charter were a fact, in the total absence of any historical confirmation it would not necessarily prove that a settlement was really effected at that time; for the governments of those days, in common with their modern prototypes, were prone to be lavish with favours that cost them nothing and from which there was a sporting chance of realizing a return.

Unfortunately, neither Roberts nor Hodge quote their authority for the statement that Tucson was settled by Europeans in about 1560, and we are therefore forced to the conclusion that either they assumed the correctness of the cedula story or that they were in possession of historical data unknown to us, and in either case there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these authors in the use that they made of their material, whatever that was. As a matter of fact, the first Europeans known to have arrived anywhere near the site of Tucson were Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, Captains Andres Dorantes de Carranza, Alonzo de Castillo y Maldonado,



SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE DESERT
By Frederick Remington—From Old Santa Fe Trail—Crane and Company

and the negro slave Estevan, or Estevanico, sole survivors of Pamfilo de Narvaez' ill-fated expedition into Florida, who wandered across the continent between the years 1528 and 1536. But here again there is no evidence to prove that they were at any time closer to Tucson than perhaps the southeast corner of New Mexico. It is true, indeed, that the Adelantado Don Juan de Onate founded the Spanish settlement of Santa Fe in about 1606, and that thereafter there were various explorations undertaken westward from that point, but we can only repeat that there is nothing to indicate that the vicinity of Tucson was visited.

The first definite record of exploration in what was hitherto the terra incognita of modern Southern Arizona occurs in 1538, when the Franciscan fathers Juan de la Asuncion and Pedro Nadal are said to have been dispatched by the Viceroy in search of the fabled Chicomoztoc, the mysterious land of the Seven Caves. Departing from the City of Mexico in January of that year, the two padres proceeded to Culiacan, then the northernmost outpost of Spain in that direction, and from thence they journeyed northwest for some 270 leagues, when further progress was effectually barred by a broad, deep river. Here Fr. Nadad "observed the altitude of the pole, which he found to be 35 degrees", and they retraced their steps, having covered a total distance from the City of Mexico of 700 leagues. Excepting the latitude reached, which is evidently in error, it appears that the padres must have arrived at some point on the Colorado River, and that to them belongs the honor of being the first Spaniards to enter Arizona. The expedition was undertaken with the view of substantiating Cabeza de Vaca's glowing hearsay description of the wonders of the Seven Cities of Cibola, but it appears that the route bore too far to the west, and in consequence nothing but additional hearsay evidence was gathered. In passing, it may be observed that Cabeza de Vaca's tale, as learned from the Indians during the latter part of his eight years' wanderings, was probably no more than a more or less garbled and certainly but imperfectly understood version of the history of the seven nations of Chicomoztoc, tinctured no doubt, by the account of the activities of the Bishop of Lisbon, a legend well known to the Spaniards even before their arrival in Mexico.

The year following, Fr. Marcos de Niza, stationed at the time at Culiacan, was sent forth to try his hand at unravelling the mystery of the Seven Cities, but despite the amplitude of his report there is no real reason to believe that he visited the site of Tucson. On the contrary, a careful analysis of all of the

evidence makes it appear that he passed considerably to the west of the place both in coming and going, and we are constrained, however regretfully, to exclude him from any participation in the town's early history. The same arguments apply to Francisco Vasquez de Coronado's military expedition of 1540, undertaken on the strength of Fr. Marcos' recital of the wonders seen by him in the golden land of Cibola, as none of the several journals and reports chronicling the movements of the expedition offer anything to warrant the assumption that the place was visited, and we must abide the passing of many more years before we may hope to successfully discuss the arrival of the first Spaniard.

In fact, from Coronado's time no less than one hundred fifty-four years elapsed before we may say that Tucson was visited by other than Indians. During this century and a half there is not one iota of evidence to prove that a single Spaniard (or, for that matter, any other foreigner) was in the region, and as it is during this period that the several earlier dates of settlement are claimed, the fallacy of such contentions is self evident.

In the fullest sense of the word, the first true pioneer of the Santa Cruz Valley was Padre Eusebio Francisco Kune, or Kino, as his name is popularly spelled, and no account of the early days of this region would be complete without however brief a sketch of the life of this truly wonderful man. Born August 10, 1644, at Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, Eusebio Kino received his education at Ola, in the Tyrol. Graduating with high honors, he devoted himself for several years to science, until a severe illness brought him to death's door. In fulfillment of a vow conditional upon his recovery, Kino incorporated the name of San Francisco Xavier (patron saint of the Indies) with his own and, refusing the offer of a professorship of mathematics at the University of Ingolstadt, Bavaria, assumed the habit of the Jesuit Order and sailed for New Spain, where he arrived in 1681. Assigned to mission work in the Californias, he was at his own request transferred to the Pimerias in 1687. Here, from his mission of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, in Northern Sonora, for twenty-four years he journeyed through the length and breadth of Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, traveling untold leagues afoot and alone, through the furnace heat of summer and the biting cold of winter, oftentimes suffering the agonies of thirst and the pangs of hunger, and building for himself a deathless place in the hearts of the simple Indians, whom he gathered into the fold literally by the thousands. Apart



SAN XAVIER MISSION NEAR TUCSON

from his wonderful work of conversion, Fr. Kino's greatest contributions to the development of the Southwest were the discovery that the Californias were not an island, as had hitherto been believed, and the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac (not to mention a dozen other missions and churches in Sonora and Arizona). Worn out by hardships and privations, he died at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven years and was buried, according to his wish, at the feet of his patron saint at the mission of Magdalena.

Whilst Fr. Kino penetrated as far north as the Sobaipuri Rancheria of Bac in August-September, 1692, it was not until November, 1694, that it is safe to state that the site of Tucson was visited by a foreigner. In that month the padre passed through the place on his way to the Gila River, where he celebrated mass in the Casa Grande Ruins. In January of 1697 he returned to Bac, bringing with him grain wherewith to sow the fields and cattle to stock the pastures of the mission that he had already visualized at that place, and between November 21 and 27 of the same year, returning to Dolores from Casa Grande (which he reached via the San Pedro River), he records for the first time visiting the rancheria of San Agustin de Oyaut, from where he continued up the river to Bac—but makes no mention of Tucson, although this was the second time that he must have passed through the place.

Finally, in November of 1698, we find that first known mention of Tucson when Fr. Kino and Lieutenant Juan Matheo Manje, journeying from Bac to Oyaut, record passing through the rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson. Whilst it is certain that the padre must have passed the place at least twice before this date, his omitting any mention of it would appear to minimize its importance, even as his frequent references to San Agustin de Oyaut undoubtedly stresses that of the latter place; an inference that has an important bearing upon the location of the first Spanish settlement in the vicinity of Tucson.

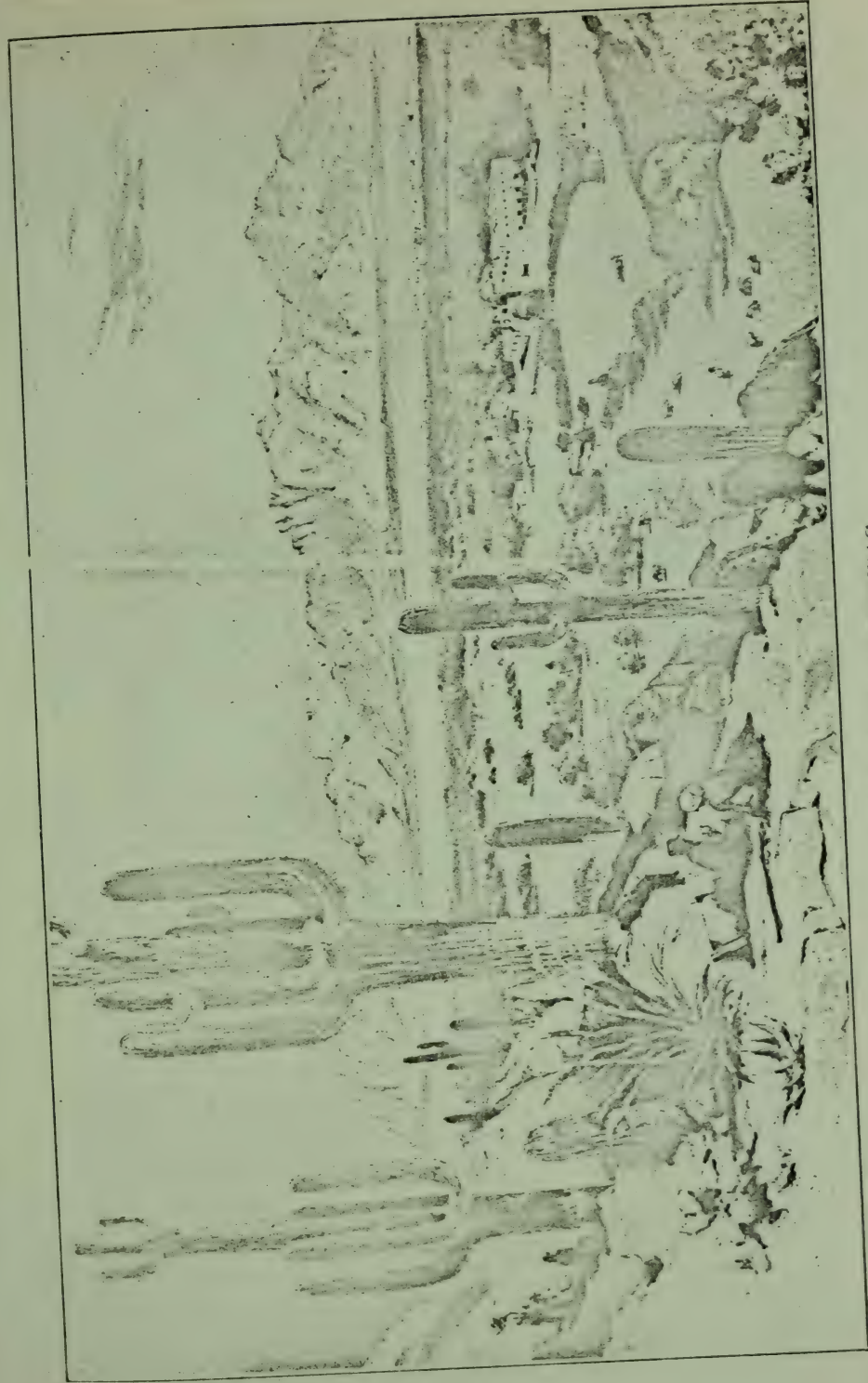
From now on the trail, although an increasingly well travelled one, becomes somewhat involved, and to fix clearly in the reader's mind the several places and peoples to whom we shall have occasion to refer a moment's digression may be pardoned to permit of a few words upon the ethnography of the region under discussion, together with a brief geographical sketch of the places most intimately associated with the story of Tucson. Pimeria Alta, as the Spaniards designated all of this region at the time, was bounded on the west by the Mar de California (or

the Gulf of California) and the Rio de los Tizones (the Colorado River), on the north by the Rio de los Apostoles (the Gila River), on the east by the Rio de San Jose de Terrenates (the San Pedro River) and extended southward to about latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes north, where began Pimera Baja.

Speaking broadly, the inhabitants of this region were Pima Indians, who claimed descent from the builders of the Casa Grande Ruins, although by the time of the arrival of the first Spaniards they seem to have forgotten all but the vaguest traditions of the once great Tlapaltec nations. At the time of which we write, they were divided into two major branches, the Pimas proper and the Sobaipuris, the latter dwelling in the valleys of the Rios de Santa Maria and San Jose de Terrenates (or the Santa Cruz and San Pedro rivers, as they were later called). The Papagos formed a third and later branch, their designation, "Long Haired," being adopted to distinguish them from the original Pimas and Sobaipuris who readily accepted the mission life, cutting their hair in imitation (or at the instance) of the padres.

Beginning with the southermost of the Spanish settlements in Arizona to which we will refer, the presidio (or military post) of Tubac was located on the west bank of the Santa Cruz River, at the site of the modern village of the same name, and about 14 leagues to the south of Bac, the Spanish league of that day being the equivalent of 2.6 miles. The Sobaipuri rancheria (or village) of Bac was on or close to what is now the east bank of the river, just southwest of the ruins of the little village of Los Reales and a little more than a mile east of the present mission. San Cosme del Tucson, San Jose de Tucson or San Agustin del Pueblito de Tucson, as it was successively called, was originally another Sobaipuri rancheria, three leagues to the north of Bac on the west bank of the river and at the base of the conical black hill that from time to time has been known as the Sierra de la Frente Negra, Picacho del Sentinela, Sentinel Peak, Warner's Hill and finally as "A" Mountain.

At Tucson proper, that is to say the site of the modern city, it is doubtful whether there was any settlement at the time of Fr. Kino's arrival, although excavations have disclosed abundant evidence of a much earlier civilization. It is interesting to note that aside from the original Sobaipuri name which was probably "Stookzonac," meaning the Place of Dark Springs, which in the first place seems to have been applied to the site of San Cosme because of certain springs that formerly existed at the



THE PRESIDIO AT TUBAC

base of the hill, the place has been known at various times and to various people as Fruson, Fucson, Lucson, Teuson, Toison, Tuboon, Tubso, Tubson, Tucsson, Tuezon, Teuson, Tugson, Tuguison, Tuison, Tulquson, Tuozone, Tuquison, Tuson and Tuquison.

San Agustin de Oyaut or Oiaur was a third ranchario located on the east bank of the river and about two leagues north-northwest of San Cosme, where there are still to be seen indications of a flourishing community extending from early pre-historic times down to approximately the Jesuit period. San Agustin de Tucson, which was originally a little Spanish settlement and later the site of the first location of the presidio of the same name, was on a ridge lying about two miles southeast of San Agustin de Oyaut and a quarter of a mile east-northeast of the intersection of the Casa Grande Highway and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, just three miles north-northwest of the city hall, on the old Yuma stage road. With this picture in mind, we may again turn to the Tucson trail, one that was broken by the feet of a migrating nation, explored by the sandals of the padres, widened by the iron shod hoofs of the Conquistadores' chargers and destined later as the Camino Real, the King's Highway, to resound for centuries with the sonorous echoes of the might and majesty of Spain.

The next event of note to occur in the valley was the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac. Padre Kino's plans with respect to his projected mission at that place now being ripe, on April 28, 1700, he laid the foundations of a spacious church and abode for the fathers at the spot already described. The following year Fr. Francisco Gonzalvo was assigned to the new mission, although he does not seem to have been stationed there permanently nor do the buildings appear to have been completed for at least two years more. The opening up of the region by the Spaniards was now well under way. The fields at Bac were planted to European grain, the pastures stocked with horses, cattle, sheep and goats, and many of its thousand-odd inhabitants were housed in adobe dwellings. About April of 1702 several rich mines were discovered near San Cosme del Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, and some time between 1701 and 1706 a church and a dwelling for the padre were built at San Agustin de Oiaur, where also were to be found broad fields of wheat and maize, horses, cattle, sheep and goats.

Development went forward apace, and thirty years later,

in 1736, the population of San Agustin had increased to 1,300 souls and the place was designated as San Xavier's only official visita (or call). Again no mention is made of San Cosme del Tucson, from which it is to be inferred that the place was still of little importance. In November of 1751 a short-lived but fierce Indian outbreak against Spanish authority began, that resulted in the plundering and destruction of the mission of San Xavier, and the burning of several other establishments. Peace was restored in the following year, the missions were repaired and reoccupied and a presidio, garrisoned by fifty soldiers, was established at Tubac for the future protection of the Santa Cruz valley missions and their dependencies. In the ten years following this rebellion, San Cosme's population increased until by the year 1761 it was claimed that there were sufficient people and conveniences to be found there to warrant the founding of another mission.

By 1763, the little Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson had been founded two miles above the Indian rancheria of San Agustin de Oiaur, but immediately after this date the renewed Apache depredations forced both Spaniards and Christianized Indians to abandon both of these places, together with San Cosme and San Xavier, the sole exception being the Jesuit missionary at the latter place. Fr. Alonso Espinosa, who, despite the ever present menace of the Apaches and the widespread and growing dissatisfaction with the members of his order, remained at his post until the bitter end. Proof of the importance attached to the settlement of San Agustin de Tucson is to be found in the agitation caused by its abandonment. The Governour of the Pimerias, Jose Tienda de Cuervo, and his successor, Juan Claudio de Pineda, were in turn greatly exercised over the matter. An investigation was ordered, and the Padre Visitador Manuel Aguirre and Fr. Espinosa exchanged several letters upon the subject. Suggestions were made and plans formulated looking toward repairing the damage but it all came to naught, as the state of unrest of the Indians upon the one hand, together with the bitter opposition to every proposal of the Jesuits upon the other, combined to erect a barrier that effectually halted for the time being all further development in the valley. The anti-Jesuit movement culminated in the Pimerias in August-September of 1767 with the expulsion of all of the members of the order, and in June of the following year Fr. Francisco Tomas Hermingildo Garces, of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, assumed spiritual charge of the mission of San Xavier and of the surrounding region.

Whilst to Padre Kino and the Jesuits unquestionably belong the honor of the first work of Christianization in the valley, no less credit is due Padre Garces and the Franciscans for their splendid development of this initial effort, which resulted in the true civilization of the region, and as Tucson's founder Fr. Garces' biography is entitled to the place of honor in the city's annals. Fr. Garces was born at Villa de Morata del Conde, in the ancient Kingdom of Aragon, in northern Spain, on April 12, 1738, his parents being Juan Garces and Antonia Maestro. His early education was entrusted to his paternal uncle, Mosen Domingo Garces, curate of the Villa de Morata, under whose tutorage he remained until he reached his fifteenth year. At this early age he sought holy orders, and was sent accordingly to the Franciscan convent at Ciudad de Calatayud to study theology, being graduated at the age of twenty-five, his first act of abnegation being a pilgrimage afoot from Calatayud to Madrid. A brief survey of the life of the Court led him to solicit an assignment in the Indies which, in view of his excellent record, was promptly granted and he was commissioned as a missionary to the Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro, where he arrived in the same year, 1763.

Upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from New Spain in 1767, the padre asked that he be assigned to one of the vacant missions in the District of Sonora. His request was acceded to and, after a stormy passage between San Blas and Guaymas, he arrived at the Presidio de Horcasitas, from where he was ordered to the mission of San Xavier del Bac, reaching his new post on June 30, 1768. His real life's work now began, and for ten years he labored amongst the Indian tribes of Pimeria Alta, who at this period were, oftener than not, either semi-hostile or openly so to the padres and their work of Christianization and civilization. Like Padre Kino, Fr. Garces was a man of ample education, simple, and wonderfully sincere, but above all possessed of a boundless sympathy for and insight into the lives of his humble charges. If Kino was the Christianizer of the valley of the Santa Cruz, Garces was its civilizer and, although it is a little known fact, it is to this humble Franciscan martyr that Tucson owes its beginning as a Spanish settlement.

Ever laboring for further triumphs of the Cross, Padre Garces received his crown of martyrdom at the hands of the Yuma Indians at the newly established mission of Las Purisima Concepcion (close to the site of Fort Yuma) on July 17, 1781, when the Spanish padres, settlers and soldiers at that place and at San Pedro y San Pablo de Bieuner, eight leagues down the

Colorado River, were massacred. No blame attaches to the padre's memory for this tragedy, the responsibility resting squarely upon the high-handed policy adopted by the military authorities, against which Fr. Garces protested in vain. That his death was lamented by even the Yumas is attested by their giving his remains decent burial and heaping his grave with flowers. A punitive expedition sent against the murderers removed the padre's body to San Pedro de Tubutama, where it was reinterred with all of the honors due a fallen Soldier of the Cross, and thus passed Tucson's founder.

In the nine months intervening between the expulsion of the Jesuits and Fr. Garces' arrival, San Xavier, San Cosme and San Agustin were again plundered by the Apaches, and the padre was barely installed when in August a third raid was made, the fiercest of them all. Fortunately for him, a mild stroke of apoplexy confined him to the mission of Guevavi at the time or worse might well have befallen, as the native governor of San Xavier and a number of the mission Indians were killed, and two Spanish soldiers were captured and dragged off into the mountains to be tortured. As we have seen, all three of these places had been abandoned by this time and in the course of the several raids the beginnings of civilization, such as the church at San Agustin, the houses, fields and young orchards were destroyed, the mission at San Xavier being the sole survivor of the savages' fury. The crisis was now passed, however, and under Fr. Garces' able and sympathetic administration the outposts of the Cross were again pushed northward, recouping the territory lost in the Jesuit debacle. A few Spaniards began again to find their way to the fertile fields of Bac and San Agustin, but the greatest stimulus of all to the pacification and settlement of the vicinity of Tucson was due to two noteworthy occurrences that now took place. The first of these was the expedition undertaken by Lieutenant Colonel Juan Bautista Anza in 1775, whose mission was the founding of the new presidio at San Francisco, in Alta California, and the second was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac to San Agustin de Tucson.

The story of Colonel Anza's expedition is a fascinating one in itself, but as our present interest is confined to its bearing upon the history of Tucson, we must confine ourselves to watching its progress for one day only, October 26, 1775, the date upon which the column reached the site of the future city. The expedition was composed of Colonel Anza, Commandante of the Presidio de Tubac, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Moraga, Padre

Pedro Font, the Chaplain, Padres Garces and Tomas Eixarch (who were to go only as far as the Colorado River), the purveyor, Mariano Vidal, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, 38 soldiers (of whom 23 were Spaniards, 7 mulattoes, 6 mestizos and 2 Indians), 20 muleteers, 3 herders, 3 Indian interpreters, 4 Indian servants belonging to Padres Garces and Eixarch, 165 settlers and their families (including 29 women, the wives of soldiers), 695 horses and mules and 355 head of cattle.

On the day we speak, Padre Font having said early mass at San Xavier (where the column arrived the preceding afternoon) and breakfast being dispatched, at half past eight Colonel Anza gave the order to mount, "Vayan montando!", and the command was under way, the padres intoning an Alabado, or hymn of praise, in which all joined as they marched. First came the advance guard, composed of four mounted soldiers; Colonel Anza followed with his personal escort of ten veterans from the garrison at Tubac; the padres and their servants were next in the line of march; the settlers and the families, with a strong guard, made up the main body of the column, and Lieutenant Moraga and the balance of the soldiers formed the rear guard. The baggage train, spare mounts and cattle, under guard, marched some distance to the rear because of the dust raised.

The column followed the east bank of the Santa Cruz River as far as San Cosme, their progress being not above two miles per hour, for whilst no midday halt was made it was one o'clock before camp was made a league to the north of the pueblo de Tucson (otherwise known as San Cosme del Tucson and later as San Jose). The spot selected for a camp site was on the western bank of a shallow lagoon formed by a broadening of the river, the place being later known as El Vado del Sauce and its ancient bed still being visible a quarter of a mile west of the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, on the Vado del Sauce Road.

The camp was an imposing affair for those days, and must fairly have awed the simple Indians. A large bell tent housed the Colonel and served as headquarters of the expedition. Another was set aside for Padre Font, whilst Frays Garces and Eixarch shared a third. Lieutenant Moraga was assigned a tent somewhat smaller than that of the Colonel's, and nine others covered the families of the settlers. The soldiers and camp servants slept in the open, wrapped in their cloaks and zarapes. A field altar was set up under a little ramada, where

mass was said at eventide and in the early morning, before commencing the day's march. The expedition, of a strength and armament unseen since the days of Coronado, must have created a deep impression on both hostile and pacific Indians, and peace (even though of a temporary nature) followed in its wake. So impressed indeed do the local natives seem to have been that in their eyes the very camp site became a place of virtue, where a small settlement sprang up that survived until fairly recent years.

Padre Garces returned from the Colorado in September of 1776, and at about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, he effected the first regular Spanish settlement recorded in the immediate vicinity of what is today Tucson. At a point about 300 yards northwest of the El Paso & Southwestern stockyards he established a hacienda or ranch, known in earlier days as El Rancho de Tucson and remembered today by a few of the very old timers as El Ranchode los Padres. The place consisted of an adobe dwelling and "tienda de raya" or time keeper's office, where the laborers were paid, that measured about 24x30 feet, a somewhat smaller building located 75 yards to the south thereof and occupied by a guard of three or four soldiers, a tanning vat, a little soap factory and a few other similar simple industries, the whole being surrounded by a stockade formed of hewn mesquite logs that were about 10 inches square and 6 feet high. The object of this hacienda was the dual one of reaping the harvests from the rich river bottom lands of the vicinity and of educating the Indians in the ways of civilization, and a little village of Sobaipuris, Pimas and Papagos sprang up just east of the stockade that has survived to this day in Papagoville.

Still a third circumstance now occurred that materially assisted in the settling of the locality. For some time past there had been growing dissatisfaction amongst the settlers at Santa Cruz del Cuervo (or del Jaibanipitea), on the San Pedro River, due in part to the unhealthfulness of the locality and in part to its situation, exposed as it was to the unopposed attacks of the Indians from the north and the east, and it was resolved to abandon the place. It appears that many of the colonists, accompanied by their Indian retainers, moved west to the Santa Cruz valley, where a number of these settled at San Agustin, which, as we have seen, had been abandoned in 1763. Here with the help of their Indians, they built adobe houses and a church, which was dedicated to the patron saint of the place, and about a mile due west, and a hundred feet or so east of the Silverbell Road, another ecclesiastical establishment similar to

El Rancho de Tucson was founded, this place being recalled today as La Casa del Padre.

Greatly as these events aided in the reclamation of the region, the deciding factor was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac. The "Reglamento e Instrucciones para los Presidios" of 1772 provided, amongst other matters, for the transfer of the post established at Tubac in 1752 to the pueblo of Tucson, but this had not been accomplished up to 1776. In the preceding year however, Inspector General Hugo Oconer arrived at Tubac on a tour of inspection of the frontier posts, and the transfer was effected shortly thereafter, probably either under the General's personal supervision or under that of the Marquis de la Croix. However that may have been, it is certain that the new post was established between July 1776, and November 1777.

The site selected for the new presidio was naturally the again important Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson, which accounts for the name Presidio de San Agustin de Tucson. Here may still be seen a portion of one of the original buildings, the well, the remains of the foundations of the stable or the barracks, and, up to a few years ago, the original acequia or irrigation ditch that watered the fields and the represo or dam for the storage of a reserve supply of water, together with many other evidences of the Spanish occupation. There is nothing to indicate that San Agustin was defended by walls, as was Tucson in later years, but this is not surprising as the new post was no doubt more or less a replica of the old one at Tubac, which was a haphazard collection of buildings located on a slight elevation overlooking the river, the strong point being the combined residence of the Commandante and the barracks, the fields lying below and to the east of the settlement. The major topographical features of the two places are almost identical, except that where Tubac was on the west bank of the Santa Cruz the new post was located on the eastern side of the stream.

In the course of three quarters of a century, the Pimas had come to look upon the mission of San Xavier del Bac as peculiarly their own, and when the present building was begun (probably just prior to 1778) they refused the Indians of San Agustin (amongst whom were counted many of the Jacomes from Santa Cruz) and those of Tucson all participation in the benefits to be derived from the new establishment. To this the latter objected, claiming not unjustly that if they must pay the mission tithes they were entitled to representation, and to this end they petitioned Padre Garces for a mission of their

own. The padre was doubtless only too glad to acquiesce, and the site of the original rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson was selected, the new mission being called San Jose del Tucson. This location was no doubt selected both because of the richness of the land and of the progress already made in the vicinity by the Indians affected and with the view to establishing a half-way post between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The new mission was designed as a somewhat elaborate industrial school, and seems in part to have been a development of the more modest beginning made at the Rancho de Tucson. The church, which measures about 20x35 feet, was of brick, the roof was vaulted and it was plastered inside and out, the inner walls being covered with mural frescos similar to those at San Xavier and the outer walls painted a rich vermillion. The main doorway faced to the south and a side entrance opened into the southeast corner of the building. The main altar was at the northern end of the atrium and was raised three steps above the floor thereof, which was of large unglazed bricks. There were several oil paintings on canvas of scenes from the lives of the saints, and these were represented by a number of figures, amongst which were to be found San Jose, San Agustin, the Virgin and the Savior. There were candlesticks, platters, an incense burner and a chalis, all of virgin silver from the mines of Tumacacori, and hung in arched openings in a superstructure reared above the front wall of the building were three bells cast of copper mined in the Guachapa Mountains (the Santa Rita range).

Some 20 feet east of the church was the dwelling of the padres, an adobe building that was enlarged and added to until it grew into the two-story structure the ruins of which are to be still seen on the west bank of the river. The main entrance was to the west, whilst other doors gave access to the interior of the building from the north and from the south. Along the northern side of the structure ran a covered corridor, the supporting arches of which looked out upon a little garden. At the western end of this corridor was a small room, not above 15 feet square, known as the Capilla de Nuestro Senor de Esquipula. There was a window in the north wall of this chapel and in an arched recess in the thickness of the western wall the Crucifix of Our Savior of Esquipula reposed upon an adobe altar. The floors were of the same large unglazed bricks as were those of the church, and the roof was supported by hewn mesquite rafters, whitewashed (as were the walls) and adorned with a red scroll work design. The doors and shutters were of heavy mesquite

planks, and the windows were protected by turned wooden bars. At a later date, when the second story was added, the original roof of ocotillo stems covered with earth was replaced by the same type of bricks of which the floors were laid, covered with a thick coat of smooth mortar, an adobe stairway was built and a low turret added at the northwest corner of the building.

A few feet north of and in line with the western face of this dwelling was a small kitchen; a large granary was located opposite and about 150 feet west of the church; and several auxiliary buildings, all of adobe, were scattered to the north and west of the two principal structures, such as dwellings for the mission servants, a tannary with a mortar-lined vat, a carpenter shop, a smithy, a soap and candle factory, and buildings where-in spinning, weaving and other simple trades were taught.

There were two cemeteries, a small one adjoining the church on the west wherein the Spaniards, the "gente de razon," were interred, and a larger one that extended across the mission enclosure adjacent to the northern wall, which was reserved for the Christian Indians. The establishment was surrounded by a stout adobe wall, 18 inches in thickness and about 10 feet in height, that measured some 400 feet on the side. The main gate faced south and was located between the church and the padre's dwelling, access to the interior of the enclosure being through the lane formed between these buildings. The gate itself was of heavy mesquite timbers, iron-strapped and studded, and across the top, from gate-post to gate-post, extended a heavy beam. The gateway gave upon a road that later came to be called El Camino de la Mision, but which at the time that the mission was founded was a part of the highway between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The Indian village, wherein dwelt the Indian neophytes, was located to the south of the mission enclosure and just across the Camino de la Mision. Here were a few adobe dwellings and a considerable number of ramadas or brush wickiups, and a hundred yards or so to the west was the mission orchard, which was another walled enclosure of about the same size as the mission, with an adobe house in the center of the eastern wall. About 125 feet north of the center of the mission's northern wall was the padre's brick kiln, where the first bricks to be made in Tucson were burned. Here, in a little adobe building, was posted a guard of three or four soldiers, a similar detachment being stationed a little to the south of the Indian village, whilst as we have said a third picket of like strength was quartered at

the Rancho de Tucson, about half a mile southeast and across the river.

Unfortunately, before the mission was completed, and probably just prior to 1786 (when a twenty years' peace began), serious dissatisfaction arose amongst the Indians engaged upon the work, which resulted in a part of these attacking the padres and the pacific neophytes, driving off most of the stock and cattle and joining the Apaches (who were more or less continuously on the war-path), so that one thing with another it began to go hard both with the new mission of San Jose and with the older establishment at Bac. The few soldiers forming the guards at the two missions were barely able to withstand the Indians' attacks, and the troops at San Agustin, two leagues to the north of San Jose and five leagues from San Xavier, were too far away to lend aid in the sudden emergencies that now arose with increasing frequency. Nor must it be supposed that time hung heavily upon the latter's hands. The total strength of command consisted of the Commandante, perhaps an alferaz or ensign and seventy-five men, including four or five sergeants and corporals. This force was reduced by small detachments stationed at Tubac, San Xavier, San Jose, a half-way post located between the two latter places, the Rancho de Tucson and such escorts and patrols as it was necessary to send out from time to time, so that the effective strength at the Presidio cannot have been much above thirty or forty men, not an excessive force with which to hold the frontier!

The padres made the strongest of representations to the Governour, pointing out the dangers to which the missions were exposed and their relatively greater importance than that of the little settlement at San Agustin, and prayed that the presidio be transferred to some spot closer at hand, where not only would the troops be available to repel the Indians' raids but a greater concentration of forces might be accomplished. There is no reason to suppose that their plea met with any amount of opposition, for not only were the facts in the case clear but as early as November of 1777 certain of the settlers at the new post had urged that it be returned to Tubac, its location at San Agustin being considered entirely too isolated for safety. The upshot of the matter was that the Governour ordered the Commandante to select a new location that would permit the presidio to afford adequate protection to the missions. To have gone south of San Jose would have left that establishment in as bad a plight as it was then in, so the logical decision was to pitch upon the most strategic position to be found in the im-

mediate vicinity. The result was the selection of the spot where the Presidio de San Agustín de Tucson was finally established, for when the post was transferred to its ultimate location the name was brought along as well.

The site determined upon was as good a one as could be found anywhere in the vicinity. It was on high ground, less than three-quarters of a mile northeast of the mission of San José, which it overlooked, and was protected on the north and east by the deep Arroyo de Tucson and on the south by a series of smaller arroyos. Water could be brought by acequia from a short distance up the river, and barely a mile to the west were several hills that offered ideal lookout posts from which ample warning could be given of the approach of an enemy from any direction. Despite these strategic advantages, the reader may well wonder why the presidio was not established at the mission itself, as such an arrangement would appear to have been the ideal one from every point of view. The reason why this was not done is to be found in the padres' inflexible objection to the quartering of troops in the same settlement with native neophytes, their claim being that the morals and the example set by the former were such that the Indian apostates outnumbered the converts whenever this experiment was tried. Another reason (although not the official one) was the clash of authority that invariably resulted between the fathers and the military authorities whenever the two found themselves thrown together for any extended period of time.

The new presidio was much more formal affair than either the Tubac or the San Agustín establishments, and seems to have been modelled upon the general lines of the post founded by Colonel Anza at San Francisco. In relation to the present city, it was roughly bounded by what are now Washington, Council, Church, Calle del Arroyo or Pennington and Calle Real or Main Streets, and consisted of an outer wall built of $3\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inch adobes, 22 inches thick and 12 feet high, in the form of a rough square measuring approximately 750 feet on each side. Two torreons or low towers, the walls of the second stories pierced with loop-holes and the roofs crowned with parapets, flanked the approaches from the northeast and the southwest corners of the enclosure. At a height of 8 feet from the ground a platform or firing step was built about the inner perimeter of the wall, the remaining 4 feet forming the parapet. This platform, which was 12 feet in width and sloped slightly toward the inside, was of earth packed upon layers of ocotillo stems that were supported by rough mesquite rafters, and formed

the roof of a continuous line of barracks and dwellings, stables and store rooms, the inner partition walls of which were also of adobe. The rooms were windowless, and the doorways were indifferently closed either by ocotillo stems laced together and hung on rawhide thongs or by simple rawhide curtains. Here and there rude ramadas, or brush arbours, afforded a little additional room, and under these the soldiers did all of their cooking and most of their living.

The house of the Commandante was located about 150 feet east of the gateway and faced south on what is now Alameda Street. This was a more pretentious affair, as was only meet, for, aside from its importance as the administrative and social center of the military district, it was the keep, or last line of defense in case the enemy penetrated the outer wall of the fort. The walls were of adobe, thick and plastered inside and out. The floor was of unglazed brick and the roof of earth and ocotillo, surrounded by a low parapet. Doors and shutters were of thick mesquite planks, iron studded and looped, and from a short flagstaff above the main doorway floated the standard of Spain, the raguled and arms tipped cross of the Spanish Bourbons. The gateway of the Presidio was in the center of the western wall, about 10 feet east of the eastern property line on Main Street and approximately in the center of Alameda Street. It consisted of two great mesquite gateposts, jointed at the top by a heavy transverse beam, and hung from the former by immense iron hinges of crude manufacture were the massive double gates, 5 feet in width and 8 in height, iron banded and studded and secured by a great lock, reinforced by a stout iron cross-bar.

As I have stated, the garrison was normally composed of two or, at most, three officers, and seventy-five non-commissioned officers and men, the famous "soldados de cuero" (leathern soldiers) of the frontier, so called from their defensive armour which, aside from steel morion and target, consisted of a long skirted sleeveless jerkin made of several thicknesses of well tanned deer hide, and heavy horsehide jack-boots that reached to halfway between the knee and thigh. Their offensive arms were the broadsword and dirk or dagger, common to both infantry and cavalry, the arquebus and carbine and light lance. They were a hard-bitten lot, the padres were quite right. Nominally stout Catholics all, their religion at no time interfered with the riotous pursuit of pleasure in whatever form it might come to hand, and they drank, swore, fought, gambled and caroused whenever and wherever the opportunity offered. But

when we stop to consider that this rude soldiery was almost daily in contact with a cruel and treacherous enemy, under campaigning conditions that would fairly appall the professional soldier of today, and all for a few maravedi, it is no wonder that they sought the readiest anodyne with which to induce forgetfulness of their lot. Withal, they were a brave and hardy race, these frontiersmen of old Spain.

CHAPTER II

TUCSON AS A WALLED CITY

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

At just about the time that the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia was ringing out the news of American Independence in 1776, Tucson became a Spanish presidio. It is not easy for us to visualize the little military settlement within its stout walls of adobe as it then existed. Yet by patient research we have been able to revive the past with considerable certainty and to live over again the life of that far-off time.

The old city wall ran north from the intersection of our present Main and Pennington Streets, where the Orndorff Hotel now stands, to the far corner of Knox Corbett's yard; thence east to a point about sixty feet west of Church Street; thence south two blocks to the south wall of the new Court House; and from that point west along Pennington Street to Main. The wall was ten or twelve feet high and eighteen inches thick and was constructed of adobe brick. At the northeast corner (perhaps at each of the four corners) was a tower two stories high pierced by port-holes that commanded all the outside approaches to the wall. There was only one gate in ancient times. It faced the west, where Alameda Street now enters Main Street and was called *Puerta del Presidio*. This gate was constructed of heavy mesquite timber. At night, and always in times of danger, it was closed and fastened with great iron bars. It was provided with a massive iron lock, also. Above the gate, forming a sort of roof to it, was a station where the sentinel was posted. He was protected by a parapet that overlooked the Camino Real, now Main Street, then the last lap of the King's Highway from the City of Mexico. This platform over the gate where the sentinel stood guard was reached by means of a ladder placed in the southwest corner of the barracks that ran along the west wall, from the north side of the gate. Beginning at the south side of the gate and extending some distance along the wall was a building consisting of two rooms in which also the soldiers were quartered. Just east of the barracks, on what is now the little green, was a granary, a single large square room with supporting pillars. The commandante's house was located just west of the old L. M. Jacob's home, and in the plaza in front of the quarters of the commanding officer was a cannon. People still living remember in Mexican days seeing the soldiers who constituted the garrison, marching up and down what is

now Alameda Street, in front of the commandante's house, to the music of drums and bugles in the early morning and at sunset.

Along the north wall were the stables. The space in front of the stables was called Plaza de la Caballariza. Close up against the east wall in what is now Alameda Street was the original Church of the Presidio, and both to the north of the church and to the south was a small cemetery. There were, moreover, some burials within the walls of San Agustin, as this earliest church was called. The front arched, and entered through large double doors, faced west. The edifice was without towers, and very plain, except for a somewhat decorative parapet wall that extended over the doorway. By the mid-fifties the structure was going to ruin. The decaying roof was falling in, and the doors were closed, as it was considered dangerous for children to enter the building. The floor was probably of earth. The walls had been frescoed, but little of the color or designs could be made out. In front of the church was Plaza de la Iglesia. An open space on the south side of the town was known as Plaza de Armas. Most of the houses were built close up against the wall, with the roofs sloping somewhat toward the inside. The rear was built up several feet above the flat roof and thus served as a rampart from which the inhabitants could shoot in safety when attacked by the Indians. The houses were of adobe, small, square, without windows, and of the rudest construction.

In early days Tucson was a military community. It was occupied almost wholly by soldiers and their families. Ranchers, mining men, and travelers, of course, often sought its walls for supplies or protection. But the population up to the time that the Americans came was never large. The regular garrison very likely numbered about fifty. Yet generations ago, even in this cramped, fortified hamlet, men and women lived and loved, brought forth children, played, sang, danced, feasted and worshipped just as men and women do now. Tiny brown-skinned, soft-eyed toddlers, naked, or at best in scant breech-clout, built play-houses of dry sticks and bits of caliche, played "Hide-and-Seek" or "Ring-Around-Rosy," and on hot July days, when the fierce dust-storm gave place to dashing sheets of rain, disported themselves in the downpour with shouts of glee, and afterward waded in the puddles or made mud-pies. The sun came up then each morning with rosy radiance as it does now; the turquoise sky bent over them day after day and month after month as it does over us; and at night the cloudless blue vault was hung with the same brilliant stars and gem-like

constellations that throb down to us their intimate messages of peace or of passion.

A hundred years ago the valley of the Santa Cruz was very rich. There was then no ugly river bed, but a large part of the land directly to the west and south was highly cultivated. The water level was several feet higher than it is today and the water in the river was more constant and abundant. Little acequias ran here and there among the cultivated fields tilled by both ranchers and soldiers. Grain, beans, peas, chili, squash, pumpkins and watermelons were produced in large quantities when the Apaches could be kept at a distance; and as to fruit, there were quinces, pears and pomegranites. Game, too, abounded, even the wild turkey being not uncommon in this region.

In Spanish times enormous herds of cattle roamed over the surrounding country. The herds were so large on some of the trails that travelers could with difficulty make their way through. Except for their hides and the tallow that was useful in many ways, the cattle were considered of little value. A good steer would bring only about three dollars in the markets. Such goods as the settlers could not supply for themselves were brought from Sonora by pack-train and paid for in silver coin that bore the King's stamp. Wagons and carts were unknown at that time and there was then no traffic with California. The ordinary citizen scarcely knew that such a country as California existed.

A very little seemed to make people happy in that golden past. Their wants were few and easily supplied. Their amusements were very simple. Crime was almost unknown. To be sure there was plenty of mescal, but it does not seem to have been used to excess; and when men did get drunk, if ancient reports are to be trusted, they did not quarrel, but were as amiable in their cups as sworn comrades or brothers. It was a rare thing for a wrong-doer to be punished except to the extent of being confined in the calaboso for a few days. Religious services were conducted in the little church inside the walls. The priests made no charge for marriages, baptisms, and burials, nor did they ask pay for conducting the religious services of the community. They were well supported by a regular portion set aside for them from the annual products of the settlement. If it had not been for the ever-dreaded Apaches, life in "The Old Pueblo" a hundred years ago would have been very happy indeed.

But, alas! The Apaches were rarely at rest. They were a continual thorn in the flesh. Often a father, husband, son or

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

brother while at work in the fields within sight of his home and family was murdered by these savages. Time and again the settlers tried to make peace with them, but invariably the friendly agreements that had been entered into were violated after a short time and stealing and killing would go on again as of old. Sometimes Apaches who wanted to live at peace would come and settle near the presidio and would help to work the fields, but such Indians were pursued, attacked and murdered by their bloody tribesmen at every opportunity. The Pima and Papago Indians were almost continuously well-disposed toward the white man, and were at the same time at deadly enmity with the Apaches; so these tribes and the Spanish frequently joined forces in attacks upon the common enemy.

Previous to 1843 Tucson on more than one occasion was besieged by bands of Apaches—sometimes aggregating as many as a thousand warriors. There are accounts of two bold attempts on the part of the Apaches (perhaps soon after the year 1800) to raid and capture Tucson. Indeed, the presidio, at the outermost limit of white occupation, thrust out as it was like a spear-point, was the natural point of entrance to the prosperous ranches and settled communities toward the south. The first attack to which I refer was made when the soldiers and nearly all the other male inhabitants were away, and had it not been for the timely assistance of the Pima and Papago Indians the town, no doubt, would have been taken and all the people murdered or carried into captivity. The second time an attack was made in force the sentinel posted on the hill to the west of the city discovered the approach of the enemy soon enough to sound the alarm, so that all were able to get within the walls and lock the gates. The Indians came on and made a hard fight, but at that time they were not in possession of firearms. Their spears, and bows and arrows proved ineffective against the thick walls of the besieged, defended as they were by men with guns and powder and bullets.

And so the years and the decades passed by. The flag of Spain was replaced by that of the Mexican Republic, and in turn the Mexican Government was compelled to yield to the growing power of the United States. Only at rare intervals during this long lapse of time do we get glimpses of life as it went on in this forlorn little outpost of civilization. We know that it continued to hold its own. In 1807 Captain Zebulon M. Pike traveled rather extensively in Mexico. Writing about Sonora at that time, he states that the regular military force of that province was nine hundred dragoons and two hundred in-

fantry. Tucson, he states, was garrisoned with one hundred dragoons. Now and then a band of trappers came this way, for beaver were plentiful on the Santa Cruz a hundred years ago. Priests visited the community from time to time. Pack-trains from the south came and went occasionally, and now and then a military expedition entered the gates, tarried awhile, and then proceeded on its way.

The American Flag, the third national ensign to float above the walls of Tucson, was first unfurled here in mid-December, 1846, when Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, in command of The Mormon Battalion, entered the city gates. He was en route to California and was breaking a wagon road from Albuquerque to the Coast. On December 14, when his column was near Benson, he came across four or five Mexican soldiers. He was informed by them that the commandant of the presidio of Tucson had been joined by the garrisons of Fronteras, Santa Cruz and Tubac, and that orders had come from the Government of Sonora not to allow an armed force to enter the town. Cooke sent word to the commandant that the people need have no fear, as he merely wanted to enter the city to secure supplies and that he would at once continue his march to California. In response to this message two officers came out to meet him with the request that "a special armistice" be entered into. Cooke replied that he would require that two carbines and three lances be delivered to him as a sign of surrender and that the inhabitants pledge themselves not to "bear arms against the United States unless they were exchanged as prisoners of war."

When the American force drew near the walls a cavalryman came out to say for Captain Comaduran that he would not accept the terms of surrender. The Battalion now prepared for battle, but soon two other soldiers appeared and reported that the garrison had retired, taking with them two brass cannon. Cooke thereupon marched into the gate and through the town. They were well treated, and in return they treated with respect and courtesy the few citizens who remained. From a large supply of public wheat that was stored in the granaries Cooke took as much as he could carry in his wagons as feed for the animals. Some of the soldiers bought beans, fruit, and unbolted flour. The Battalion camped near the town, and on December 17 proceeded toward the Gila River, their next main objective being the Pima Villages.

Many emigrants passed through Tucson during the next few years, but no satisfactory picture of life in "The Old Pueblo" comes to our notice again until July 15, 1852. On that

day. Honorable John R. Bartlett, the Commissioner appointed by the United States Government to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, reached Tucson at ten o'clock in the morning. As he passed the garrison he saw a body of Mexican soldiers entering. He learned that they had just arrived from the south after a campaign against hostile Apaches who had been raiding and slaughtering in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, Tubac and Tucson. When he was informed that the Mexican General Blanco was within the walls, he went at once to pay his respects to him, leaving his escort to find a suitable camping place a mile above the city on the banks of the Santa Cruz.

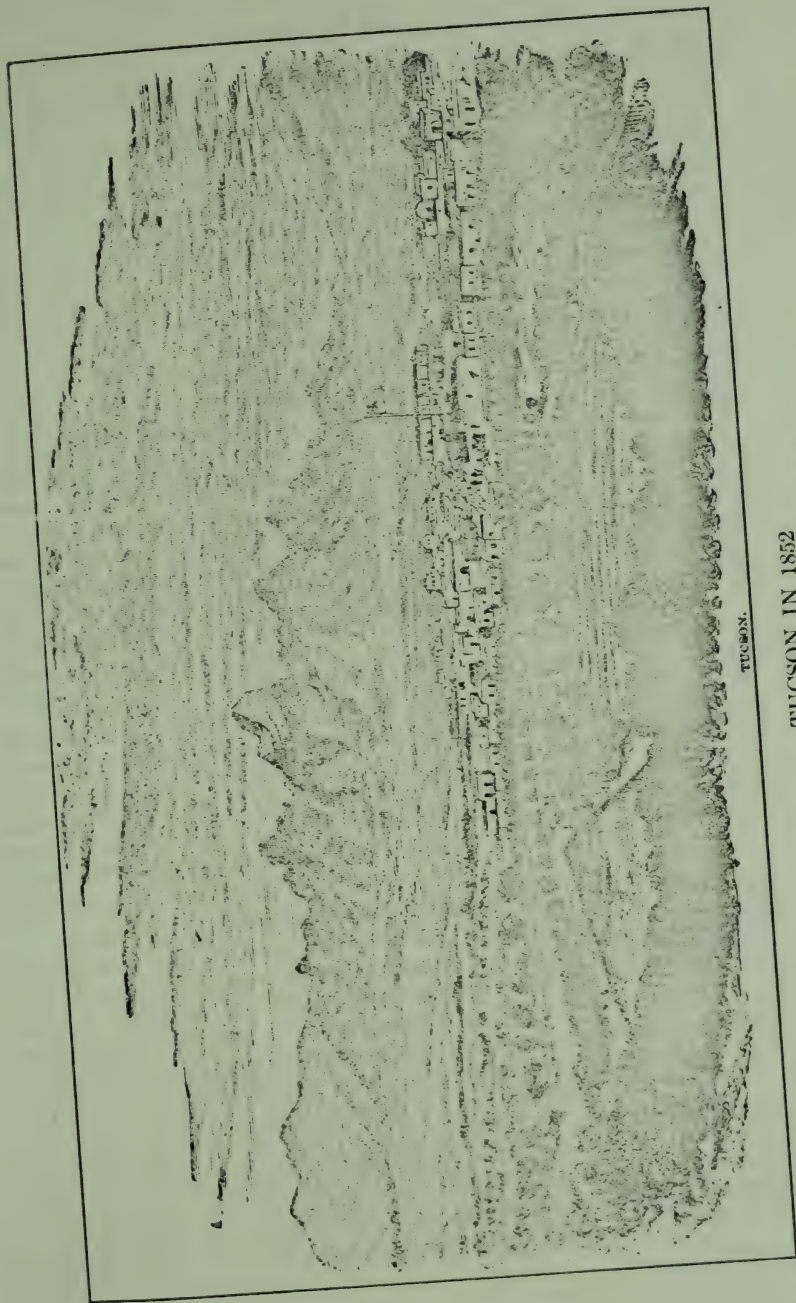
Near the place where his party had halted, he found an American named Coons encamped with a herd of fourteen thousand sheep that he was driving through to San Francisco. He had a band of sixty well-armed men, mostly Americans to help him guard and care for the sheep. In the afternoon General Blanco and his staff escorted by a troop of lancers visited the Commissioner at his camp. The lancers were well uniformed and equipped and made a striking appearance. It is interesting to note that a July rain came up while the official visit was in progress, so that everyone was driven to shelter. The summer rains do not seem to have varied in regularity between that distant date and the present. The two dignitaries talked together as to the best means of dealing with their common enemy, the Apache, and General Blanco offered Mr. Bartlett the use of his blacksmith shop to make repairs on his broken wagons. As his own private conveyance, a light wagon, needed repairs, also, and as his animals required shoeing, he decided to remain in camp here a couple of days. He was the more willing to do this as he could at the same time recruit his mules on the good grass that abounded on the banks of the Santa Cruz. It rained all night, but his party were able to make themselves comfortable in their good tents.

Bartlett makes the following comment on Tucson as he found it in 1852: "It has always been, and is to this day, a presidio or garrison; but for which the place could not be sustained. In its best days it boasted a population of a thousand souls, now diminished to about one-third that number. It stands on the plateau adjoining the fertile valley watered by the Santa Cruz River, a small stream which rises ten miles northeast of the town of Santa Cruz, whence it flows south to that place. It then takes a westerly direction for about ten miles, after which it flows northward through Tubac and Tucson, and soon

becomes lost in the desert. The lands near Tucson are very rich, and were once extensively cultivated; but the encroachment of the Apaches compelled the people to abandon their ranches and seek safety within the town. The miserable population, confined to such narrow limits, barely gains a subsistence, and could not exist a year but for the protection from troops. More than once the town has been invested by from one to two thousand Indians, and attempts made to take it, but thus far without success. These Apaches have become reduced quite as much as the Mexicans; so that two hundred warriors are about the largest force they can now collect."

Bartlett states that the average number of soldiers stationed in Tucson for a few years previous was not more than twenty. The houses were all of adobe and most of them were in a sad state of ruin. There seemed to be no attempt made to repair a house that was going to decay; instead, the wretched tenant would creep into some other house not quite so near ruin and there continue to eke out his miserable existence. It was hard, indeed, that these poor people should have been compelled to endure such poverty when nature all about them was so productive. There were bottom lands a mile wide adjacent to the town, well watered by irrigating ditches. The courses of these rivulets, or acequias were indicated by rows of willows and cottonwoods, and the whole landscape was very agreeable to the eye. The soil was so fertile that almost any vegetable, fruit, or grain could be raised. Among the products that Bartlett saw growing were peas, beans, onions, pumpkins, wheat, maize, apples, pears, peaches and grapes.

Bartlett says that at the base of a hill, a mile to the west of Tucson, there were some fine springs of water, and at a little distance a hamlet and a large hacienda, somewhat neglected, which he thought must at one time have been very rich. He spent parts of two days on the rough hillside near Sentinel Peak making a sketch of the valley to the east and the northeast, with the town and the Santa Catalina Mountains in the distance. In the foreground appears in distinct outline the hacienda with its white walls and gateway. In reality, the hamlet and the hacienda were all that then remained of the mission Jose del Tucson, which ante-dated the walled city of Tucson. Bartlett's sketch is here reproduced. It is, perhaps, the earliest picture of Tucson that exists.



TUCSON.

TUCSON IN 1852
From a Drawing by John R. Bartlett

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

CHAPTER III

FROM THE GADSDEN PURCHASE TO THE CIVIL WAR

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

The Gadsden Treaty was entered into December 30, 1853, but it was not promulgated by President Pierce until June, 1854. The Mexican troops, consisting of about twenty-six men, remained in Tucson until March 10, 1856, when they were replaced by four companies of the First United States Dragoons. But before that date a few wide-awake Americans had come here to live. Among the first to arrive in Tucson were Hiram S. Stevens, Pete Kitchen, Charles D. Poston, John B. ("Pie") Allen, John Davis and Mark Aldrich. These men did not follow the flag; they preceded it. William H. Kirkland, who has the credit of raising the first American flag in Arizona after it became United States territory, says that when the Mexicans evacuated the Presidio, Fritz and Julis Contzen, Green Rusk, Pete Kitchen, Nicholas Van Alstine, White, Paddy Burke, John Davis, William Finley, John Muncie, V. S. Shelby and Edward Miles were present. An American flag that belonged to Edward Miles was unfurled on a rude flagstaff made by splicing together several mesquite poles.

The names of a number of Mexican families are firmly fixed in the pioneer history of the community. Among the best known are Jesus Elias, Juan Santa Cruz, Solano Leon, Guillermo Tellez, Ignacio Pecheco, Francisco Romero, Ignacio Sais and Ignacio Ortiz. Estevan Ochoa, D. Valasco, and Leopoldo Carillo were not born in Arizona, but came here in the late fifties. These names and many more native inhabitants deserve celebration in song and story.

Americans moved in rather rapidly after 1856. The population was very diverse and was augmented from many sources. All the early writers make it clear that not a few undesirable citizens flocked in about the time the American troops took possession. It was not considered polite for one man to ask questions about another man's past; since it was well understood that the San Francisco Vigilance Committee and the County Sheriffs of Texas were among the most powerful promoters of immigration into Arizona at that time. Previous to 1860 there was scarcely a semblance of law in Arizona. Every man had to look out for himself. Murders were very common, and morals exceedingly lax. From the first, however, citizens of a clean, sturdy type came to find their fortunes here, and it is to men

of this order that Tucson owes its solid beginnings. There was much to attract adventurous and energetic young men to this region. It was believed that Arizona contained great mineral wealth, so men came to prospect or to work in the mines. The climate, too, was as attractive then as it is now. Many a good man was simply stranded here and had to make the best of the situation. After the war discharged soldiers who had become attached to the country remained and threw in their lot with the now thriving town.

By 1856, just as a growing boy finds his jacket and breeches too short and tight to hold him within bounds, the population of Tucson began to break through the enclosing wall and spread to the West and the South. A street, later called Ott Street, was cut through the South wall by Tellez, in order to avoid going around to the main gate. In exchange for the ground occupied by this new street, "Uncle" Sammy Hughes took a lot on which the Congregational Church afterward stood. Court Street, likewise, was cut through the south wall to afford a more direct way to the Plaza on the property of an old timer named Cruz. A gate was opened through the east wall at the back of the church and a new cemetery was laid out a block or two to the east. Soon the wall began to disintegrate rapidly. Adobe blocks from it were used in the construction of houses, and before many years had gone by people almost forgot that Tucson was once a walled presidio.

Tucson About 1860

What were men and women and boys and girls doing in Tucson about 1860? We can reconstruct the picture with considerable detail. The fields about the town were being cultivated by Mexican ranchmen, though most of the work was done by Indians. The Americans who came went into one business or another. John Davis and Mark Aldrich were the first Americans to open a store in Tucson. Among the earliest to arrive was J. B. ("Pie") Allen. He was all but penniless. Someone suggested to him that he make pies and sell them to the soldiers. This he did, and the soldiers were glad to buy them at a dollar each, for they were large and thick and just like mother made. He took in so much money that he was soon able to start a store. Very likely Solomon Warner, who came to Tucson in 1855, was the first American to bring in a stock of goods. Warner brought his stock from Yuma by a pack train consisting of thirteen mules. He opened his store March 21, 1856, only eleven days after the departure of the Mexican troops, and from

that time did business on a rather large scale. There was a flour mill in Tucson by this time, also. About two years later Sam Hughes began selling butcher's meat. Indeed, Mr. Hughes took a main hand in half a dozen growing enterprises. As he expressed it, "I had a spoon in every soup." He was a wise, sober and sound citizen who left a salutary impress upon the town in a hundred ways.

In 1857, the Overland Stage from San Antonio to San Diego began making two trips a month. This was an event of very great moment. Tucson was no longer completely shut off from the world. A year later the Overland Stage from St. Louis to San Francisco came through twice a week. The arrival and departure of the mail and the advent of a passenger now and then were the supremely absorbing events in the arid life of this pin-point of pioneer civilization. Raphael Pumpelly tells how he arrived in Tucson by stage one day in the autumn of 1860, delirious and half dead for want of sleep after his continuous journey from Missouri. "I was told that the safety of all the passengers demanded that I should keep awake; and as the only means of effecting this, my neighbors beat a constant tattoo with their elbows upon my ribs. During the journey from the Rio Grande to Tucson my delirium increased, and the only thing I have ever remembered of the route was the sight of a large number of Indian campfires at Apache Pass. My first recollection after this is of being awakened by the report of a pistol, and of starting up to find myself in a crowded room, where a score or more of people were quarreling at a gaming table. I had reached Tucson and had thrown myself on the floor of the first room I could enter. A sound sleep of twelve hours had fully restored me, both in mind and body."

A great variety of travelers came and went. Being on the main highway from the Rio Grande to Yuma and San Diego, Tucson became a center of trade with Sonora to the Southwest. There was no hotel in Tucson as early as this, but "the Tucson bed" was famous all the way from Texas to Sonora. The traveler made this bed by lying on his stomach and covering that with his back. It was sometimes spread within the walls of some tumble-down and deserted adobe house with the stars for candle-light, but, perhaps more often it was laid in the corral or on the plaza.

There was no lack of food. Bread and beef were plentiful and wild game was not uncommon. Chickens and eggs could be secured from the ranchers if one could pay the price. Peas, beans, chili, squash, mushmelons and watermelons could be had.

And for the one who could afford such luxuries, there were, besides, currants, pomegranates, quince, peaches, apricots and pears. Pack-trains from Sonora brought oranges and panocha. No one can say when the first saloon was opened in Tucson, but there never was a time up to 1914 when alcoholic liquor was not as plentiful as water.

Life in the little pueblo was simple in those days, though the ingredients did not differ from what people need, do not need, and enjoy and suffer from at present. I suppose that small boys who did not have to work in the field or look after the stock played the same games that they do now, and stood in absorbed, open-eyed wonder leaning against the corner of an adobe wall, watching their elders as they swore or fought or gambled, or struggled with their refractory mules. The little girls were carefully trained and guarded by their good Mexican mothers. They were not allowed to go out much. They sewed, making their own pretty dresses as soon as they were old enough and doing fancy Spanish drawn-work. Some of them even played the harp, and though there was no public school, a Miss Rosa Ortiz gave private instruction to some of the more favored children. For young and old there were sometimes picnics in the nearby mountains, and moonlight dances in the patios. Sometimes simple home tableaux and theatricals were enjoyed. It seems that in those days the girls were able to occupy themselves contentedly at home.

There were four or five celebrations or merry-makings in the course of the year—San Juan's Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July—and most exciting and festive of all, The Feast of Saint Augustine. This last was held four or five days at a time, and on the part of the men there was a good deal of reveling, drinking and gambling. It was a time of prolonged and very boisterous enjoyment. But none of the self-respecting Mexican women of that day, whether rich or poor, drank or smoked or gambled. From time to time from Mexico came wandering rope-walkers, jugglers and tumblers. There were, too, occasional circuses and Marionette shows. These entertainments were given in the streets outside the wall, or on the Plaza inside. These companies would sometimes remain for days, and of course they afforded much amusement for young and old. Dances were not uncommon, but they were not public dances. Only those who were invited came, the mothers always accompanying their daughters as chaperones. The music was supplied by a fiddle and a kettle-drum, made of rawhide. The drums would beat the time. On occasions there was also the accompaniment of a harp.

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

In the fifties there was no regular priest in Tucson. The original Church of the Presidio by the east wall had become so dilapidated that it could no longer be occupied with safety, and as the roof was about to fall in, the doors were closed so that the public could not enter. A tiny church, La Capilla de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, with only one room, and a cubicle at the rear used by the priest as a place to robe and unrobe, took the place of the old building. It stood just inside the gate, to the right as one entered from Main Street. People continued to worship to some extent in the old mission across the river near Sentinel Peak. In those days the priests came to minister at Tucson only once or twice a year. Sometimes the desire of the people for the offices of a priest grew so urgent that a score or more of the citizens would go to Sonora and bring a father back with them.

The Gadsden Purchase, taken from the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, was added to New Mexico as Arizona. It was natural that this territory should come under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Santa Fe, and, accordingly, the Church authorities in Rome placed it in charge of Bishop John B. Lamy. As a number of matters now had to be adjusted between Bishop Lamy and the Mexican prelates, Father Joseph P. Machebeuf was sent to Arizona and Sonora to make all necessary arrangements. He made the journey by way of El Paso. Early in December, 1858, he was in Tucson, which he alludes to as "a village of about 800 souls, built around an ancient Mexican fortress." Speaking of San Xavier, he says, "I had the pleasure of finding there a large brick church, very rich and beautiful for that country. It was begun by the Jesuits and finished by the Franciscans."

This zealous missionary, Father Machebeuf, is the original of Willa Cather's Joseph in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." He later became Bishop of Denver. He made a second trip to the valley of the Santa Cruz in the summer of 1859 and spent two months in and about Tucson. Night and day he was busy, baptizing, hearing confessions, solemnizing marriages, preaching, holding mass and repairing the churches—neglected so long that they were going to ruin. The old Church of the Presidio, in Tucson, was too far gone for restoration and was not safe or fit for services. But Father Machebeuf, always equal to the circumstances, contrived to have a place of worship in a very short time. A little house, composed of two small rooms, was given to him for the purpose by Don Francisco Solano León, one of the prominent citizens of the town. The building was really too limited in proportions, but at the request of the Vicar General, it was enlarged by the voluntary work of the faithful by

adding a good sized, rough wooden porch to one of the rooms. This, poor as it was, was the first church used in Tucson since the Territory of Arizona had been attached to the diocese of Santa Fe. Many people remember yet the instructions they received from the "Senor Vicario" in this provisional church; they remember in particular how forcibly he spoke one morning at mass against murder, without knowing that the night before an American had killed a man in self-defense, and how seriously the priest was called to answer for his words. After some explanations, the offended man was satisfied that the preacher knew nothing of what had happened during the night, and had spoken in a general way against those who take unjustly the life of their fellow-men. Nevertheless, from this day the priest was not allowed by the Catholics of Tucson to travel alone, and even in town, when he had to hear confession at night, there were, without his being aware of it, some men standing around the church until he would come out, when they accompanied him to his residence.*

Bishop John B. Lamy visited Tucson during Holy Week, 1864. He was entertained in the home of W. S. Oury, on Camino Real. No royal personage could have been received with greater favor and distinction. A triumphal arch of cottonwood branches was erected for him at the entrance to the city. A tarpaulin was spread for him to walk upon. Everywhere there were decorations of paper flowers and greenery; on porches and balustrades the citizens displayed their most beautiful Mexican blankets, and the ladies decked themselves out with their finest Spanish shawls and other heirlooms that had been passed down from generation to generation, each one vying with the other to make the best display. After the Bishop had been lavishly banqueted, he conducted mass and ministered in other ways to the wants of the people.

The Beginnings of Civil Government

From 1851 to 1854 Arizona north of the Gila River was a part of New Mexico. As there were no settlements in Arizona at that time, there was, of course, no civil organization. But in 1855, the Gadsden Purchase having been taken over, in which there were three or four villages, Arizona was added to Dona Ana County, and it remained a part of this county of New Mexico until 1863. During this period crime was rampant in and about Tucson. The records show that a criminal was sent now and then to Mesilla, the county seat, three hundred miles across

* "Soldiers of the Cross." Bishop J. B. Salpointe.



UNITED STATES DRAGOON (Mounted)

the desert for trial, but usually criminals were either dealt with by direct action or permitted to have their own sweet way. To be sure there were justices of the peace in Tucson, and their ways were both unique and effective.

As early as 1856, soon after our troops (a squadron of the First United States Dragoons) took possession in Arizona, a convention met in Tucson and memorialized Congress to organize Arizona as a territory. Two hundred and fifty names were signed to this document, and Nathan P. Cook was sent to Washington as delegate. Mark Aldrich presided at this convention. Among others present were Colonel James Douglass, of Sopori; Henry Ehrenberg, Granville Oury and Ignacio Ortiz. Cook went to Washington but was denied a seat. Congress did not ignore the urgent prayer and cry of Arizona, but no legislation was put through. In September, 1857, another election was held in Tucson; Sylvester Mowry, of the Mowry Mines, was elected delegate and a new petition was addressed to Congress. As Mowry was already in Washington his certificate of election was sent to him there. However, he was not admitted, nor was anything done to relieve Arizona. Again, the following year, Mowry was elected, and he worked hard to secure recognition for Arizona, as did the citizens here at home, but to no avail. Other conventions were held, one at Mesilla and two in Tucson, but nothing came of all the agitation, elections and representations to Congress.

At last, early in April, 1860, a Constitutional Convention made up of thirty-one delegates came together and ordained and established a Provisional Constitution to operate so long, and only so long, as Arizona should be left unorganized by Congress. Much wise and constructive work was accomplished. The full record of the proceedings of this convention, printed in Tucson in 1860, is believed to be the first book published in Arizona. Some officers were elected and others were appointed, but there is no evidence that this temporary government ever functioned. Soon after this Jefferson Davis introduced a bill into Congress to organize Arizona into a territory, but it did not carry. Again, in 1862, Congress now being Republican, another measure was introduced of like character. It hung over until February, 1863, and was then passed, but not until the clause that named Tucson as the capital had been eliminated.

CHAPTER IV.

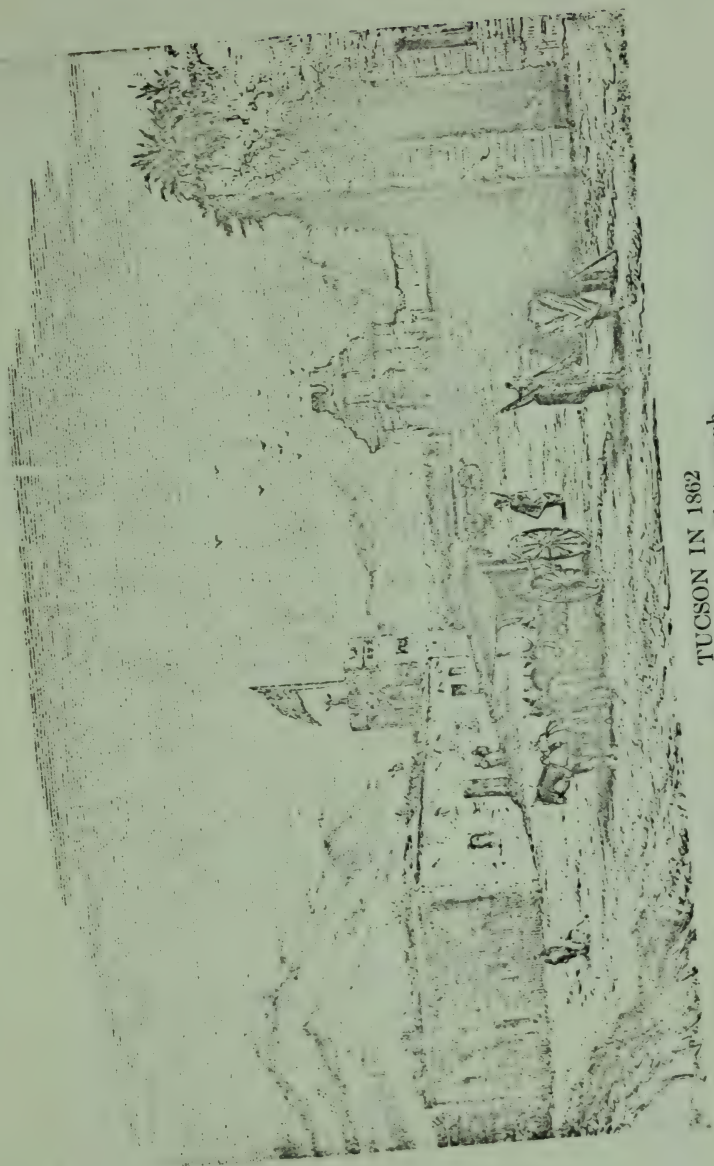
FROM THE CIVIL WAR TO ABOUT 1870

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

Meanwhile the Civil War had broken out. It struck Tucson like a blight. Public sentiment here in 1861 was predominantly for disunion. There were only sixty-eight American voters in Tucson in the summer of 1861, but in convention assembled they voted that the "Eleven starred banner" be tossed to the breeze. No doubt the chief cause of Washington's neglect of Arizona during the years just preceding the opening of the Civil War was due to the out-spoken spirit of secession known to exist in Tucson. In July the troops were withdrawn from Arizona, and Tucson became the only place where the citizens could rally for safety from the increasingly deadly attacks of the Apaches. A force of perhaps two hundred Texans in February, 1862, under command of Captain Hunter, occupied "The Old Pueblo." Hunter met with no opposition, for, already, in August, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor had proclaimed Arizona Confederate territory. The few Union men in Tucson sought safety in Sonora.

But "the Stars and Bars" did not long wave over the battered walls of the ancient town, so often a prey to change and vicissitude. On May 20, Hunter retreated to the southward as Colonel West, leading the vanguard of the California Volunteers, once more unfurled the Stars and Stripes in the streets of Tucson. Mrs. Sam Hughes told the writer that as a child of twelve, on that May morning, she remembered seeing the column march in with glittering bayonets and deploy on the hillside to the west, near where the El Paso and Southwestern Station now is. The Union troops were called the Northerners by the people of Tucson, and the Confederates the Southerners, not because the inhabitants knew anything about the rebellion, but because the Union soldiers entered the city from the north and the Texas troops marched off to the south.

Colonel Carleton, commander of the California Column, reached Tucson in June, at once declared Arizona a territory of the United States, and forthwith placed it under martial law. He is determined he says, "that when a man does have his throat cut, his house robbed, or his field ravaged, he may at least have the consolation of knowing that there is some law that will reach him who does the injury." Nine gamblers, loafers and cut-throats who had held peaceable citizens in terror he arrested and



TUCSON IN 1862
From a War-Time Photograph



MAP OF
TUCSON
ARIZONA TERR.

SURVEYED BY ORDER OF
MAJOR D. P. R. S. IN 1862
BY MAJOR D. P. R. S. IN 1862
REMARKS: SEE NOTE ON REVERSE SIDE
SCALE IN FEET



LATITUDE 32° 12' 34" N
LONGITUDE 110° 38' 55" W
U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

MAP OF TUCSON IN 1862

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

sent to Yuma to be imprisoned there until the end of the war. He laid an occupation tax upon all merchants and required saloons and gambling rooms to pay one hundred dollars a month each. The money so collected he spent for the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers.

Major David Ferguson was in command of the Arizona garrisons in the latter part of 1862. During his occupancy of Tucson he had a map made of the village. So far as we know this is the first official map ever made of Tucson. It shows the decided growth the town has made since the first Americans came. It will be seen that a few houses have been built to the west of the original walled area, and that the population has pressed beyond the wall three or four blocks to the south. Calle Real is modern Main Street (alas that it should be so!). Calle del Aroyo is our Pennington Street (not inappropriate, as old Elias Pennington used to use this arroya as a saw-pit where he whip-sawed lumber). Calle del Indian Trieste is the Maiden Lane of a later date (now no more, since the wege was removed in 1902). Calle de la Alegria is modern Congress Street. Calle de la Mesilla is Mesilla Street, and La Plaza de la Mesilla is the little square in front of old St. Augustine Church. The small black oblong marks at the extreme southwest are, no doubt, the homes of the Ourys and one or two other old-timers.

Following the Civil War

Up to the coming of the railroad, Tucson was always and chiefly a military center. Just after the Civil War the army became the dominant factor in the growth and control of the town. With the coming of the California Column Tucson took on new life. By the time the war was at an end the population had leaped to twelve or thirteen hundred people, and counting the military population perhaps one-fourth of this number were Americans. After the war many soldiers made Arizona their home. Throughout the sixties the community depended almost wholly upon the government for its prosperity. Everyone looked to the United States Army Paymaster as the prime magician. He came seldom—only twice a year—but in his wake came plenty and hilarity. Between pay-days vouchers were issued by the government to Mexican laborers and ranchers, sometimes to the amount of two or three hundred dollars for labor or for supplies of hay, wood, beef, etc. The merchants accepted these vouchers for goods, and sometimes the holders were allowed cash advances on them. When the paymaster came, money was free as water or sunshine. These were harvest days for the saloons

and gambling halls. Drinking and gaming went on to excess. For about two months the merchants, also, would do a great cash business, but after that the voucher system would again go into vogue.

Freighting in those days was a leading occupation. Pack-trains frequently came from Sonora, of course, with fruits and panocha, but all heavy articles, and, indeed, supplies of almost every kind had to be freighted in over vast distances by ox or mule teams. Oxen were used chiefly in the very early days, since they were gentle, easily controlled, and required no harness—a very expensive article in the west at that time. They were slow to be sure, but grass was abundant and nutritious, so feed cost little or nothing. By the middle of the sixties grass was giving out as a result of over-grazing, so it now became necessary to carry along grain for the animals. Under these conditions oxen were more expensive to feed than mules, so now mules began to take their place. Freight rates were, of course, fabulously high. From the East goods were brought as far as Independence, Missouri, by rail or water, but from there in wagons across the dry, interminable plains and desert. It would sometimes require three or four months for a wagon-train to reach Tucson, and so hostile were the Indians that a guard had to be maintained continually. Goods coming from San Francisco were sent by sea as far as the mouth of the Colorado River. At this point they were transferred to barges or steamers of light draught, and so transported to Yuma and thence by wagon two hundred and fifty miles to Tucson. During this decade when Tucson was growing rapidly and army posts were being established throughout Arizona to hold the Apaches in check, Tucson was the depot of supplies and the distributing point for the whole Territory. Main Street was almost constantly lined with long wagon-trains, and sometimes in the procession prairie schooners would be seen with emigrants making their slow way to California. At night the corrals were crowded with army mules, and the freighters were frequently camped with their wagons and teams on the outskirts of the town.

John Spring came to Tucson as a soldier in 1866 and he gives this graphic picture of the Old Pueblo as he then saw it:

“The buildings that deserved the name of houses were of adobe with flat roofs. Those of the poorer class of Mexicans were of mesquite poles and the long wands of the candlewood, the chinks being filled with mud plaster. With the exception of the soldiers and teamsters in transit there were not over a dozen white men in the town, and not one white woman. The doors of

many houses consisted of raw hides stretched over rough frames, the windows being apertures in the walls barred with upright sticks stuck therein. . . .

"When I visited the town toward evening in order to present our ration return to the commissary of subsistence (Captain Gilbert C. Smith), with a view of obtaining our rations, I found that the one street of Tucson was fairly bubbling with life and motion. Its whole length was taken up by a long train of army wagons, and another of paririe schooners carrying flour from Sonora, Mexico, while heavy loaded hay wagons were trying to make their way to the government corral where numberless horses and mules were constantly coming and going. . . . Cursing teamsters, rollicking soldiers, rustling gamblers and the usual nondescripts of a frontier town jostled each other in the narrow street devoid of sidewalks.

"As soon as I had received and loaded up our rations, of which the long untasted and coveted fresh meat was the most desirable article, I started my ration wagon to camp, then looked for a store where I might purchase a much needed paper of needles and thread. The only store worthy of the name was quite easily found and the desired articles were produced. To my horror and the great financial detriment of my purse I found that a paper of needles cost seventy-five cents and a spool of thread twenty-five cents. As I gave vent to my astonishment at such exorbitant prices, the store-keeper observed, somewhat sarcastically, I thought, 'It is not the value of the article but the cost money on the freight, you know.' Freight on needles, indeed! However, the thing worked both ways as I found later when I brought to this same store our surplus rations and received for them per pound: Coffee, seventy-five cents (it sold for a dollar); brown sugar, fifty cents; bacon, sixty cents; from all of which our company derived a substantial benefit."

John S. Vosburg, a civilian paints Tucson in somewhat mellow colors than does John Spring, the sergeant. He did not come until 1869, and no doubt by this time The Old Pueblo had improved somewhat. Vosburg was a locksmith. He was, too, a good deal of a sage and was of a mild and humane temper. There were no banks in town at this time. The leading merchants had safes; and as Vosburg was the only one who could fix them when they got out of order, he knew how to open every safe in town. The bailes, Mr. Vosburg states, were almost the only social functions. Of course the only ladies in attendance were Mexicans. Miss Larcena Pennington was married to Mr. Page in 1858, but she did not long retain her residence in Tucson at

that time, and it was not until about 1872 that American women came to remain permanently.

If some respectable man wanted to give a baile, he would go to someone's shed, sweep it out, and get someone to play a bass drum and Old Jose to play the harp. Then the gallants and the belles would come. The mothers always came along as Duenas (caretakers). Everyone was well behaved; there was little rowdyism. If anyone got drunk, he would be put off somewhere to sleep. Everyone wore his best. If a fellow was in love with a girl, he would buy her a pair of shoes. The girls all danced well. The man who gave the dance had to pay the Mexican harpster and provide the candles to light up with. The only refreshment served was limonado from an olla. There were cascarones (eggshells filled with finely-cut colored paper); and if a man was in love with a girl, he would crush the eggshell over her head, so that the content would shower into her hair."

SAN CARLOS BLASTED INTO DUST

The Historic Apache Indian Agency at San Carlos, Arizona,

Leveled by Dynamite.

(By JOHN P. CLUM.)

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Another spectacular stride in the westward course of empire was measured when the echoing detonations of heavy charges of dynamite shattered to dust the last of the structures at the old San Carlos Apache Indian agency on February 16, 1930.

The sturdy and hopeful pioneers who laid the firm foundations of the main agency building and with unfeigned pride and satisfaction watched those substantial walls slowly but persistently rising along lines that were straight and plumb, did not dream that in a little more than half a century this most desirable scenic building site on the border of an arid mesa would be included within the basin of a spacious artificial reservoir, and that those same stout walls would be deliberately shattered into fragments in order that they might not intrude as dangerous obstacles to navigation when their stone foundations are submerged many feet below the rippling surface of a vast man-made lake.

That world-old natural law involving the principle of the survival of the fittest has been again exemplified in the recent blotting out of this old Apache Indian agency. The waters impounded behind the noble Coolidge Reclamation Dam will submerge this ancient agency site and several hundred acres of farming lands formerly cultivated by the Apaches, but in generous compensation for the flooding of this comparatively limited area, these impounded waters will make possible the reclamation of more than 100,000 acres of fertile valley and mesa lands to the westward.

This abstract statement of the potential results of the Coolidge reclamation project is highly gratifying, as well as a splendid tribute to the superior intelligence and dauntless courage so persistently displayed by the pale-faced race in the winning of the West, but when it is understood that none of the water impounded by the massive Coolidge Dam is available for irrigation purposes within the limits of the San Carlos reservation, this splendid reclamation enterprise presents an exceedingly pathetic aspect as far as the future welfare of the Apache Indians is concerned.

Although the old Apache agency has been thus ruthlessly blotted out, there remain many thrilling pages of its spectacular history that will continue to hold a resistless romantic appeal to generations yet unborn. For the purposes of this article it will suffice if we recall a few facts in connection with the establishment of the agency, supplemented by some of the details of the thrilling episode which resulted in the killing of Chief Disalin at the agency on December 22, 1875.

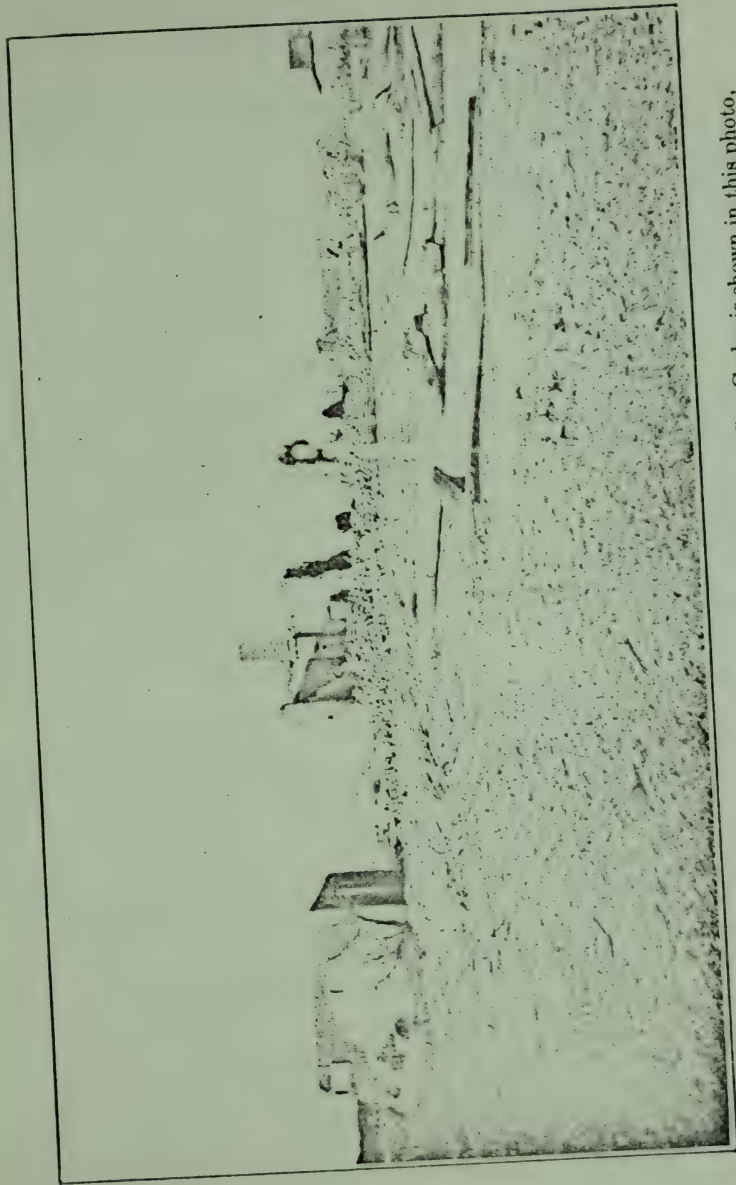
In the spring of 1871 several bands of Pinal and Arivaipa Apaches under Chief Es-kim-in-zin were permitted by the military authorities to assemble at Old Camp Grant, on the Rio San Pedro, near the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon. What is known as "The Camp Grant Massacre" occurred there at dawn on April 30, 1871, when about 125 of those Apaches were killed by a party of Mexicans and Papago Indians led by several citizens from Tucson.

In 1872 General O. O. Howard, one of President Grant's Indian Peace Commissioners, visited Old Camp Grant, and at that time he promised Es-kim-in-zin and his followers that an agency would be established for them at the confluence of the Rio San Carlos with the Rio Gila. General Howard's promise was fulfilled by the government, and the name of the San Carlos River was adopted as the name of the new agency, as well as for the southern part of the Apache reservation. Chief Es-kim-in-zin and his followers (about 800) were removed from Old Camp Grant and located at San Carlos in February, 1873.

For a little more than a year thereafter these Indians were quite continually under the control of the military, and the affairs of the agency during that period were subjected to the vicissitudes of five separate administrations. As might be expected, these five temporary administrators contented themselves with the crudest sort of temporary quarters for the accommodation of the agent and employes and the storage of supplies. The walls of these primitive specimens of the builder's art were constructed of stout poles set upright in the ground and chinked in with adobe plaster, while the roofs consisted of more stout poles which served as rafters, over which was spread a covering of brush and mud. Such were the rustic and picturesque residential edifices that greeted my youthful vision when I arrived at San Carlos and assumed charge as agent for the Apaches on that reservation on August 8, 1874.

Inasmuch as I contemplated an indefinite residence among the Apaches I felt that suitable agency buildings should be constructed with the least delay possible, not only to provide proper





The room at northwest corner of the main agency building at San Carlos is shown in this photo,
and was the last of that old building to be dynamited on February 16, 1930.

housing facilities for myself, my employes and the agency supplies, but as an example of the better mode of living which we hoped the Indians might eventually be induced to adopt in lieu of their wickiup shelters and nomadic habits.

The temporary agency and the temporary military camp were located on the eastern border of the mesa lying immediately north of the Gila and west of the San Carlos and overlooking the valley lands adjacent to the point where the San Carlos flows into the Gila. A little prospecting revealed an ideal site for the permanent buildings on the western border of the same mesa and within a mile of the temporary quarters. This site overlooked a broad section of the Gila Valley that stretched away westward several miles to the opening of the grand canyon where the gigantic Coolidge Dam now stands. To the south loomed the pyramidal form of Mt. Turnbull, while the western skyline was elevated along the towering and undulating crest of the majestic Pinal Mountain range. Having been reared in the charming valley of the Hudson, with those lovely Berkshire Hills to the east and the renowned Catskill range to the west, I early developed a great love for the beautiful in Nature. A residence of three years in the quaint and historic pueblo of Santa Fe, New Mexico, stimulated my admiration for the grandeur of the mountains. It is admitted, therefore, that the inspiring scenic view commanded from the western border of the mesa was potent among the conditions that determined me to select that location as the site for the permanent agency.

Within a week after my arrival at San Carlos I had selected the site, made the necessary preliminary surveys and employed a mason, who, with the aid of several Apache helpers, forthwith began laying the stone foundations of the main agency building and making adobes for its sturdy walls. This building was constructed in the form of a hollow square with a frontage of 135 feet and a depth of 200 feet. In the rear was added a corral 135 feet by 175 feet, surrounded on three sides by a stone wall seven feet high and two feet thick. A dozen or more years later when the agency was under military control, this corral wall was taken down and the stone utilized in the foundations of other buildings.

When I visited San Carlos in November, 1929, the work of demolishing the numerous structures at the old agency was already in progress. The roof, doors, flooring, etc., had been removed from the main agency building, but about three-fourths of the staunch old adobe walls were still standing quite as firm and solid as they were when constructed in the fall of 1874—FIFTY-

SIX years ago. And these were some of the walls that were shattered into fragments on February 16, 1930.

The Apache guardhouse that so recently succumbed to the devastating force of the detonating dynamite was not the famous old hoosegow in which the notorious renegade Geronimo was confined when I brought him—a prisoner in chains—from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, to San Carlos in May, 1877. That ancient calaboose was a rude adobe structure that was long ago replaced by a modern prison with stone walls and steel bars, but which today is a shattered mass of debris.

As a thrilling chapter in the unwritten history of the old San Carlos Apache Indian agency I am persuaded to enter here some of the details of that tragic episode which ended with the killing of Chief Disalin on the afternoon of December 22, 1875. A special official report of the fatal affair was promptly submitted to Washington. But in my next annual report, written the following October, the matter was covered in a few lines, and that exceedingly brief statement was all that was included in the published report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs relative to the death of Disalin.

This very serious incident, however, is worthy of presentation in more complete detail for several reasons. It was an acid test of the loyalty and efficiency of the San Carlos Apache Police Force at that early period of its organization. It wrought just and swift retribution to the only would-be deliberate assassin encountered among the Apaches during my entire administration, and, furthermore, it is most desirable that these vital details should be given a permanent place in the spectacular story of the famous old agency that has so recently been reduced to mounds of desolate ruins.

Disalin, with his band of about 150 Apaches, had formerly lived in the Tonto Basin country, but had been located at San Carlos about two years prior to his death. Poligamy was a common practice among the Apaches, and Disalin had two wives. In the domestic affairs of these Indians the head of the family exercised supreme authority. If the wife offended she might be punished in any manner that the indignation and wrath of the husband might dictate—no one interfered.

It so happened that Disalin was extremely jealous of one of his wives. This woman finally came to me and complained that her husband had a playful habit of beating her, and that sometimes he would tie her to a tree and then amuse himself by throwing a wicked hunting knife at the tree in a cheerful en-

deavor to determine how closely to some part of her anatomy he could imbed the knife into the tree. The beatings, the woman said, were often very painful, while the knife-throwing exercises caused her acute mental anguish. She appealed to me for protection.

The offending husband was summoned to the agency and I had a heart-to-heart talk with him relative to the matters complained of by his wife. Disalin was naturally austere and reticent, but I had regarded him as in every way friendly to me and to my administration. I explained to him that all Indians on the reservation were entitled to protection from bodily harm, or cruelty of any sort—the women as well as the men; that in my official position I could make no exceptions; that I hoped he would thereafter be able to administer his household affairs without employing either a club or a knife, and that if he could not get along with this particular wife without maltreating her he had better allow her to return to her own people.

During this interview Disalin did not exhibit any signs of serious displeasure, and as several weeks passed without further complaint from the wife I supposed peace had been declared. In fact, I had quite forgotten the episode until it was recalled by another—and final—visit from Disalin.

Some details as to the plan of the new agency building are essential to a proper understanding of the movements of Disalin on the occasion of his final visit. The plan was a hollow square, thus providing an inner court, or patio. All rooms opened on the patio with two exceptions, one on the northeast corner and one on the northwest corner. I occupied the latter. The room adjoining mine to the east was the office, and the room next to that was used as a courtroom and for general conferences with the Indians. My room was entered either from the office or from the room next south of mine. My north window overlooked the parade ground and showed the quarters of the Indian police and the guardhouse about 200 yards distant. Chief of Police Beauford had fitted up a room for himself adjoining the police quarters. My west window commanded that inspiring scenic view terminating with the glorious Pinal range.

From a climatic standpoint the afternoon was ideal and every aspect indicated peace and contentment. Beauford was lounging in his quarters. Mr. Sweeney, the chief clerk, was in the office absorbed in his quarterly accounts. His table extended along the north wall of the office and as he sat with his face to the wall he did not observe the stealthy entrance of Disalin. I

was seated near the west window in my room reading, with no thought of an impending tragedy.

Suddenly, and almost noiselessly, Disalin opened the door from the office, walked into my room, closed the door behind him and halted about two paces in front of me. He wore a white cotton shirt, trousers and moccasins. A small blanket was draped over his shoulders and reached to his hips. I did not know that the chief purpose of the blanket was to conceal a six-shooter which he had shoved under the waistband of his trousers well to the rear. He was too cunning to wear a tell-tale pistol-belt and scabbard. His dark, clean-cut features wore a serious mien—but such was the habit of Disalin. There was no display of emotion, nor the slightest indication of excitement. I am compelled to admire his nerve from the time he entered my room until he fell dead a few moments later.

While I was most democratic in my intercourse with the Indians, I reserved my own room as the one spot on the reservation where the Indians might not intrude—uninvited. Whether or not Disalin was aware of the exclusiveness of my personal quarters I never knew. Fortunately for me, as well as for the continued peace and good order of the reservation, he had come at that moment to reconnoiter and not to kill, for, as I was lounging in a rocking chair with no suspicion of danger, he had me at a great disadvantage. He stood silent for an instant and then made some reference to his domestic troubles. Although I was a bit nettled at his intrusion I spoke quietly, telling him to find the interpreter and come to the courtroom where I would have a talk with him. He hesitated for a moment and then turned quite deliberately and went out. But instead of going through the office whence he came, he went through the room to the south, again closing the door behind him—thus shrewdly assuring himself that there was no one in that room. His reconnaissance was now complete. There was no one in that section of the building but Sweeney and myself, and we were oblivious to the danger that threatened us. Without further delay he would kill both of us and then take his chances on picking off Beauford. We were the three persons active in the administration of the affairs of the reservation—and all three of us were on Disalin's death list.

Disalin had not been gone more than two minutes when he re-entered my room from the office, again closed the door behind him, and then assumed a defiant attitude in front of me. Without concealing my annoyance I spoke sharply to him, demanding to know why he had not brought the interpreter, etc. At that

instant the agency physician happened to come in from the office and stopped at Disalin's right. A few seconds later the door of the south room opened and the janitor, a husky young negro, entered with an armful of wood which he deposited quickly at the fireplace and then stood at Disalin's left. I have no doubt that the timely entrance of these two men utterly ruined the first scene in Disalin's deadly plot. His presence in my room and the harsh manner in which I was telling him to find the interpreter, startled both the doctor and the janitor. Instantly they sensed danger and both stood, fully alert, intently watching Disalin. But even then I did not suspect Disalin's treacherous purpose. He did not utter a word during his second visit. He had not returned to talk—but to act. And then, in a twinkling, the Fates that had favored his plot thus far turned against him. Even though he might be quick enough to shoot me, his immediate capture would follow and his plot would fail. Briefly he meditated—then backing to the door, he opened it, passed into the office and closed the door behind him.

Disalin having withdrawn his austere presence from my room, the janitor left also. The negro had just disappeared by way of the south room when a shot sounded in the office. Instantly I sprang to the mantel and seized my six-shooter. The doctor grabbed a convenient Indian club. Then another shot sounded in the office as Sweeney burst into my room shouting the name of Disalin. We had scarcely assured ourselves that Sweeney was uninjured when a third shot echoed from the entrance to the inner court. Two or three seconds later the sharp reports of rifle shots resounded from the vicinity of the police quarters and the silence of that beautiful afternoon was further disturbed by a chorus of fierce Apache yells—the battle was on. As I glanced out of my north window across the parade ground a thrilling and more or less disquieting scene met my vision. Pandemonium had broken loose. A score or more of apparently frantic Apaches were running and jumping and yelling and shooting as if all had suddenly gone mad. We wondered how many of those fighting Indians were supporting Disalin—for we did not know that he was playing his desperate game single-handed. About that time the negro returned to my room armed with an ax. It seemed to us a matter of defense. However, we were not left long to ponder over the situation, for the yelling and the shooting ceased quite as suddenly as it had begun, and an Indian policeman came running to tell me that Disalin was dead.

I went at once to learn the details of all that had happened

outside of my room during those three or four exceedingly hectic moments. When Disalin re-entered the office from my room Sweeney was writing with his face to the wall. Disalin stepped behind a convenient bale of blankets and, taking deliberate aim, fired at Sweeney's head. But the bullet missed its intended victim and merely spattered some plaster from the wall into Sweeney's face—much to his surprise and annoyance. As Sweeney jerked open the drawer containing his six-shooter he turned his head just in time to discover Disalin aiming a second shot at him. It was then that Sweeney sprang from his chair and burst into my room as Disalin's second bullet sped too high, bored through the upper panel of the door and lodged somewhere in the mud roof over my room.

An Indian policeman standing in the court entrance saw Disalin fire his first shot, but, being unarmed, he ran for his rifle and to notify the other policemen. After his second shot Disalin ran to the court entrance where he met an Indian laborer who attempted to impede his progress and at whom he fired the third shot—which also missed its mark. This ill-luck should have discouraged Disalin. But not so. He still had Beauford on his death list, so he ran swiftly toward the guardhouse. It was then that the police joined in the fray. Beauford rushed out to learn the cause of the shooting just as Disalin dropped behind a convenient wood-pile. A second later Disalin sent a bullet whizzing close to the head of the chief of police. Then Beauford understood.

Disalin had been struck by two bullets but was not seriously wounded. When his shot missed Beauford he sprang from the wood-pile and leaped into the shelter of the thick adobe wall at a side door of the trader's store. A few seconds later he was running along the outside of the west wall of the corral in the rear of the store. An Apache policeman had rushed around on the east side of the store and halted at the northeast corner of the corral. Another policeman, Tau-el-cly-ee (also spelled Tal-kalai), had taken a position about fifty paces from the fatal corner and quite directly ahead of Disalin as he raced recklessly to his death. The instant Disalin passed the corner of the corral both of these policemen fired at him. The bullet fired by the policeman at the opposite corner pierced Disalin's skull through and through just back of the eyes, while the leaden missile from Tau-el-cyl-ee's gun ploughed a diagonal course through his chest from left to right. Disalin's wild dream of revolution and reform was thus rudely and forever ended.

We soon learned more of Disalin's desperate plot and the

motives that had inspired it. He had again administered severe punishment to the troublesome wife for some real or imagined offense, and it appeared that, acting upon my suggestion, she had deserted Disalin and fled to her own people. It was quite evident that Disalin felt that I had exceeded all reasonable bounds of my official authority by interfering with his domestic affairs, and that if he submitted a direful precedent would thus be established. In fact, he felt that the offense against his personal dignity, both as a husband and as a chief, was of such a grave character as to fully justify him in breaking off all diplomatic relations and declaring war—and in doing his killing first and stating his reasons later,—even as some alleged civilized nations have done in more recent years.

Disalin had also decided not to take anyone into his confidence until he had given his solo-revolution a thrilling and bloody start. Happily for his plans, all troops had been removed from the reservation about two months previous. Now if he could kill the three men active in the administration of the affairs of the agency he might compromise all of the Apaches on the reservation (about 4200), and demonstrate his prowess as a bold, resourceful and daring warrior. In short, he reasoned that within the few moments occupied with the killings he would flash before the astonished Indians as a hero—and ideal war-chief—ready and capable to lead them in successful combat with whomsoever might oppose.

Disalin had many good qualities and I had always found him friendly and tractable. About a year previous to his tragic death he had rendered a splendid service to the territory by leading a scouting party of his own men many weary miles over the mountain trails on a determined hunt after the desperate Apache renegade Del-shay, and Disalin did not falter in his pursuit until he had captured the renegade and carried his head into Camp McDowell.

Doubtless prolonged brooding over his domestic troubles had brought him to a state of temporary insanity, but even then he displayed his daring spirit—without which he would not have undertaken, single-handed, the desperate and bloody work he had set himself to accomplish.

While the purposes of Disalin were altogether evil, he unwittingly rendered a splendid service by offering an opportunity for the Indian police to demonstrate their loyalty and efficiency in a very sudden and very grave emergency. Those policemen were not only all Apaches, but two of them were members of Disalin's band—one of whom, Tau-el-cly-ee, was a half-brother of the

mad chief who was running amuck. And yet the police not only met the exigencies of the occasion with promptness and efficiency, but they acted entirely upon their own initiative and responsibility.

We must visualize the absolute peacefulness of that lovely afternoon. All were relaxed until Disalin fired his first shot. The policeman who witnessed that shot and noted the look of savage desperation on Disalin's face, ran at top speed for his gun, meantime shouting to his comrades that Disalin was killing the white men in the office. No one hesitated. In an instant all were armed, alert and active, and within a minute they were shooting as Disalin ran toward the guardhouse. They did not need to be told what to do. When Beauford rushed from his quarters and demanded to know why they were shooting at Disalin—intimating that he felt there must be some mistake—the policeman nearest him dropped on one knee for a steadier aim and fired at Disalin just as he ducked behind the wood-pile. The policeman knew why he was shooting at the mad chief, and Beauford grasped the seriousness of the situation, when, an instant later, Disalin raised his head above the wood-pile and sent a bullet close to the head of the chief of police. "Kill him," was Beauford's order. The police had merely anticipated that order. It is true that, at that moment, the police did not know whether they were defending Sweeney and myself, or avenging our deaths. They only knew that they were performing their highest duty, and that nothing should stop them until Disalin was either captured or killed.

Doubtless it will be asked how Disalin was able to avoid the many shots fired while he was running from the main agency building to the north corner of the corral at the trader's store. It must be remembered that the police were compelled to exercise the utmost caution in order to avoid maiming or killing some of their own comrades. This would account for some of the shots that missed their mark. Another thing, Disalin was nimble and did not offer himself as an easy target by running in a straight line—no true Apache warrior would do that. He leaped and zig-zagged and dodged as he advanced. It is also probable that, at first, some of the police who were friendly to Disalin fired over his head in the hope that he would surrender rather than be killed.

Just after I had viewed the body of the dead chief I met Tau-el-cly-ee. At first he simply shook my hand and said: "Inju"—meaning "it is good," or "it is well." And then, alternately stroking his gun and his chest, he said in a most seri-

ous manner, "I have killed my own chief and my own brother. But he was trying to kill you—and I am a policeman. It was my duty." With equal earnestness I told him that he had proved himself a brave officer and a good friend, and that I would be his chief and his brother and his good friend, always. We then sealed that pledge of mutual friendship with another clasping of the hands—and that pledge was kept inviolate to the day of his death.

The following June Tau-el-cly-ee served as sergeant of the company of Apache police that accompanied me to Apache Pass. With 20 of his men he arrested the murderer Pi-on-se-nay on June 9. At Ewell Springs on June 12, we spread a blanket over Pi-on-se-nay and then Tau-el-cly-ee and myself weighted down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on opposite sides of our dangerous prisoner. The next day we delivered this murderer into the custody of two deputies sheriff of Pima County.

Tau-el-cly-ee passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds while the more or less spectacular ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the Coolidge dam were in progress on March 4, 1930. He was a little older than myself, and I would fix his age at the time of his death at about 90. Neither the state nor the nation ever rewarded Tau-el-cly-ee for his very efficient services as a peace officer—rendered at a time when those services were sorely needed. The last decade or more of his life was passed in ill-health, poverty and blindness. During this period he lived most of the time in the mining camp of Miami, where some good friends had a cabin built for him and who sometimes contributed small amounts for food and clothing. Occasionally I was permitted to add my mite to this fund. Even then he was often in want. My last meeting with him was in November, 1929. His condition at that time was most pitiful. Age and infirmities, including near-total blindness, had rendered the former robust and efficient policeman almost helpless, and his environment bespoke abject poverty. At that time I urged a plan to provide for his care and comfort, and while the response was favorable, the action was too slow to afford any relief to the aged sufferer. Let us hope he has entered upon the just recompense that was denied him here.

I can never efface the mental picture of Disalin's prostrate form stretched upon the ground near the corner of the corral where he fell. The dead chief was of medium stature, straight and lithe, and his general demeanor was always dignified. The last two bullets, either one of which would have proved fatal, must have struck him simultaneously and snuffed out his life in

an instant. Ordinarily the body would have crumpled into an ungainly heap. But not so with Disalin. He had fallen with his face downward. His body was stretched to its full length and straight as an arrow. His long black hair trailed to his hips. None of his ghastly wounds was exposed to view. His left arm was lying straight beside the body, while the right arm was bent under his head so that the forehead rested upon the forearm. Every line was graceful and the body perfectly composed—as if Disalin had deliberately arranged every detail of his position for a long and restful sleep. Often I think of Disalin as he stood before me in my room the last time—but far more frequently I see him stretched there so gracefully upon the ground—ASLEEP.

AN OUTLINE OF SOUTHWESTERN PRE-HISTORIC

(By H. S. GLADWYN, Director Gila Pueblo, Globe, Arizona.)

It is impossible to form an intelligent estimate in terms of years of the various periods of development in the Southwest. In general, it can be said that the extremely ancient periods have been under-estimated, while the more recent have been over-estimated. It came as a surprise to most archaeologists to learn that Pueblo Bonito and Mesa Verde had been occupied as late as 1200-1300 A. D.⁽¹⁾ Most men had thought that they had been abandoned about 700-800 A. D. On the other hand, at Folsom, New Mexico, arrowpoints of excellent workmanship have been found in association with the bones of an extinct bison in a Pleistocene deposit, estimated to have been laid down from twenty to forty thousand years ago, whereas it has been repeatedly declared that man has lived in America for less than ten thousand years, or since the retreat of the ice of the last Glacial Epoch. The earliest remains which can serve to identify a people were discovered in the Lovelock Cave in Nevada by M. R. Harrington, working in behalf of the Museum of the American Indian. This culture is known as that of the first Basketmaker period. The people depended primarily upon hunting; their decoys and other paraphernalia reached a degree of excellence which has never been surpassed. They had no pottery, and knew nothing of agriculture, and it is to be supposed that they moved frequently and covered a wide range of territory, making use of caves and rock shelters. Nothing is known of their origin or where they went, but their knowledge of basketry bears some relationship to that of the later Basketmakers and some of the California tribes.

The second Basketmaker period is characterized by the knowledge of corn growing. Corn is believed to have been developed from Teocentli, a native Mexican grass growing today in the highlands of Mexico. This knowledge shows contact with the south and it may be that pottery, which made its appearance in the later stages of this period, may also have been acquired from Mexico, or Central America, where it is known to occur in horizons which antedate the time of Christ. No houses have been found; caves were used in which to store corn and to bury the dead. Square-toed sandals, twine-woven bags, the use of human hair in weaving, and the atl-atl, or spear-thrower, are characteristic of these people. It is significant that the atl-atl

(1) Dr. A. E. Douglass in *National Geographic Magazine*, Dec. 1929.

was not in general use in America, but is known amongst the Eskimo, the Maya, the Islands of Western Polynesia and the Magdalenian period in France. It is extremely doubtful if a device of this kind could have sprung up independently in so many different areas. It is much more probable that there was some common point of origin although this may never be traced. Remains characteristic of this second Basketmaker period are widely scattered over the Southwest; stations have been reported from Coahuila, Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. Due possibly to more intensive exploration, the greatest number have been reported from the San Juan drainage in Southern Utah.

The third Basketmaker period is a direct out-growth of the earlier stages. Pottery, which began with primitive attempts at tempering with cedar bark, developed rapidly and reached marked excellence before the end of the period. Houses were built in the open, partly subterranean, the foundation supported by slabs set on edge. Above ground, walls and roofs were made of wicker upon which mud was daubed. Much remains to be done in defining this period. Up to a few years ago, it had been supposed to be a uniform culture wherever found, but recent work in Nevada, at Pueblo Grande,⁽¹⁾ and on Mesa Verde⁽²⁾ has shown that it persisted into later horizons and embraced a span of development greater than was at first suspected.

Pueblo Periods

An abrupt break occurs with the beginning of the Pueblo periods, the most important item of which is a change in head form. The Basketmakers, like early people in all parts of the world, were Dolichocephalic, or long-headed, whereas the Pueblos were a Brachycephalic or broad-headed race. This was further emphasized by skull-deformation caused by the use of a hard cradle-board. Physical change, due to environment, takes place imperceptibly over a long period of time and an abrupt change can only be explained by the advent of an alien people. The change is most marked in Chaco Canyon and in Marsh Pass, and from this we can guess it was here that the first thrust of invasion was felt. The success of the invaders can be traced to their use of the bow and arrow, a weapon which gave a tremendous advantage at the outset, but which could readily be copied by a people familiar with the use of darts such as were thrown with

⁽¹⁾ Harrington, M. R., on behalf of the Museum of the American Indian.

⁽²⁾ The Medallion.

the atl-atl. The various changes which occurred in the Chaco are not all found on Mesa Verde where the Basketmaker population was particularly dense, and it may be that they were able to equip themselves with this weapon and meet the attack so that subsequent changes took place gradually.

On the foundations which had been laid by this time, cultures had become specialized and definite traits established. The drainage of the San Juan River was the centre of this evolution, and contained three major areas: The Chaco, Kayenta, and Mesa Verde, with outlying districts on the Virgin River and in Utah.

Chaco

More is known of this culture than of any other in the Southwest, and it has ranked first in importance to that of any other area. Pueblo Bonito was the largest unit of the group. It was partly excavated thirty years ago by George H. Pepper for the American Museum of Natural History, but the work there of Neil M. Judd, on behalf of the National Geographic Society, and the United States National Museum, has given us the most complete cross-section of pre-history in the Southwest. It has shown that, from the earliest period, growth was steady and rapid up to the climax of the Classic or Pueblo III period. Distinguishing features are excellent pottery, decorated with hatched designs; typical masonry, laid in horizontal courses, chinked with small stones, and a high standard of excellence in work in bone, shell, wood and textiles. Kivas reached their highest development here and are distinct from those of other cultures.

Kayenta

The centre of this culture was in Marsh Pass. If anything, the pottery was better than that of Chaco. Distinguishing features are polychrome decoration; the prevalence of negative designs, and characteristic vessel shapes. Masonry is not as good as at Pueblo Bonito, and owing to the character of the environment, cliff-dwellings are more common. Both square and round kivas were built, the square type probably being later than the round, judging by conditions to the south where the round kiva disappears in late horizons. The peak was reached at Betatakin and Kiet Siel where, possibly because of the remoteness and beauty of surroundings, a lasting impression is received of the ability of these people to adapt themselves to their environment.

Mesa Verde

Due to the spectacular quality of the major ruins the Classic Mesa Verde culture is widely known. Much work has been done in the great Pueblos and Cliff-dwellings but, up to the present time, little is known of the introductory stages which led up to the crest of civilization reached at Cliff Palace, Sun Temple, and Farview House. In the summer of 1929 a survey was made by the staff of Gila Pueblo which showed that, from a beginning in Basketmaker III, the culture developed gradually and naturally from Slab-house, through Small-house, to Large-house, with addition of kivas and direct development into typical Pueblos. Pueblo I and Pueblo II stages, as identified in the Chaco and near Kayenta, are almost completely lacking, and, judging from surface appearances, the people were not overwhelmed by the invasion which swept over the regions to the South.

While these major cultures were developing locally, increments had broken away at intervals and had sought to solve their problems in their own way; smaller cultures had become established in the Mimbres; near St. Johns; near St. Thomas, Nevada; in the Rio Grande; and near Flagstaff.

Toward the latter part of the 13th Century, forces, which had been gaining momentum for some years, became active. Population had been growing, communities were becoming increasingly dependent upon the favour of crops and climate, the vicinity of the great settlements in the Chaco, Mesa Verde and Marsh Pass had been denuded of timber with consequent evaporation and, beginning in 1276, a drought set in which lasted, in varying degrees, until 1299. It is generally agreed that at this time the pueblos of the north were abandoned and a great churning took place which continued for many years.

The severity of the drought is attested by the tree-rings of the beams which were cut to carry the roofs of cliff-dwellings, etc., ⁽¹⁾ and it was undoubtedly this drought which was the primary cause of the evacuation of the northern pueblos. However this may be, if we, today, should be the victims of such a drought, our tendency would be to seek the perennial streams of the Rockies near at hand rather than to move south over a desert plateau where water is scarce even in the best of times. It may or may not have anything to do with the case, but it is at least significant that northeastern Asia was the scene of violent turmoil during the early 13th Century when Genghis Khan went on

(1) Douglass, 1929.

the rampage, and, while my imagination may be running away with me, it is not difficult for me to think of the Athabascans (the Navajo, followed by the Apache) as fleeing before him and seeking refuge in America. Their arrival in the Southwest would coincide with the theory and might account for the southward exodus, hastened by the combination of drought and nomadic persecution.

For us to appreciate the magnitude of the disturbances which, at various times, have harassed eastern Asia, it will help if we can, for a moment, imagine the state of mind of a people who, at an earlier date, were driven to such lengths as to undertake the building of the great wall of China. This was built in 214 B. C., and we may confidently expect to find a wave of migrants, probably Uto-Aztecan⁽¹⁾, having entered America at about the same time, driven forth from Asia by the agitation.

The first step toward bringing order out of the chaos resulting from this churning would be to make a survey of the entire region using common characters as criteria to establish boundaries and routes of migration. Pottery has been selected as the most obvious medium for such interpretation, and attempts have been made in various focal areas to establish sequences of types by means of stratigraphic tests in rubbish deposits.

At the present time, April, 1930, sherds from 3000 ruins have been collected and deposited at Gila Pueblo. While these ruins are chiefly situated in the southwestern section of Arizona, enough work has been done to give a basis for speculation, although it will require much investigation and exploration before these theories can be confirmed.

Briefly, this survey can be said to suggest:—

First: That the Chaco area was the first to be abandoned: the people moved southeast toward Mount Taylor, south to Gallup, but chiefly southwest along the Rio Puerco of the west to Holbrook where their identity became merged with the St. Johns' settlements. Their trail is marked by large ruins at Kin tiel, Navajo, Kinahzin, etc.

Second: The Mesa Verde exodus was chiefly to the south and southeast via the Animas, La Plata and San Juan. Some colonies drifted off to the west to the Navajo Mountain country, but most of them moved south. Pueblo Bonito was reoccupied

(1) The Pueblo people are a part of the Shoshonean linguistic stock which, in turn, is included under the major heading of Uto-Aztecan. A date of 200 B. C. would roughly coincide with the postulated date at which the Long-headed Basketmaker culture was succeeded by the Broad-headed Pueblo cultures.

for a time, and remains are numerous along the eastern slopes of the Chuska Range, near Newcomb, and as far south as Fort Wingate. The chief emigration, however, was southeast, the Chaco settlement at Aztec was reoccupied and the drift continued over the divide to the Chama, their influence being seen up and down the valley of the Rio Grande.

Third: Marsh Pass was abandoned about the same time as Mesa Verde, and the factor of drought assumes less significance, as water is nearly always obtainable, while the factor of persecution looms larger. The people moved southwest along the western border of the basin of the Little Colorado River. Many traces are to be found around Flagstaff, but their impetus carried them south as far as the Verde and Tonto. Later, in the 14th Century, they recoiled, joining other colonies of their own people together with increments from the east, to become the modern Hopi.

Fourth: About the headwaters of the Little Colorado River, near Springerville, another culture had grown to large proportions, but its origin is not clear. A few early sites have been found near Luna, and its ancestry may be hidden in the mountainous country of the Upper Gila drainage. Houses of masonry, Cliff-dwellings, pottery technique and articles found in caves all link this culture to those of the north but various discrepancies, such as the absence of kivas, imply that they parted company in the early days of Puebloan growth. Increments from the north, particularly from the Chaco and possibly a few from Mesa Verde by way of the Rio Grande Valley, contributed to keeping the level of culture abreast of the northern groups.

Red pottery with black decoration, characteristic of this culture, has been found widely distributed in Classic horizons: sherds have been found at Mesa Verde, Pueblo Bonito, Pecos, Betatakin, Wupatki, Casa Grande, Casas Grandes, the Mimbres, and afford valuable aid in cross-dating the ruins of the period.

Fifth: Two hundred miles southeast of the focus of the Upper Gila culture, another group of people colonized the Valley of the Mimbres. The boundary to the east has not yet been defined and it is not possible to estimate properly their importance or point with any degree of confidence to their source. In many respects, their culture resembles that of the Upper Gila, particularly in the geometric decoration of pottery.

Cross-finds are common, and there was undoubtedly frequent intercourse, but their early stages do not correspond and the Mimbres people, serving as a buffer to the plains tribes to the east, acquired traits which distinguish their remains wherever found.

The Canal Builders

During the years that cover the origin and growth of the northern cultures a distinct and unrelated people colonized Southern Arizona. Dr. Turney has called these people Canal Builders, and I believe it to be the best name so far suggested. In all of our work up to date I have referred to their remains as the Red-on-buff culture. This, however, applies only to their pottery which is characterized by a red decoration on a buff background. Their outstanding achievement was their development of irrigation, an engineering accomplishment which was not surpassed in aboriginal America. It is thought that these people came up from Mexico, probably along the western coastal plain, bringing pottery and agriculture with them. They settled in what I have called the Gila Basin, a region that runs from Florence on the east, to Gila Bend on the west, to the Phoenix Mountains on the north, and to an, as yet, undefined extent to the south. Whether they brought a knowledge of irrigation with them is still to be determined. Dr. Turney believed that they began the practice near Phoenix. We shall know better when their origin and the route of their migration is traced. Investigations were begun in the hope of settling some of these questions, but it was found that little is left of the ancient civilization which could be used as a base upon which to build. The remains of their small scattered houses have entirely disappeared from the surface of the ground. In wet seasons there is usually a week or two when the outline of a room can be discerned by the straight lines of grass which sometimes grow in cracks beside the wall. With few exceptions the depression of an old irrigating ditch and broken pottery fragments are the only existing evidence of human activity.

Attention has accordingly been concentrated on potsherds and a definite sequence of types was worked out under the author's direction in the rubbish heaps at Casa Grande in the spring of 1927. The criteria established at that time have been used to define the bounds of the culture at various periods. These show that, during the earliest or Colonial phase, the culture was widely dispersed, reaching almost to the Colorado and well up the Verde towards Flagstaff. It occurs in Roosevelt Lake and up the Ton-to, but the centre of density was around Sacaton near Casa Grande.

The second, or Sedentary period was more restricted and was confined to the Gila Basin, large colonies being found on the Salt River near Phoenix and on the Gila at Casa Grande, Sacaton, Snaketown, Sweetwater, Casa Blanca, and near Cashion.

This phase has been called Sedentary as I have imagined the people as settling down after the period of colonization, and, judging from their pottery, there seems to have been little development within the period. House remains were identical with those of the modern Pima, a thin wall about 8 inches thick built up on a frame work of mesquite or cottonwood poles. In most instances these have entirely disappeared and the ground lies smooth. The date of their advent is pure speculation as is also the length of the various periods. No logs have been preserved which could serve as a basis for dating and their mode of life was such that any estimates based on culture changes would have little value.

The peak of the culture was reached in the Classic period at Casa Grande. The scattered farming units of the early periods had grown into compact communities of one-story houses of the re-inforced type,⁽¹⁾ pole and brush, caliche-covered, the remains of which are to be found in numerous mounds in the Gila Basin. Both Cushing and Fewkes have stated that these mounds were planned as pyramids on which more substantial dwellings were built, but excavations at Adamsville and at Casa Grande in Compound B ⁽²⁾ showed that the mounds consisted of the demolished remains of earlier houses. Cushing in 1890,⁽³⁾ and Dr. Turney in his recent paper on Prehistoric Irrigation⁽⁴⁾ refer repeatedly to the scattered outlying rooms which surround the "Temples" or "Clan Castles." In my opinion these are typical dwellings of the Canal Builders, authors of the Red-on-buff culture.

At the height of the Classic period as reached at Casa Grande,⁽⁵⁾ and at about the beginning of the 14th Century, the Gila Basin was invaded by a Puebloan people from the east. I have used the word invasion advisedly as there is no settlement of considerable size of the Classic period in either the Gila or Salt River Valleys which escaped. In this I do not agree with Dr. Turney who felt that the association was a friendly one; the imposition of the new culture was so sweeping that I find it hard to believe that the meeting was amicable.

The newcomers were Puebloan, and, until recently, have been called the Polychrome people,⁽⁶⁾ a classification based on

(1) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 34.

(2) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 28.

(3) Cushing, 1890.

(4) Turney, 1929.

(5) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 28.

(6) "The Central Gila Intrusives" of Dr. Turney's article. I have hesitated to accept his nomenclature through fear of confusion with unrelated Gila cultures.

their pottery which consisted of a black decoration on a white slip on a red base. Recent work in Roosevelt Basin has demonstrated that these Polychrome people were the outgrowth from an earlier Black-on-white culture which came down the Upper Salt River from the vicinity of Springerville, and the name "Salado" has been suggested to cover this culture. The migration took place at the end of the 13th Century at a time when all Southwestern people were milling around due to the great drought.

Surface collections of sherds indicate that the Black-on-white forerunners came down from the northeast and settled in the neighborhood of Roosevelt Lake, where they built pueblos and cliff-dwellings in the Sierra Ancha (Pueblo Canyon, etc.), and in the Mazatzal (the Tonto National Monument). Polychrome pottery was originated during this period and gradually replaced Black-on-white and its later Black-on-red companion. Sherds of the early types are found in the Gila Basin during the Sedentary period and point to contact between the peoples, but at the time of invasion Polychrome pottery was the only decorated ware made by the invaders.

Again, in my opinion, based on the association of sherds at Casa Grande and many other sites, the Great House was built by these Salado (Polychrome) people who, in the absence of stones and boulders, used caliche as the only material available, and constructed their walls three to four feet thick to carry the load of multi-storied pueblos. It is immaterial whether these buildings are called temples, clan castles or fortresses, in all essentials they were pueblos adapted to desert conditions.

The two peoples lived together side by side for some time; long enough to cover the span of architectural development which evolved a specialized building, such as Casa Grande, from the earlier and more typical pueblo construction of Pueblo Grande. While the two cultures appear to have fraternized there is no evidence of their having merged, on the contrary their respective handiwork can be distinguished throughout the joint occupation. The Salado-Pueblo-Builders continued the making of Polychrome pottery and associated wares; they buried their dead in the earth; they made walls of masonry with stones laid in courses; they built multi-storied pueblos; they bound the heads of their babies to hard cradle-boards; they made axes of diorite of a specialized shape; they adorned themselves with pendants covered with minute squares of inlaid turquoise, the under sides of which were bevelled, and with bracelets of petunculus shell on which they sometimes carved frogs.

Each item here enumerated has its counterpart in ruins of the Salado culture in the Roosevelt Basin and at Gila Pueblo.

On the other hand the Canal Builders continued the making of Red-on-buff pottery; they cremated their dead; they continued to live in huts or wickiups of thin walls of caliche laid up on a framework of poles; they carved shell effigies of peculiar shapes and designs; they do not seem to have given up anything, and the only things which they can be said to have acquired are a negative technique in pottery decoration during the late Classic period which suggests that of Kayenta, and possibly the use of a compound wall. These compound walls, or walls of circumvallation, as Bandelier calls them,⁽¹⁾ were in general use in the Upper Salt drainage, in Roosevelt Basin, in the Lower Verde,⁽²⁾ and it is this class of ruin, Casa de Piedras, which Dr. Turney describes⁽³⁾ from the foothills to the north of Phoenix. They were Salado (Polychrome) ruins, although decorated sherds are always hard to find as it seems probable that they ground them up for tempering material as in Zuni at the present time.

At the same time compound walls are also found in pure Red-on-Buff sites as at Sacaton:9:6,⁽¹⁾ and it remains to be determined whether this architectural feature spread from the Salado-Pueblo to Canal Builder or vice versa, at present the burden of evidence favors the former supposition.

During the period of greatest development at Casa Grande and immediately prior to the Salado invasion, pottery is found of a kindred culture⁽²⁾ which developed in the Papagueria to the south. This had its origin in the same type of Colonial Red-on-buff as that found throughout the Gila Basin and is believed to have been local and indigenous.

The Classic period seems to have been closely confined to the Gila Basin, although there may have been a separate branch on the Upper Santa Cruz near Tucson. To the east, at Gila Pueblo, near Globe, and up the Gila River towards Solomonville, a reversed operation took place in that a specialized type of Red-on-buff, highly polished and with black interior is found in Salado ruins. Work is now in progress which may help to decipher this complex. No trace of the Classic period is found to the west or north of the Gila Basin.

(1) Bandelier, Final Report. 1892.

(2) Mindeleff's "Boulder marked sites," 13th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

(3) Turney, 1929.

(1) The Medallion, The Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 32.

(2) The Medallion, The Red-on-buff Culture of the Papagueria. p. 121.

A fourth and possibly decadent period has been postulated to cover the late stages of the culture. The Salado people staged an hegira when they were apparently on the crest of the wave. The great settlements were abandoned, and they drifted to the south and east. Traces have been found as far southwest as Ajo, at Nogales to the south, and to the southeast at Casas Grandes in Northern Chihuahua, Hermanas and at a site sixty miles east of El Paso. What became of these southern migrants is not known. They may have been absorbed by the people of Chihuahua, there are architectural resemblances between the Casa Grande of Arizona and the Casas Grandes of Chihuahua, but this is sheer speculation as no analysis has yet been made of the Mexican culture.

To the northwest there was a recoil from the Roosevelt Basin, and numerous Salado ruins of late type are to be found along the Mogollon Rim west of Springerville. While the opinion is based on superficial evidence, I am inclined to believe that these people form a large percentage of the modern Zuni.

This hypothetical Decadent period is also called upon to cover a class of ruins to be found at the mouth of the Verde, and irregularly along the foothills north of Phoenix. Houses were built of stones and mud with sometimes as many as twenty rooms. No decorated pottery has been found, but the plain sherds are plentiful and resemble the plain ware which is found in association with Red-on-buff. Absence of decoration has been interpreted as an implication of decadence, but I realize that the analysis is open to question. Dr. Turney disagreed with me⁽¹⁾ in my classification of these ruins as decadent and preferred to regard them as possible introductory to the true Canal Builder culture, but I cannot imagine an early Canal Builder phase wherein masonry walls preceded the flimsy shelters of the typical Canal Builders. An alternative theory might account for these houses as belonging to a late stage of the Tusayan culture which is known to have settled the Upper Verde, in Oak Creek and south to Camp Verde.⁽²⁾ ⁽³⁾ The masonry is, to all appearances, Puebloan. The plain sherds strongly resemble the plain ware found in association with Red-on-buff.

The last stage of the Canal Builders and their Red-on-buff culture is the Historic phase running back to the 16th Century. When the Spaniards marched north from Sonora they found Southern Arizona occupied by the Pima and Papago. Traditions

(1) Turney. 1929.

(2) Fewkes. 28th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

(3) Mindeleff. 13th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

varied as to their relationship with Hohokan, "the Ancient Ones," some saying that there was no connection,⁽¹⁾ others that they were their ancestors.⁽²⁾ Tradition, at best, is unreliable and often leads astray and deduction in this instance has been based on material evidence. In support of the belief that the Pima and Papago are the descendants of the Red-on-buff people it can be said that their houses are identical with those of the Canal Builders at all periods, as indicated by their ruins. The Papago today make a buff pottery which they decorate with red paint the sherds of which can easily be mistaken for typical Red-on-buff from comparatively early horizons. They are an agricultural people who have adapted themselves to desert conditions apparently as a result of long experience; they are familiar with irrigation and live exactly the type of life which one would suppose the Ancient Ones to have lived. It does not seem reasonable to me to suppose that the former population of the Salt and Gila River Valleys could have completely disappeared from the face of the earth, whereas it requires little effort of imagination to believe that the present occupants are their lineal descendants.

I know of no instance of the complete obliteration of a race; as archaeologists it is our business to attempt to identify the traits of various peoples as they have been absorbed or merged with other tribes. Until very recently, when European influence has made itself felt, it has been possible to recognize the persistence of Upper Gila and Salado characters in modern Zuni wares, of Tusayan and Kayenta characters in Hopi pottery. When people evacuate a country they are almost certain to leave traces of their route, in the form of sherds, if nothing else.

The most convincing evidence would be a comparison of head form. Before such a comparison could be made, however, it will be necessary to arrive at an agreement as to the material to be studied.

Dr. Turney has stated that "the Piman and the ⁽¹⁾ Canal Building races had brachycephalic skulls." In this, I believe Dr. Turney was mistaken.

First, as to the Pima; the only anthropometric work amongst the Pima which has been recorded is that done by Hrdlicka for the American Museum of Natural History in 1902, and by Ten Kate in 1892 when he was working for the Hemenway Expedi-

(1) Russell. 26th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

(2) Bandelier. Final Report. 1892.

(1) Turney, 1929, p. 44.

tion. In a paper on "The Indians of Sonora Mexico" Hrdlicka states definitely in the American Anthropologist, New Series, Vol. VI, page 86:—

"The Pimas are the most dolichocephalic of the Indians of the region, closely approaching the ancient cliff-dwellers of Southern Utah."

Ten Kate, in the Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology, 1892, Vol. III, page 125, et seq., shows that the cephalic index of 77 Pima men was 79, and of 51 Pima women 78.53. These figures are compared, page 140, with 56 skulls from Zuni ruins which show an average of 89.18.

Second, as to the Canal Builders of the Gila Basin; owing to the custom of cremation I know of no perfect skulls which have been recovered from a pure Red-on-buff site, by pure site I mean one where no trace of Polychrome has been found. The skulls to which Dr. Turney refers as Brachycephalic and posteriorly flattened are those which have been found in or adjacent to the so-called "Clan Castlers," accompanied often with plain or polychrome funerary offerings of pottery but never with Red-on-buff; furthermore I know of no instance, in the Gila Basin, of bones of cremations having been buried in Salado (Polychrome) vessels.

In my opinion the Brachycephalic skulls which have been found at sites containing multi-storied buildings, are those of the Salado (Polychrome) people and I further believe that when an unquestionable Red-on-buff skull shall be found it will turn out to be Dolichocephalic or Long-headed.

The last acts of the Pueblo drama are a repetition of the swirling and merging of former years. Some cultures have almost lost their identity, as in the Mimbres, while others have appeared from unknown origins, as in Chihuahua. Little work has been carried on in peripheral areas and knowledge is scant. To cover this region briefly and in broad terms it can be suggested that the modern Hopi culture is based chiefly on the older Tusayan, with a heavy percentage from the people who hung on in the Canon de Chelly, the Chuskas, etc., after the northern pueblos had been abandoned. Their connection with the cliff-dwellers of the San Juan is natural and direct. Their basic stock is Shoshonean and their language is Tanoan, which links them by blood and language to the modern pueblos of the Rio Grande.

These Rio Grande pueblos have become so cosmopolitan that it would be almost impossible today to resolve them into their

original elements. Pottery decoration and technique usually offers the best means of drawing fine distinctions, but it is necessary, in the Rio Grande Valley, to go back of the Spanish conquest in order to find Puebloan culture clear of European influence. The Valley had become settled sparsely back in the days of Basketmaker III but there seems to have been such a steady infiltration from the west and northwest that, speaking ceramically, the early culture bears no individual distinction but rather suggests the influence of Mesa Verde. It was not until the beginning of the glazed paint decoration that the true culture stood forth and the scarcity of these sherds in the rubbish heaps of other cultures implies that the fashion was local and occurred comparatively late in Pueblo chronology.

The Zuni have no known relatives or identifiable origin. Zuni, Acoma and Oraibi all date back to the Spanish conquest and stratigraphic evidence from their rubbish heaps will go far towards clearing up many points at present in doubt. Excavation in occupied pueblos is not welcomed, however, and other methods should be employed. I have already suggested that the Zuni may be the modern descendants of the Salado Polychrome people, but I am afraid that my feeling is based on little more than a hunch. The Zuni language is unlike the other Puebloan languages and this would agree with the theory, as the Salado people must have broken away from the northern pueblos in very early times as they were originally a part of the St. Johns settlement. The Zuni, I believe, are the only people who grind up their sherds for tempering material, a custom which was almost certainly practised by the Salado people. Two circular kivas are recorded from an early site near Hawikuh⁽¹⁾ and this probably represents the southernmost penetration of this feature. During historic times the Zuni have not used either circular or subterranean kivas, their ceremonies are conducted in square rooms which, to all outward appearances, are the same as the rooms in which they live, and in this they must resemble the Salado people who, if they used kivas at all, built them square, as no circular rooms or kiva features have been found. Salado (Polychrome) sherds are to be found in numerous ruins along the crest of the Mogollon Rim, north through Showlow and Shumway to Winslow, and northeast through Springerville to St. Johns. At some ruins, notably at Showlow (Holbrook:12:2) the customary Black paint decoration of Polychrome changes to a green glaze-paint decoration on a white slip with a red pottery base and therein shows an inter-relationship with the Zuni glazes

(1) Hodge, 1923.

classified by Dr. Hodge,⁽¹⁾ in which black, green and purplish glazes were used.

In the southern area the Pima and Papago have occupied the stage during Historic time and are believed to be the descendants of the Canal Builders. To the west in the Valley of the Colorado River there are a series of Yuman tribes of whom the Mojave, Chemehuevi and Havasupai are the most noteworthy. They possess some traits which can be said to be Puebloan, but it is probably correct to regard these as acquired by contact rather than by relationship or parallel development. This applies first to corn culture, which is the chief food staple, and secondly to pottery. The Mojave, up to recent times, have made a Red-on-buff ware which, when found as fragments, often closely resembles that of the Gila Basin⁽²⁾ although complete vessels show the decoration to be typically Yuman. Further to the north in the region lying west and northwest of Prescott another ware is found which has been classified as Verde Black-on-white⁽³⁾ although it is more correctly a dull Black-on-grey. The theory that this pottery is Yuman is the result of deduction based on surface collections of sherds. Little work has been done in the area and confirmation of the theory will depend upon the results of more intensive investigation.

Nothing has been said in regard to the cultures south of the Mexican border as nothing is known about them. A highly specialized Puebloan culture flourished in the San Diego Valley of Northern Chihuahua in the vicinity of Colonia Doublan. Early stages of this culture have been discovered on the Hearst Ranch at BaviCorra but there is little data on which to form any ideas. A related and possibly decadent culture obtained a foothold for a time to the west in Sonora, and sherds of both branches are found in Southern New Mexico from Lordsburg east into Texas.

While much remains to be done in the Southwest to amplify and correlate the true Puebloan families, it is safe to predict that the most important step to be taken will be to connect the pueblos with the major civilizations to the south in Mexico. I confidently believe that connections existed at one time and it is because of this belief that we, at Gila Pueblo, are concentrating all of our energies on the attempt to trace the source of the Red-

(1) Hodge, 1923.

(2) The Medallion, 1930. The Western Range of the Red-on-buff Culture. p. 139.

(3) The Medallion, 1930. The Western Range of the Red-on-buff Culture. p. 140.

on-buff culture. It has developed into a sort of paper-chase, the trail being laid by Early Red-on-buff sherds. Using Casa Grande as a centre, we have worked south as far as Altar in Northwestern Sonora, west as far as the Colorado River, north to Flagstaff, northeast up the Valley of the Salt, and we are now trying to cover the eastern and southeastern regions along the Gila, the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz. Early traces are most numerous on the Gila River from Florence to Liberty, but the early sites are more widely distributed than those of any of the later periods and have been found scattered through the Papagueria almost down to the border; as far west as the Dendur Valley 25 miles west of Gila Bend; to the northwest at Bouse; to the north near Camp Verde; to the northeast in Roosevelt Basin, and a few scattered sites near Globe. In every instance we have pushed beyond the farthest points of diffusion into territory where all Red-on-buff traces disappear, and, as a result, we believe that these outposts indicate extremes of penetration from a focal centre in the Gila Basin. By process of elimination the possible routes of entry have been narrowed down to the southeastern quadrant of the circle. This general direction pointed to the river systems of either Chihuahua or Sonora as possible channels of migration and we selected Lordsburg as a strategic point from which to work. Lordsburg lies at the northern apex of the Sierra Madre, a mountain chain which forms an almost impassable barrier between Chihuahua and Sonora. No trace of Red-on-buff was found east of Lordsburg and this, combined with the knowledge that no Red-on-buff sherds have been found in any Mimbres sites, has convinced us that the entry was not made by way of Chihuahua. A few early Red-on-buff sites were discovered near Tombstone and in the pass between the Dragoon and Little Dragoon Mountains. A more intensive search is planned for the near future with the expectation that the trail will lead to the border and over the divide to the drainage of the Rio Sonora. In all probability this was the same route that Coronado followed in entering the Southwest; to people moving north from Sonora the choice of two routes lies open after crossing the divide at the head of the Rio Sonora, either to follow the San Pedro north to its junction with the Gila at Winkelman, or the Santa Cruz into the Gila Basin.

At the present stage of knowledge of the archaeology of the Southwest it would not be wise to be dogmatic or positive in attempting to present the case. One is justified, however, in building up an hypothesis to cover new data as they come to light and to rely upon reason and common sense in their interpreta-

tion. I have tried to outline a theory to include the culture sequences which have been established by excavation, the migration trends indicated by surface sherd collections and the interplay of such forces as drought, environment, and persecution, which are known to have influenced men in all countries, at all times.

This theory is tentative and I wish to assert, on behalf of myself and my associates at Gila Pueblo, that we shall welcome additional data, advice or criticism which will assist us in correcting our impressions and in establishing the truth in regard to the native problems of the Southwest.

We earnestly believe that a civilization was in process of evolution here which, if studied with sympathy and intelligence, has lessons of value to our own day and generation. It is a mistake to group the many various races of native Americans under the mantle of Indians and to judge the accomplishments of the Pueblos by the standards of hatred and prejudice which many people still feel toward the nomadic Apache. They all share the common heritage of Mongol blood, but in this there is no disgrace. When Europeans landed on the shores of America and met the natives it was not the first meeting of the two races. Two hundred and fifty years before the discovery of America the ancestors and collateral descendants of the American Indian had overwhelmed the armies of Europe at the field of Mohi, had burnt Buda-Pesth and were ravaging Central Europe. These people have in them the stuff of which empires are made and there is cause for wonder, not in what they did, but that, possessing man-power, territory and a social organization, leaders and dynasties did not arise to lead them on to those stages which we call great. The record of the Old World is really not so much the story of the might of the people as it is of individual leadership; it has been the great Khans, the Alexanders, Caesars, Attilas and Napoleons, combined with the indispensable power of recording events, that have given us our History. In the New World we lack a written record to guide us, but who is prepared to say that the impulses and passions which were so active in Europe were unknown to prehistoric America? As archaeologists and as individuals engaged in studying a cross-section of human development we are treating the past of the native people of the Southwest with the respect which we believe is their due.

THE CANYON DIABLO TRAIN ROBBERY

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On March 19, 1889, the writer and a cowboy in his employ, William Broadbent by name, rode into Winslow, Arizona, about dark, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. All day we had been trailing up four mounted men who had broken into and robbed our ranch at the mouth of the Box Canon of Chevellons fork of the Little Colorado River. After the robbery the men had crossed Chevellons, which was bank full from melting snows, by means of a rude raft, swimming their horses. Clear Creek, six miles farther west, was likewise bank full. One of the men swam across and brought back the small boat kept there by the Waters Cattle Company and crossed the bunch to the west or Winslow side. We crossed both creeks in the same way. The trail was not hard to follow. The right forefoot of one horse had been shod recently with a second-hand shoe from which the nail heads protruded, making a clearly defined track in the soft soil. Moreover, the robbers were evidently short of nails, for there were but three on the inside, instead of the usual four. He was a good big horse, because he wore at least a number two shoe, an unusual size for our cowboy ponies of those days. Another had been fitted with a second-hand shoe on a hind foot and in his haste the boy who did the job nailed it on somewhat out of line with the hoof. This also was a large-sized shoe. Any experienced trailer could pick both these tracks out of a thousand.

A third horse was evidently a "side winder"—a pacing pony—easily told by the little piles of dirt thrown back by the "snap" of his hoofs as he picked them up—a trick of all pacers.

Not only did their tracks make trailing a fairly easy job, but also due to these peculiarities we were able by them to locate the riders almost to a certainty.

They were cowboys who had worked for a big cow outfit the previous summer. Two of them should be big men and a third, a small chap, who wore a large fancy Mexican sombrero and carried an ivory-handled six-shooter. The fourth we were not so sure of, but not more than two guesses would locate him.

About a mile east of Winslow the road forked. One led into the town, the other struck off to the southwest towards the Sunset Pass. The four men took the road to the Sunset Pass. The snow was falling in blinding sheets. Trailing was out of

the question. We decided to call it a day. With our horses comfortably located in Breed's Corral in Winslow, a bed engaged at "Doc" Demorest's Hotel and a supper at the Harvey Eating House, we felt considerably better.

A wire was sent to the sheriff at Holbrook informing him of the robbery of the ranch and the possibility of our following the robbers if the storm cleared the next day. In those early days the railroad operators did the Western Union business. About one a. m. we were awakened by a knock on our door at the hotel. It was the Santa Fe Division Superintendent, John O. Dodge, with his chief dispatcher, Al Miller. Both had heard our wires to Holbrook. They told us the Santa Fe passenger train No. 2 had been held up and robbed within a few minutes by four men at the Canyon Diablo station some 24 miles west of Winslow, according to the train-conductor's wire. One of them wore a Mexican sombrero and carried a white-handled six-shooter. Did I think it might be the four men we had been following the day before? If so, did we want to take up the trail again?

Did we? Well, there wasn't anything we wanted to do more.

"Good, get down to the stock yards as soon as you can!" They were on their way to order the cars and train crew.

We each carried 44-calibre six-shooters and Winchester carbines. Breed's clerk, who slept in the store, was awakened. He sold us two boxes of cartridges from which we filled every loop in our belts and put the rest in our saddle pockets. We might need it before we got home again. Quien sabe?

Also he unlocked the big corral gate out of which we rode our horses into the darkness of the night. A yard engine with a stock car and a caboose took us down to the Canyon Diablo station in fifty minutes. By the time our horses were unloaded it was nearly 4 o'clock of March 20. The storm was over, the air was clear and snappy. About four inches of soft snow covered the ground. The only man at the station who could give us any definite information about the robbery was the telegraph operator, a young chap about 22 years old. We plied him with questions. His story was fairly clear.

"About ten minutes before the train whistled for orders down the track," he explained, "I found my line wide open. Somebody gone and left his key open, I says to myself. Quick tests showed the line 'dead' on both sides." Before he could locate the break the train was at the station. Later on, he found

both the incoming and outgoing wires had been cut just outside the building. "Those chaps surely were onto their job," was his comment.

"First intimation I had of anything wrong was the crash of a bullet through the office window, which buried itself in the wall above my head. There I was," he explained, "sitting at the desk in the bay window with a lamp blazing away and me an easy mark for anyone out gunning for telegraph operators. I caught a glimpse of an armed man standing by the engine. Also of the fireman and engineer right in front of him holding their hands above their heads. Men think quickly in such emergencies. A hold-up, says I to myself. One quick puff and the lamp was out and I was like Moses—in the dark. A long jump and I was away from that bay window and out of the danger zone. Then I did some fast thinking. I remembers there was a standing reward of one thousand dollars offered by the railroad company. plus two thousand dollars from Wells-Fargo and Company for the capture, dead or alive, of each and every person attempting to rob their trains or express cars. Think I to myself, what's wrong with me bagging a train robber all by my lonesome and raking in that reward money?"

He was a mere boy, but he had the enthusiasm of youth and a desire to win both wealth and fame. This young telegraph operator was plainly keen on business propositions.

Over in one corner stood his Winchester rifle with which he occasionally hunted antelope or jack rabbits. Picking it up he stepped carefully out of the back door of his office into the dark, and peered cautiously round the corner of the building. The torches held by the engineer and fireman and the glare from the fire-box outlined clearly the scene.

"I could see old Jack Woods, the engineer, and his fireman, with a cowboy standing guard over them—just as plain as broad day. I noticed the cowboy had a big Mexican sombrero on and that the handle of his six-shooter was white. Looked like I had the opportunity of my life to bag me a train robber or two and pick up a few thousand pesos and not take much risk. 'Dead or alive' the Wells-Fargo bulletin says. It's the open season on train robbers, says I. Here goes for a pot shot."

However, as he was working the muzzle of his rifle into position for a shot at the robber with the big hat, our young friend got the surprise of his life.

Out of the darkness to his right came a shot. He saw its flash plainly. A rifle bullet crashed into the wooden building

not six inches from his body. The robbers evidently had a confederate on guard who was right on the job. As the operator dropped to the ground, a second shot from his friend somewhere out in the darkness tore through the corner of the station.

"Three times and out, I says to myself, there's too much going on 'round here for yours truly. Me for a change of scenery; an', anyhow, my contract with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company didn't call for any intervention on my part to protect the company's property from armed agents that would just as leave bore a hole through you as not." He rambled on with his story at a great rate. "The company has a lot of special agents hired for just such jobs. Let them do the fighting."

About ten feet from the station there was a pile of wooden railroad ties. Toward this he wormed his way, as silently as a caterpillar walking over a velvet dress. Safely behind it he felt much better. "Now, let 'em shoot!"

From his new position he could see down the side of the trail. Alarmed by the shots, two men had jumped from the express car. Each carried a gunny sack full of plunder in one hand, his six-shooter in the other. They joined the man guarding the engineer and fireman. Then the three slipped quietly and quickly away from the train and were swallowed up in the darkness.

"Why didn't you take a shot at them?" we asked the operator. "You had all the best of it behind that fort of railway ties." He grinned and shook his head: "Not me. I'd had all the thrills I wanted for one night. Far be it from me to detain those man-killing hombres a moment longer than was absolutely necessary."

The clatter of horses' hoofs convinced the engineer that the bandits were gone. Opening the express car they found the messenger lying in one corner, tied hand and foot, still hazy from a blow he received from the butt of a six-shooter when he stuck his head out of the door of the car, thinking the agent was there. The messenger's name was Ed Knickerbocker.

A hearty breakfast at the section house and we were on the robbers' trail. The snow was disappearing fast, but the soft ground made trailing an easy matter. The tracks indicated that the robbers had left their horses in care of one man at a little corral a hundred yards from the station. From the scattered grain they had evidently borrowed some barley from a sack in

the corral and taken it along to feed their horses when they had a chance.

It didn't take Broadbent and me five minutes to pick out the tracks of our friends of the day before. There plainly in the soft earth were the footprints of the two big horses. Each with one unusual shoe, while the little pacing pony had left his characteristic signs with each step.

Out into the Canyon Diablo plains we followed them at a fast trot. They had at least four hours' start of us, but we figured they had been riding most of the night and would be forced to stop and rest somewhere.

Ten miles out from the station the trail swung into some heavy cedars, where a rough trail crossed the canyon. We decided the robbers were heading for Flagstaff. As we neared the canyon, the smell of cedar smoke came to us very plainly. "Mebbeso one of Hank Lockett's sheep camps. He winters along the canyon hereabouts," was Broadbent's remark. But a sheep camp means sheep tracks and we had seen nothing of the kind. Two against four meant taking no chances. If it was smoke from the robbers' fire, they weren't planning on anyone man following them. If it was a sheep camp we might learn something of our quarry.

Leaving the horses tied to a cedar we crawled up to the edge of the canyon. We each had a six-shooter in our hands. "There are four of them and only two of us, Bill." I whispered in his ear. "If it's our friends, shoot first and holler 'hands up' afterwards. We can't take any chances on these birds." Bill nodded.

As we neared the edge we could see a blue wisp of smoke rising lazily in the clear frosty air. I can't say just how I did feel but Broadbent afterwards said his heart "was thumping so hard that he was afraid the robbers would hear it down below."

Right on the brink grew a couple of yuccas. With these for a screen we peered cautiously over the edge of the canyon. I was dead certain we would see all four men sitting round a camp fire, right under us.

Instead a huge black shadow swept upward almost into my startled eyes. The hoarse "caw, caw, caw" of a desert raven burst upon my ears, the swish of its black wings beat the air like the flapping sail. We were both completely unnerved for several minutes. But it was plain that our men were gone and the

coast was clear. Fearful of a trick, however, I left Broadbent at the top to keep watch while I slipped away and down the trail. Here I found they had come back up the trail on our side and headed for the mountains to the south. They weren't going to Flagstaff after all.

We found their camp fire on a little "bench" about 30 or 40 feet below the edge of the cliff. They had built a fire, made coffee and eaten a hearty breakfast of crackers and a can of chipped beef. Not far away the ground was covered with barley where they had fed their horses on a blanket. The grain they had stolen from the corral at the canyon. All around the place were torn Wells-Fargo envelopes, wrapping paper and twine, with the big red seals of that company, all mute evidences of the robbers' work. Poking around in the fire we found a five dollar gold piece, evidently overlooked in their hasty rifling of the envelopes. We gathered up a number of pieces of the half-burned envelopes for evidence if we ever got the rascals into court. As far as we could figure, the robbers had spent at least two hours here. This would give them about two hours' start of us from this point. We decided we must use care in following them from here on.

With one of us riding right on the trail, the other would gallop ahead and swing in a big circle until he "cut the sign." Then he would follow it carefully while the other man loped ahead and repeated the trick. Thus we were able to follow very fast. We were anxious to overhaul them, if possible, before they got into the mountains when trailing would be more difficult and much more dangerous for us.

Once we lost the trail absolutely. The shod tracks went onto a bunch of flat sandstone rocks and then disappeared into space. We "cut for signs" on foot and on horseback, all to no avail. Suddenly, Bill gave a yell. I rode over to him. He was pointing excitedly to a bright red woolen thread hanging from a sage bush. We read it like an open book. They had ridden their horses onto the rock, cut an old Navajo saddle blanket into pieces, tied one around each horse's foot for a muffler, then ridden boldly off the rock. We looked for large "quashed out" paces on the soft ground and soon picked up the trail. But for that telltale bit of red Navajo yarn torn from one of the pieces, we might not have suspected them of such a trick. An hour later we found the same old shod tracks in evidence again. We were curious to see how closely we had guessed the truth. A little scouting round showed us a large flat "pancake" rock that

had been disturbed. The two of us lifted it up. There snugly hidden away lay the worn-out bits of blanket. We surely felt ourselves rather smart trailers.

Again we lost them in a maze of horse-tracks but soon worked it out. They had rounded up a bunch of wild range mares and while three rode ahead, a fourth drove the loose horses over the trail and blotted it out. However, we guessed what their trick was. When we came onto a large bunch of range mares scattered out feeding, we simply swung round them and soon picked up the trail made by our four friends, which now swung to the southeast.

The huge bulk of the two mesas that form the "Sunset Pass" loomed up ahead. We guessed they would go to a horse camp of the Hashknife Cattle Company and either borrow or steal fresh horses. Instead of going round the mesa they drove directly for it and fought their way up its northern slope over slide rocks and through cedar thickets to its crest. Here they rode the full length of the mesa, stopping at a water hole in the cedars to rest and eat. One of them had ridden over to the edge of the mesa where he could look down into the pass and see the corral and horse camp below. Just why they didn't make it a visit we never learned. We spent the night at the same water hole.

From this camp they plunged straight off the Sunset mesa at its northeastern point down onto the open prairie below. Here they had stopped for several hours while two of them—so they told us later—scouted round trying to pick up some fresh horses from several hundred cow ponies which the Hashknife outfit grazed round the Pass. Their search proved fruitless. None of the horses could be caught unless corralled and they dared not drive them to a corral for fear of discovery.

Coffee and two jackrabbits they shot and cooked furnished them their meals at this place. They had the best of us for we had only rabbits.

From here, Broadbent rode alone into the horse camp at the Pass, and without divulging his errand, learned that the two men at the camp had had no visitors recently nor had they heard about the train robbery. Our friends now rode boldly ahead to the north. They told us they felt quite sure no one was on their trail. "If we had suspected anything, what we'd have done to you two would have been a-plenty," was their bitter comment on our success in following them when we talked it over with them in the jail at Prescott some time later.

They crossed the Santa Fe track about 10 miles west of Winslow riding as straight to the north for Lee's Ferry on the Big Colorado as a crow could fly. At the railroad track we stopped to decide on our plans. We were half-starved and our horses were about done up. About half a mile down the track a section gang was at work. I told Broadbent to ride on over the trail for six or eight miles until certain the men were headed north and had not swung around either into Winslow or Flagstaff and come back to this point and wait for me. While he did this I was to get the section foreman to take me into Winslow on his hand-car to see the railroad people. In the superintendent's office I learned to my surprise that two parties had been out in the hills looking for not only the train robbers but for us. We had been out three days. Both parties had come back the second day at dark only to report their failure to find either our trail or that of the robbers. How they ever missed the plain trail left by six men—four hunted and two hunters—I never yet have been able to understand. The general impression was that we had been ambushed and both killed. Our news of the robbers' trail stirred things up. Canon Diablo was then in Yavapai County, Coconino County not yet having been created. The sheriff of Yavapai County was the famous William O'Neill, stenographer, court reporter, editor, politician and all round sport, commonly known as "Bucky," from his well known propensity for "bucking" the faro games in his home city—Prescott. He was at Flagstaff. A wire started him and his deputy, Jim Black, down from Flag on the first train. Carl Holton and Fred Fornoff, two railroad special officers, were at Gallup, New Mexico. Leaving behind full information as to how they were to follow our trail, and carrying grain for our horses and grub for ourselves, I went on the hand-car back to where Broadbent was waiting for me.

We were to hang onto the trail until overtaken by O'Neill's posse. We took pains to leave plenty of signs along the way. A pile of stones, a broken sage brush, a bit of rag tied to a yucca-stalk was all they needed to keep them straight. The robbers had apparently made no attempts to hide their trail. We met a Mexican sheepherder below the mouth of the Canyon Diablo wash who said his camp had been raided the day before by several men while he was away with the herd. Not content with taking what they could carry off, they dumped a sack of sugar and one of flour upon the ground, done in sheer wanton devilment.

Due north the trail led into the very heart of the Painted

Desert. There on the Navajo Indian reservation we ran into a wild-eyed shrill-voiced Navajo squaw herding a band of sheep. Like most Navajos she spoke considerable Spanish. "Had she seen any mounted men recently?" She certainly had. Four—she held up four fingers—"Belicanos"—Americans, had visited her camp while she was out with the herd and feasted upon everything eatable in it. Also they carried off with them a whole mutton she had killed and dressed that morning and left hanging in a cedar tree. She was somewhat mollified by finding three silver dollars lying on her bed which the raiders had left to pay for her hospitality.

Here O'Neill and his party overtook us. It consisted of the Sheriff Bucky O'Neill, his Flagstaff Deputy, Jim Black, and two Santa Fe special officers—Fred Fornhoff and Carl Holton. Our horses were about worn out, and we, too, were considerably the worse for wear, and mighty glad to turn the trail over to him. They were well mounted and had a good pack mule on which to carry grub and bedding; two things we had sadly lacked. As near as we could learn from the squaw the robbers were about out of horse-flesh themselves and were not making any fast time.

From this point O'Neill sent a frowsy-headed Navajo kid with a message to the railroad people at Winslow, telling them the direction taken by the robbers and urging that the settlements in Southern Utah, towards which they were undoubtedly heading, be wired of the fact and the officers in that region put on the lookout. We bade the O'Neill party good-bye and good luck and struck across country for Holbrook, which we reached several days later, ourselves and horses about all in.

O'Neill reached the Crossing at Lee's Ferry to learn that the fugitives had crossed only two days before. The ferryman was mad clear through. The robbers had coaxed a man by the name of Will Lee, with whom they had struck up an acquaintance along the way, to cross on the boat ahead of them and then by waiting for night, steal the boat and cross the four robbers while the ferryman was asleep. In this way they hoped to get across without leaving any trace behind at the ferry. It leaked out, however. On April 13, 1889, a correspondent of the *Deseret News* at Salt Lake published a story detailing the way the robbers crossed. The big ferry-boat had been hauled out of the river for repairs, which delayed the sheriff's party a few hours, but were finally ferried across together with their horses and plunder and took up the trail on the north side of the river.

Like all experienced man-hunters, O'Neill knew that with his fugitives making a plain trail ahead of him it was only a question of time until he overtook them.

Up through that vast uninhabited region in Northern Arizona, known as the "House Rock Valley" O'Neill and his men followed the four robbers. He was making two miles to their one. Also he was taking no chances. He knew the kind of men he was after. They would stop at nothing. He realized that if the robbers got the least suspicion they were being followed they would lay in ambush for him. Hence his party used every artifice known to frontiersmen to protect themselves from a surprise attack.*

On Sunday afternoon they rode into a little Mormon settlement close to the Utah line, but still inside the territory of Arizona. It was a hundred and fifty miles to the nearest railroad point and about as far out of civilization as it was possible to get, even at that date. They found the place bubbling and seething with excitement. A number of badly demoralized men were milling round like a lot of stampeded cattle. When they found out who O'Neill was they poured their story into his ears. About ten o'clock that morning four men had ridden into the settlement. At the first cabin one dismounted and asked the woman if they could get something to eat. She agreed to cook dinner for them. She also called a boy, who for a silver dollar, brought four morales, or feed bags, full of corn which they hung onto their hungry horses. Meanwhile, the four men, their Winchesters in their laps, sat down on the steps of the little front porch to wait for their meal—the first real one in many hours. Travelers were few and far between in that region. Being Sunday a few of the men were at home. One of them was the village constable. He had just received by the local mail carrier a description of four men wanted down in Arizona for train robbery, and who were supposed to be working up in that direction. This local Hawkshaw quietly got together four men who, after reading the notice he had received, agreed that the description fitted the four exactly. They didn't dare examine too closely, but the white-handled six-shooter was there in plain sight. They were not a bloodthirsty bunch, those Mormons, but the reward of three thousand dollars each for the apprehension of the train

*On April 11 the Salt Lake, Denver and local Arizona papers published dispatches to the effect that O'Neill's party had had a fight with the robbers and two deputies had been killed. How such false news got out was never established. There was nothing to it.

robbers looked like easy money to them all. Lulled into a sense of security, the robbers took no note of what was going on about them. They were out of the world of telegraphs, telephones or railroads. What was there to worry about? There was nothing to fear from these homespun yokels. Sitting around the woman's well-filled table the first thing they knew they were looking into the muzzles of four old-time sheep-herders' rifles, using those huge calibre-fifty cartridges that bored a hole into a man's anatomy into which one could stick his fist. Like sensible men they threw up their hands when commanded to do so, and accepted the situation, hoping for some favorable turn of fortune's wheel to enable them to escape. After being searched and disarmed they were allowed to finish their meal, while the four Mormons stood guard over them. They stacked the robbers' weapons in one corner of the room. Their one weak action was their failure to notify the other men in the village of what was going on, because, doubtless, they wanted as few to share in the reward as possible. One of the robbers finished his meal, and pushing back from the table drew a sack of tobacco from his vest pocket. Having manufactured a cigarette he asked the nearest guard for a light. As the man drew near, the robber yawned, threw out his arm in a mighty stretch as if at peace with all the world. The guard, a mere lad in years, stood before him fishing in his vest pocket for a match. His rifle rested comfortably in the hollow of one arm. Like a bolt from Heaven, the outlaw's fist shot an uppercut to the man's chin that would have done credit to a world's champion. He went down in a heap for the full count. As he fell the robber, now very much alive, grabbed his captor's rifle. Before the rest of the amateur sheriffs could make a move he had the calibre-fifty trained on them at full cock. He swung the rifle slowly back and forth to cover them all. Under his persuasive words they dropped their rifles clattering to the floor. "They weren't nothing else to do," the leader explained to O'Neill, "That feller sure looked mighty dangerous and would just as soon do a little shooting as not. We done let him have his own way."

The four hard-boiled train robbers then herded them all, including the woman, into a little cellar sort of an affair and locked the door on them. Having first broken over a handy stump every gun belonging to their late captors, they mounted their horses and rode away.

O'Neill and his bunch lost no time in taking up their trail. They felt sure the end was close at hand, for the men said the

robbers' horses were badly used up and unable to travel fast. The road they took led through a rough canyon.

Just at dark, Bucky, who was ahead, caught sight of one of them just turning a corner in the canyon. He got a snap shot at him which brought down the robber's horse. The four officers with O'Neill in the lead dashed up the canyon in hot pursuit. A chance shot struck O'Neill's horse squarely between the eyes. As he went down he found himself pinned helpless under the dying animal. Holton dropped from his horse and helped him get loose, then hurried on after Black and Fornhoff. Five minutes later the fight was over and the four men were prisoners without any further casualties.

When they returned to the Mormon settlement for the night, the man upon whose jaw the robber made the scientific uppercut had considerable to say to his late opponent. Mostly it related to his maternal ancestry and his doubtful origin. However, when O'Neill threatened to remove the prisoner's handcuffs and let them fight it out unless he shut up, he calmed down and said no more. The woman who furnished the meal for which the robbers failed to pay asked one of the renegades to settle up. He advised the indignant female, however, that the sheriff was acting as their financial manager, and handling all their funds and that if any paying was done it would be done by him.

A thorough search of the four men, including their saddle pockets, unearthed a large amount of currency, some of it still in the original express envelopes. Also considerable gold coin, and a gold watch so new that it still bore the original tag of the jeweler who sold and shipped it by express to an Arizona point. They also had two fine razors and some of the boy's clothing, stolen from our ranch, all of which O'Neill knew would be excellent material when placed before the grand jury of Yavapai County in the near future. They gave the names of J. J. Smith, D. M. Harvick, W. D. Sterin and John Halford.

O'Neill was a brave, resourceful man. Miles from the nearest railroad point, with four desperate prisoners on his hands who would be charged with robbing a railway train carrying the United States mail, he dared take no chances.

Oddly enough, on March 6, two weeks before the Canyon Diablo affair, the Arizona Legislature had passed, and the governor had approved, a law under which the penalty was death for train robbery where firearms were used. He doubted if the robbers knew this fact, but nevertheless it behooved him to watch

his step and never for a moment relax his vigilance or that of the men under him. In conference with his men he studied the best way to get back to Northern Arizona. To retrace their steps via Lee's Ferry meant a journey through an absolutely uninhabited region for nearly 400 miles over an atrocious road. They must camp nights, which would mean extra guards. The alternative was to go north to Salt Lake. It was 150 miles to the first railroad point and 250 more to Salt Lake. From there to Prescott was a long round-about journey over three lines of railroad, but it was by far the safest road and he had no desire to waste any of his captives on the way back. Bucky told them frankly that he proposed to get them back to Prescott alive or dead,—it was up to them which it should be. At Panguitch, Utah, he had leg irons riveted on them all by a local blacksmith.

They made the journey to Marysvale, Utah, the first railroad point, by wagon, with the four prisoners chained together hand and foot as securely as they could possibly be made. It was a tiresome ride for all concerned. O'Neill once said he was never in all his life so glad to see a railroad train as he was the day they arrived at Marysvale.

The party reached Salt Lake the evening of April 10. O'Neill took his prisoners straight to the city jail and locked them up for safe keeping. They all needed a bath and clean clothes so early the next morning a blacksmith cut the irons off them and they took baths and changed clothes. Then he shackled them all anew with ordinary lock irons. The Salt Lake papers of April 11 contained full accounts of the affair.

At Denver, the papers played up the bunch in great style. Among other things, they expatiated on the new law and the chances the prisoners had to escape its penalty. To O'Neill's disgust they got hold of a copy and learned the bad news.

When the long Santa Fe train rolled down the westward slope of the Raton Pass and reached the town of Raton, O'Neill made his usual evening inspection of his captives, who had an entire tourist pullman to themselves. The four robbers were paired off in lower berths. Each man had his legs shackled together with the most up-to-date "leg irons" known to the thief-hunting fraternity. Besides this, the right wrist of one man and the left of the other was encircled by a steel bracelet joined together by a steel chain about two feet long.

O'Neill and his three men occupied berths in the car across the aisle from the prisoners, one of them always on guard while the rest were not far away. The sheriff looked the prisoners

over very often. He was taking no chances on an escape. At Trinidad, Colorado, on the eastern slope of the Ratons, the prisoners had their supper, after which O'Neill satisfied himself they were perfectly secure. Soon after this they had their berths made up and went to bed. When the long train neared the little town of Raton, New Mexico, on the western side of the mountain where it changed engines, O'Neill decided to take a good-night look at his "Gold Dust Twins" as the paired off robbers had been nick-named. Nodding to the deputy on guard, he swept back the curtains of the berth occupied by the first couple. Both men lay there sound asleep. Satisfied with his inspection, he opened the curtains to the next berth, gave a casual look at the reclining figure in front and was on the point of dropping the curtain. Suddenly his figure stiffened. He pushed the curtain wide apart and dived into that berth over the recumbent figure on the front side. He swung his arms wildly around in the now-empty space at the rear of the berth, seeking the fourth man—the prisoner's "twin." Underneath the blankets his hand struck a long steel chain with a single handcuff attached. Its opened "jaws" showed the lock had been picked in some way. The other end was still fast to the wrist of the remaining man. With a smothered oath, O'Neill yanked fiercely at the loose chain bringing the prisoner, to whose wrist the other end was attached, to a sitting position with a snap. But the prisoner's face was as stupid and his eyes as innocent as a babe's. Nor could O'Neill or any of his men force him to reveal the secret of the escape. O'Neill knew he had them all at Trinidad, and was short one at Raton two hours later. A little study of conditions convinced him that his man could have escaped in but one place and that was in the long tunnel that entered the top of the mountain on the Colorado side and came out the New Mexico side. Entering the tunnel the grade was heavy which forced the trains to run very slowly until about half way through, when the grade turned sharply down and the trains speeded up. A hasty "council of war" with his deputies convinced O'Neill that the missing man, having slipped his handcuff, had managed to squeeze through the pullman window while the train was crawling slowly up the grade in the tunnel and had dropped by the side of the track. With his legs chained together, the officers were quite sure the man could not get far away if indeed he was not ground to death under the wheels of the train. The instant the train stopped at Raton, O'Neill got hold of the division superintendent and asked for an engine and caboose with which to run up the mountain to the tunnel and search for the missing man. While this was being made

ready, the three remaining prisoners were driven to the county jail and locked up for safety. On top of the mountain a snow storm was raging. There was a foot of snow on the ground and more falling every minute. For any human being to escape handicapped as was Smith—the robber—seemed wholly out of the question. O'Neill was terribly chagrined over the man's escape but never for a moment did he doubt he would have him safely back again before daylight. With half a dozen local officers familiar with the tunnel and its vicinity, the caboose and engine tore off up the mountain side in the face of the blizzard. They were all agreed on one point, that if the man dropped off after the train started down the hill, his mangled body would mark the spot where he fell. If on the other side of the grade, they were quite sure he was alive and would be found hidden away in the dark tunnel. Never for an instant did any of them believe he would attempt to leave the shelter of the tunnel and face such a storm as was then raging.

A keen-eyed deputy standing on each side of the foot-board at the front of the yard engine, pressed into service for the occasion, scanned every inch of the right of way. At the west portal two men dropped off to watch that end of the tunnel. The rest rode slowly through to the east portal, examining as they went every foot of the tunnel with bull's eye lamps. Yet when they reached the east end they found no sign of their man. The only living thing they found in or near the eastern portal was a bunch of hobbled burros wandering round in the deep snow, nibbling at the tops of the mahogany brush to appease their hunger. But not a single man track anywhere. While the engine and crew ran down the track towards Trinidad and roused the several section crews and put them on guard, O'Neill and his posse walked back through the tunnel, six-shooters in hand, ready for any emergency. But they reached the western portal empty-handed, although there wasn't a single nook or corner of the mile and a half they didn't search. When the yard engine and caboose came back from Trinidad, O'Neill kept one of his own men with him at the east portal and sent the rest through the tunnel with orders to drop his other two men there and take the rest back to Raton. The men left behind were to search once more for signs of the man leaving the tunnel and nab him if he came out.

Six hours later, having exhausted every resource he had, O'Neill flagged a westbound passenger train at the east portal, climbed aboard, picked up his other two men at the west portal and rode empty-handed down to Raton. Not a trace of the es-

caped train robber had they found. "If he had had wings, he couldn't have vanished any more completely," was O'Neill's statement when he returned. Very wisely he decided to get the other three robbers safely inside the walls of the county jail at Prescott with as little delay as possible. With them off his hands he could come back and do a little more man-hunting.

On April 15 the county jailer turned the keys on the three prisoners. They, at least, were safe enough. But like the Ninety and Nine—it was the one lost lamb that the Shepherd most ardently craved.

Inside of three weeks the three were indicted by a grand jury and their case set for trial at an early day. The new law had them thoroughly scared. The unchallenged testimony of Broadbent and myself, together with that of O'Neill and his officers, convinced the attorney who took the robbers' case that their conviction before a trial jury was a foregone conclusion. After numerous conferences between the district attorney, the robbers' attorney and the legal representatives of the railroad and Wells-Fargo, the three outlaws agreed to plead guilty with the understanding that they would be sentenced to 25 years in the Yuma penitentiary. This was done, and the case was closed as far as the three were considered. Each served his full time, less reductions for good behavior.

That gallant officer, O'Neill, saw the convicted men safely locked up in cells hewed out of the solid rock cliff at Yuma, and then started for New Mexico to work out the mystery of the disappearance of Smith, who had given O'Neill the slip somewhere in the Raton Pass.

Smith's father was said to have been a Baptist minister in Central Georgia, but local officers were never able to get any trace of him in that neighborhood. Smith had worked at several cow ranches in the Texas Pan-Handle, and it was in that region that O'Neill confidently expected to find him. How Smith was finally run to earth at a round-up outfit in the Pan-Handle and again escaped with a bullet from O'Neill's revolver through his leg, to be later captured by a Texas Ranger, is quite another story. He was taken back to Prescott on June 8, 1889, where on learning of the action taken by his confederates, he decided to follow their example and plead guilty. He was sentenced on Nov. 22, 1889. Considering the trouble he had caused the state and its officers, and that he was the real leader of the four, the judge gave him thirty (30) years, or five more than the rest got.

There was considerable of a mix-up in the names of the robbers as reported by the press dispatches.

The Salt Lake and several Arizona papers had them as follows:

Tobe Quince, Charles Clark, William Sterin and J. J. Smith.

Other papers gave the names as: Sterin, Long John Halford, John J. Smith and D. M. Havrick.

To settle the matter definitely the records of the State Prison have been examined. They show the names and other data as follows:

William Sterin. No. 594. Received July 28, 1889. Sentenced to twenty-five years. Discharged by unconditional pardon, Nov. 1, 1897.

John Halford. No. 592. Received July 22, 1889. Twenty-five years. Discharged by unconditional pardon Nov. 1, 1897.

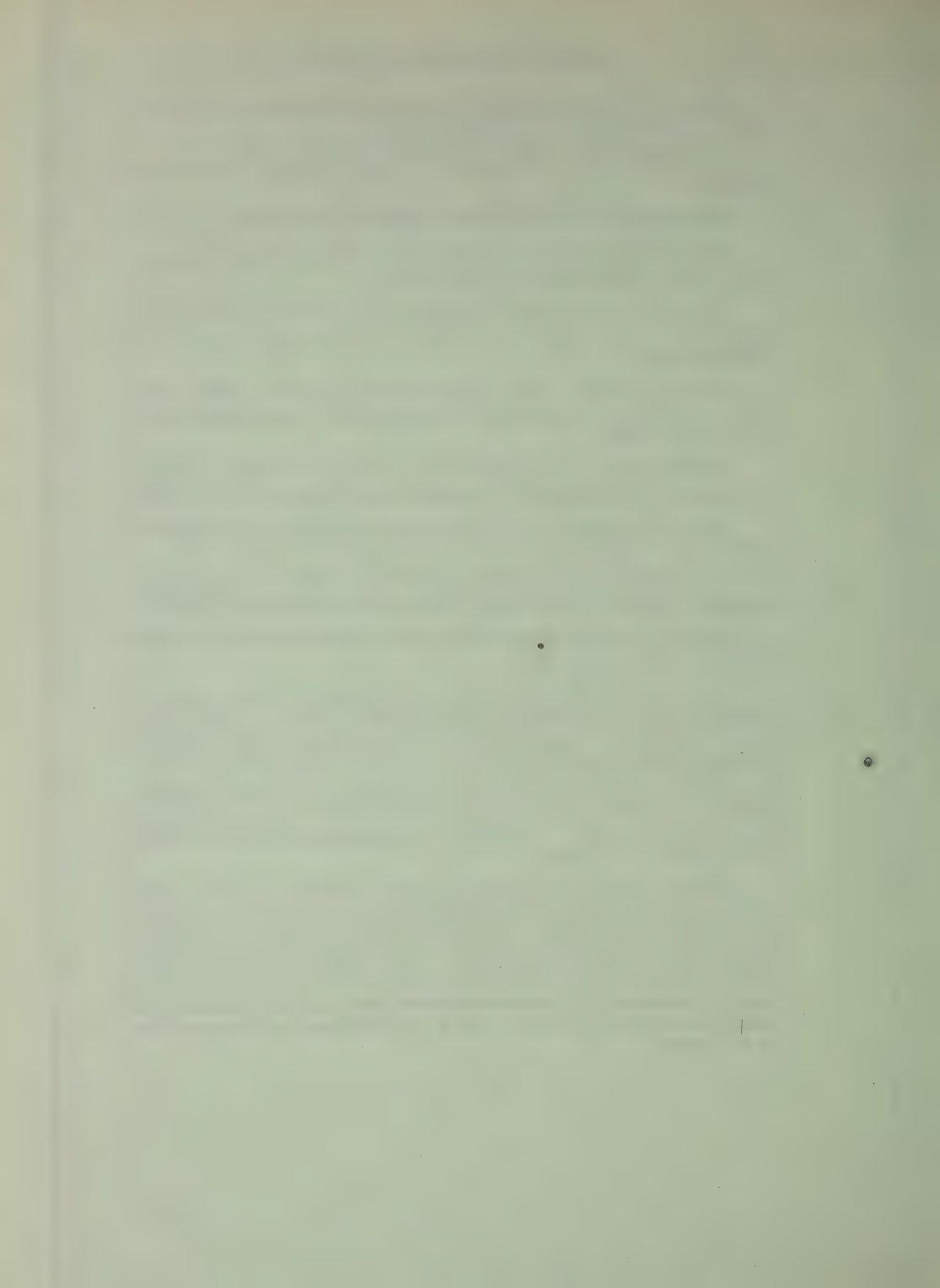
Daniel Harvick. No. 590. Received July 22, 1889. Twenty-five years. Pardoned by Governor Franklin, Dec. 25, 1896.

J. J. Smith. No. 621. Received Nov. 24, 1889. Thirty years. Released August 13, 1893, by pardon from Governor Hughes.

Smith, therefore, served four years; Harvick seven and Halford and Sterin eight each.

The story of the rescue of a school-teacher from good old Boston town, who was lost on the Texas prairie, which rescue was the incidental cause of Smith's final capture, and which by that same token was the absolute cause of his parole by Governor Hughes after he and his predecessor in office, Governor Murphy, had been driven nearly to distraction by her pleadings, is also another story; one of the most romantic and interesting in the annals of Arizona.

(Editor's Note—Mr. Barnes is a former resident of Arizona, having come to Phoenix in 1879 with the army. He was for many years a stockman in Arizona and New Mexico; was a member of the legislature of both states as well as chairman of the live stock board of both states. For Distinguished Service during the Apache campaign he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was a real pioneer trail-blazer of the southwest. He went to Washington D. C., more than twenty years ago, and is now with the United States Geographic Board. He is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Ancil Martin of Phoenix.)



EARLY DAYS IN ARIZONA

As Seen By

THOMAS THOMPSON HUNTER

In the fall of 1867 I entered the Territory of Arizona with a herd of cattle gathered in Central Texas and driven across the plains, seeking a market at the Government Post, the only beef supply available at the time for the different army posts. The trip was a dreary one from the start, accompanied by dangers and hardships innumerable. Every inch of the distance across was menaced by hostile Indians, who never lost an opportunity to attack our outfit. For weeks at a time we subsisted solely upon our herd; beef straight being our only ration. Apache Pass was the first place of any note reached in Arizona. A small company of U. S. Infantry occupied the military post there, known as Fort Bowie. On the day of our arrival at Bowie, it looked pretty gloomy and lonesome for the few soldiers stationed there. The Indians were hooting and guying the soldiers from the cliffs and boulders on the mountain sides. They spoke mostly in Spanish, but several of their number could make themselves understood in our native tongue (English).

A few days before our arrival at Fort Bowie a sad accident happened that impressed me very much. The commander, a captain of the post, could not believe that there existed such a thing as a hostile Indian. He had never been close to one. An alarm was given by some of the herders that they had been attacked by Indians. The captain indiscreetly mounted his horse, and with only one assistant, galloped off to where the Indians were last seen. The wily Apaches concealed themselves, and when the captain approached near enough instead of shooting him, as they generally did, they roped him, jerked him off his horse and dragged him to death. On the day of our arrival one of the Indians rode up on the captain's horse, charged around, yelling and hooting and defying the soldiers. I could relate other just such performances by the Reds.

It was near Bowie a few years later that Col. Stone and his escort were murdered by Apaches. Old Fort Bowie, now abandoned, is a dreary, lonesome place, and it gives one the shivers to go through that pass and recall the horrible deeds that have been committed thereabouts. While there in 1867 I looked at the little old stone cabin built by Butterfield's men, and while I am relating dark tales of Old Apache Pass, I'll tell an incident that I never heard of in print. A friend of mine was stationed

there at about the time that Butterfield's lines were drawn off. A fine looking young man, known to the employes as "John," who was an Ohio boy, I think, was the keeper of the station. The stages brought in from the Pima villages what little grain was used by the stage company's horses. At this time, old Cochise's band was friendly with the whites, and would camp in and around the station. On one occasion, John, the keeper, discovered one of Cochise's men stealing corn out of a little hole in one of the sacks. John, acting upon the impulse of the moment, kicked the Indian out of the cabin. In a little while old Chief Cochise came and made a bitter complaint to John about his abusing one of his best warriors—said it was the act of a coward, and demanded that John fight his warrior like a brave man; that he could not tolerate such an insult to one of his best men. Cochise staked off the distance. His man toed the mark, with an old Colt's cap and ball six-shooter. John, the boy keeper of the station, accepted the challenge readily, and took his station in the door of the cabin facing his antagonist, with a duplicate of the same arm that the warrior had. He looked the true specimen of frontier manhood that he was, with two white men his only backers. The Indian had his able chief with his tribe to back him. The critical moment had arrived. John, the Ohio boy, represented the white race of America, while the Indian represented the Indian world. Would John weaken? Would John face such an ordeal? The great chief stood for fair play, and he gave the signal by dropping something from his own hand. The two fired nearly together. John's dark, curly locks touched the wooden lintel over his head. The Indian's ball was a line shot, but too high by about half an inch. John's ball centered the Indian's heart, and he fell dead in his tracks. The old chief stepped forward and grasped John's hand and told him he was a brave man. This closed that particular incident, and the white boys and the Chiricahua Indians remained good friends until the stage line was taken off—an act of the Civil War. About this time there were many terrible crimes committed. Arizona was certainly a bloody battlefield.

Entering the territory north of Stein's Pass, we crossed through Doubtful Canyon during the night. At the divide where we turned down on the slope of the San Simon, we ran into a grewsome sight. A number of dead men were scattered around. We passed along as rapidly as we could in order to reach the plains before daylight. At the very time that we were passing through Doubtful Canyon, the signal fires were burning on the mountain side (Apaches), telling each other of our move-

ments. We passed on to Fort Bowie as fast as we could. In going up the mountain side entering Apache Pass, we saw where a battle royal had been fought. Prior to our arrival, the person who had contracted to deliver the U. S. mails was very hard pressed. So many riders had been killed, and so much stock lost, that the contractor would hire men by the trip to carry the mails from Bowie to Las Cruces and return. One hundred and fifty dollars would be paid for the trip. The boy who made this particular fight was named Fisher, and he had agreed to make the trip to Las Cruces. He left Bowie one afternoon mounted upon an old condemned government mule, and armed with two forty-five six-shooters. When about half way down the slope toward San Simon the enemy attacked him, and if he had had a decent mount it is my belief that he would have won out. They forced him to zigzag along the side of the mountain, their numbers driving him to the hills and preventing him from getting them in the open. All along the trail were dead ponies that Fisher had shot. We never knew how many Indians he got as they removed their dead. After he had exhausted his ammunition they finished him. The equal of this fight, that of a lone boy against such fearful odds, was never known of in Arizona's Indian wars. Fisher—and all I ever knew about him was just his name—was one of God's own boys, and the splendid leather in his make-up was duly respected by the Apache nation. The Indians honored the brave boy in his death, and nature did the rest by erecting the grand old brown mountains for his monument, which will last through Eternity.

We leave Apache Pass now and travel on toward Tucson, the next place of any importance, with the possible exception of Pantano, the historic place where W. A. Smith made one of the best fights on record. He and three companions were attacked early one morning by the Indians, and he was the only one of the four men left to tell the tale. Is there anyone in Arizona today who can possibly realize or appreciate the position of this man, fighting for his life; his three dead comrades piled around him, while he with his big old shotgun carried death and destruction at every discharge of the terrible old weapon? He justly earned for himself the name of "Shotgun Smith." The Indians afterwards said, in relating of the battle, that the man who handled the shotgun killed or wounded seven or eight of their number. Old "Shotgun Smith" lived to be an old man and died at the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, California. He was a personal friend of thirty years standing—a friendship that had grown with the years.

Many other horrible deeds were committed in and around Pantano, but I got through all right, and arrived in Tucson in 1867 in time to take my Christmas dinner, which I might state consisted of a can of jelly and piece or two of Mexican sugar panchoe. This was a luxury for cowboys after our long drive and after a fare, principally, of beef broiled upon a stick. Oftentimes there was not even that much. Oh, how I did love the old city then—a place of rest; a place of refuge. With my system relaxed, I could spread my blankets on the ground and sleep so sound—no horrible dreams; no nightmares. I was happy and contented, for once, and had no desire to move on and hunt something better. I felt, at that early date, that Arizona was good enough for me. Already I loved her grand old brown mountains. I felt at home in the strange unknown land of my adoption.

As we take the western trail from Tucson we pass on to the Gila River and enter the Pima and Maricopa Indian country. These Indians were found in a pitiful condition, poverty stricken in the extreme. They made their boast to us that they had never taken white blood. It was very easy to see why this was the case. They were being hard pressed by the Yumas, Apaches and other tribes. They were compelled to accept the whites as allies, otherwise they would have been exterminated root and branch in a few years. Among them we felt safe from the hostiles. The greatest trouble was their stealing propensities, which were thoroughly developed. Our stock were getting so poor and worn out from travel that we camped some days in this section. Quite a number of immigrants fell in with us for protection from the Apaches, and while at Maricopa a few pioneers came over from Salt River to tell us about the wonderful country over there, and induce the immigrants to settle with them. One of the inducements held out was that there was plenty of grass there, and it would be a fine place for our cattle. So our plans were changed, and about the first of January, 1868, we entered the Salt River Valley and pitched our camp just west of the Hayden Buttes. In crossing the Gila River the order was issued to cross over light—to establish camp on Salt River, then send light teams back for provisions. Unfortunately, both rivers rose to a point past fording. We could get neither way, and were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon poor beef straight. What little flour was in camp was turned over to the women and children, and we men got along as best we could without that luxury. We waited patiently until the 16th of February, 1868, when we crossed over to the north side of the river. Before this crossing

we had procured provisions from the Bushard Government Indian traders, then running a little mill on the south side of the Gila River. In crossing the Salt River on the 16th of February, we lost an old man—W. H. Cooper, who drowned. We found a few pioneers on the north side of the Salt River, who were pioneering the first canal ever taken out of the Salt River, and known afterwards as the Swilling Canal. The business men of the territory were assisting the enterprise, and the government policy at that time was to assist all the infant settlements, and Fort McDowell, thirty-five miles from us on the Verde River, helped the little settlement a great deal. Jack Swilling was the first settler on the canal; old man Freeman came next, then McWhorter, whose settlement was abandoned not long afterward. Coming back from a business trip to Fort McDowell, the Indians murdered poor old McWhorter, as he was called. Then came Pump Handle John, then Lord Duppa and Vandermark; then myself, Hunter and McVey, then the Irish boys, then Jim Lee, Fitzgerald and Tom Conley; after them the Star Brothers, Jake and Andy, then old man John Adams and family, then One-Eyed Davis and Bill Bloem. Frenchy was located somewhere near the Irish boys, and he built the first house erected in the valley, and it consisted of four cottowood forks set in the ground and covered with mud, making a nice retreat on a hot day. While sojourning in Pima and Maricopa counties, I witnessed several incidents which are hard for me to forget. I will relate the one that impressed me most. We turned our poor cattle loose to forage. They were compelled to range away for ten or fifteen miles. It was my custom to cut sign every morning; go outside of all cattle tracks among the sand-hills. The squaws would occasionally band together and go away out to procure mesquite wood. I was out some ten or twelve miles the first time I witnessed this sight. From the top of a sand-hill, looking back toward the river, I saw the strange sight. There were two hundred and fifty Indian women in a long line, with their three-cornered baskets and long slick sticks. They at first resembled a herd of cattle, their sticks looking like horns. The wood being reached, they began filling their baskets, and when filled, each had a good burro load. It was a sight to see them, loaded with their heavy burdens, start back, in a little trot peculiar to themselves. I noticed, too, what struck me forcibly; a picket-line being maintained along the crest of sand-hills by the Pima warriors. They were armed with bows and arrows, and each sentinel stood with his bow slung ready to fire on the first sight of an enemy. This was frontiersmanship being maintained by these naked, poverty-stricken, ignorant savages; the price of

peace, self-preservation; the first law of nature, even among these savages. Just a little negligence on the part of this frontier army, and the Apache might rush upon their women and take them off to captivity and slavery. From the bottom of my heart I pitied these poor, helpless, starved people who were fighting their battle of life and making their struggle for existence in their own peculiar way. We call them savages because, for one thing, they make beasts of burden out of their women, and we were taught in our childhood that no Christian nation ever did that. The first sign of civilization was to place our women on a level with men. While with these Indians the condition of their women is the same as it was 40 years ago.

While we held our cattle on the Salt River plains, I was the herder. On Churchill's Addition to the City of Phoenix was a low, heavy soil that I designated as El Filaree Flats. Several hundred acres were well-set with el filaree, and it was the first of its kind that either the cattle or myself had ever seen. The cattle took kindly to the new forage and were soon as fat as butter. I would always turn them loose about daylight, and they would go no farther than El Filaree Flats. There they would eat their fill and lie down, and about the noon hour I would start them back to the river for water. El Filaree had begun to mature, and it seemed to me that in one night every bunch of it was covered with a varicolored caterpillar, and the cattle would not touch it that morning, and lit out to hunt pastures anew. I mounted my pony and started after them, and had to ride hard to turn them back, as in a little while more they would have been in the Apache country. It was probably mid-afternoon before I got them back to Filaree Flats. In examining the weed, I found out for the first time what the trouble was—the worm. Then I saw a funny sight. A long line of Indians of all kinds were breasting across the flats. On approaching near enough I discovered that they were gathering these worms and eating them raw, happy and innocent as children in a huckleberry patch. After getting their fill, the maidens of the tribe strung the worms through the middle with needle and thread. They would then double the strands several times and place them over their necks, and the live worms would wiggle upon their naked breasts. The sun shining on the varicolored collars made them appear to be beautiful necklaces. Of course, they were beautiful until we discovered them to be repulsive, live worms.

Some time in the spring of 1868 a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Adams. I understand that this girl is living to-day in Phoenix, happily married and the mother of a large family.

The first little home was started about the month of April, 1868. William Johnson, one of our cowboys, and the oldest daughter of John Adams, were married. Difficulty number one appeared and had to be overcome, but how to do so proved a difficult problem. In so far as we knew, there was no preacher in the whole of Arizona, and no justice of the peace nearer than Prescott. I told my friend Johnson that Fort McDowell was a six-company fort, and the government always looked after the spiritual welfare of the soldiers; there must, of necessity, be a chaplain stationed there, and inquiry proved this to be the case. On a most beautiful, sunshiny day in April, the prospective bride and groom, with a party of friends, armed to kill, and acting as escort to the happy couple, hiked to Fort McDowell. Our wishes were made known to the old, white-haired man whom the soldiers told us was the chaplain. This appeared to the old preacher as a most extraordinary occasion, and he communicated with the commander of the post, who agreed with him. In a short time the usually quiet military camp, situated in the far west, upon the banks of the beautiful Verde River, witnessed one of the most unusual scenes that had ever taken place in Arizona—the birth of the first little home in the Salt River Valley. The soldiers were formed in a hollow square around the big flagpole, on whose top floated the Stars and Stripes. The military band was discoursing beautiful music; the old preacher stood with uncovered head in the wonderful sunshine; the parade ground, as well as the entire surrounding country, was covered with gorgeous wild flowers, and the grand old brown mountains added dignity to the scene. Everybody looked happy, and why not? It was surely a red-letter day for Arizona, for it marked the establishing of the first home in the Salt River Valley—1868. I fail to recall the day of the month. The descendants and pioneer relatives of these first families still live in Salt River Valley. Old man John Adams and his wife were my personal friends—good people they were; true pioneers and true friends; ever ready to respond to the needs of their fellows. They would divide their last crust with the needy prospector who chanced their way. If still alive, they are very old. I would assume, however, that they both have passed to their reward in the Great Beyond.

Up to August, 1868, a number of new people came into the valley. Among them were Lum Gray and family; Grenhall Patterson and the Rowe family, and an old fellow known as Red Wilson, who formed a company with old man John Adams and others to take out what was known as the Wilson Canal. It came out of the river below the Swilling Canal. Old Red Wilson

made life miserable for me. Every time I met him he would insist on telling me of the future of the Salt River; that I was young, and that I would live to see a city built there, etc. I could not see it as he did, but I visited the valley just twenty-eight years afterwards, and realized the correctness of old Red Wilson's prophecy. Phoenix had risen from the ashes—from nothing, as it were—and was in the midst of her first-mid-winter carnival. She was gaily decorated, and presented one of the most beautiful sights that I had ever witnessed. I felt, indeed, that I was another Rip Van Winkle. The same Maricopa and Pima Indians were in plentiful evidence, the same as twenty-eight years ago, but the present Indians were from the government schools at Phoenix. What a change in so short a time! They were forming on the Churchill Addition by platoon to take part in the parade through the city—my old Filaree Flats of the long ago. Twenty-eight years before their mothers and fathers were eating raw caterpillars on the very same spot where their children were now forming for parade, with an Indian youth leading the procession with a brass band made up of their own, followed by little boy corps of drummers. The maidens—descendants of those women who so proudly wore the caterpillar necklaces of the long ago—were dressed in uniforms, and marched by platoons with the regulars of the army. Everything was changed but the old brown mountains—they looked just the same—they and Arizona's marvelous, everlasting sunshine.

A very few of the then old-timers remain. The prominent one are all gone to their reward. King Woolsey, Andrew Peeples, Sam McClatchy, Tom Dodge, Jack Swilling, George Monroe, Jerome Vaughn, Murphy Dennis, Jim Cushingberry, Bill Smith, Bronco Billy, Buckskin Tom, Bob Grooms, Joe Fugit, Joe Fye, John Montgomery and many others who figured prominently in Arizona life in the long ago, have, as far as I know, passed away. Andrew Peeples, Jack Swilling and old Negro Ben were the discoverers of the Weaver district. Jack dug out with his butcher knife thirty-thousand dollars in nuggets. Nigger Ben dug out between six and ten thousand. I do not recall the amount that Andrew Peeples got. The Indians took the life of Negro Ben some time in the seventies.

I will relate some happenings of 1867, concerning a boy who had a great part in the early history of Arizona. A warm comradeship had grown up between him and me. We had fought side by side and suffered privations together until we were as brothers. We met first in the spring of 1867, and both were employed to drive cattle across the plains. We were both about

the same age and temperament, and became fast friends and companions the first night we herded together, so it was natural that the boss should call on the two young friends to go back on our trail between Las Cruces and El Paso and gather up some stray cattle which had been dropped on the river. We started, with a few days' provisions and no extra horses. Some time in October, 1867, we found our lost cattle, all right, on the Mexican side of the river, and the Mexicans would not let us take them back. Disappointed and discouraged; our provisions exhausted; some forty miles from our camp and friends, we started for the camp, situated a few miles down the river from Las Cruces. When only a few miles from camp; tired and hungry and with night coming on fast, we rode right into a band of Mescalero Apaches. They allowed us to ride into a trap that they had set for us, at a point where the road passed on both sides of a thick mesquite bush. They waited until we were within a few feet of them, then fired upon us with both gun and arrows. Fortunately for us, they missed our horses, but poor Billy caught the bullet and arrow in his right leg. The bullet pierced his thigh and passed through his body, and the surgeons took it out afterwards from the left hip. An arrow went between the bones of the shin on the same leg. Our horses reared up so straight that my rein passed over the head of the horse I was riding. The horse was so badly scared that I could hardly hold him, and for a little while I left Billy in the rear. A line of sand-hills ran along here across the road, and the Indians had concealed themselves and their ponies behind these hills. When we turned we were confronted from the rear by some thirty well mounted warriors. They were formed directly across the road, cutting off our retreat entirely. At this time I heard the voice of Billy; his splendid judgment had taken in the situation at a glance. "Don't leave the road," he said, "but charge straight at them and break through their line; let us sell out as dear as possible. This is our only chance." We had drawn our six-shooters at the first attack. He had a dragoon Colt's Shooter, and I a Colt's Navy size. "Hold your fire until the last," he said, "as they may get us on the ground." We rode straight at them, and they gave way on either side of the road. We passed through the line without a scratch, but they threw many arrows at us. One fellow ran on my left and made it interesting for me. For more than a mile I could feel the wind of the arrows as they passed my head. I did not intend to fire, but my horse stumbled and came near falling. In this shaking up I accidentally pulled the trigger, and the Indian fell from his horse. Billy always in-

sisted that my ball punctured the Indian's carcass. About the same time Billy turned his old dragoon loose on a fellow behind him, who was reaching for him with his lance. I happened to be looking around and had the pleasure of seeing that fellow turn a somersault and land in the road behind us, and I always maintained that Billy got him. At any rate, they did not crowd us any more, but they kept up the chase for several miles, but we finally reached Chamberlain's Station safely. We helped poor Billy from his horse and did all we could for him. We pulled the arrow from his leg and discovered he was badly wounded, but he insisted that he would live to fight the red devils another day, and he did. Next day we took him to Camp Sheldon, and the surgeon cut the ball out. He was confined to his bed for a long time, and when discharged from the hospital was in a badly crippled condition. He could hardly drag himself around. At about this time Col. H. C. Hooker was starting with a big herd of steers for Arizona, and as Billy was a good man with a team, Col. Hooker gave him the job of driving the chuck wagon and assisting in cooking for the punchers. Afterwards, while driving through Tucson, he caught smallpox and came near dying, but he recovered and his lameness left him, along with the smallpox, and with the exception of the shot through the left foot, he was strong and active up to the day of his death, which occurred about 1887. At Fort Apache, in the fall of the year, he and Bill Waldoo were surprised in their camp near the post by a part of Geronimo's band, and killed. Their bodies were found later in the day and buried at the fort. Waldoo was instantly killed; Billy was shot through the neck, the bullet severing the jugular vein on both sides. That kind of wound means instant death, but Billy grabbed his faithful Winchester, and no doubt would have used it before his death, but a bullet cut it in two. He died with it in one hand, and had his knife clinched in the other. With this death shot he probably lived a minute before losing consciousness. He managed to reach a little gully and lay down on his stomach, and was probably dead by the time he lay down. The Indians evidently saw him do this, but apparently thought he was only wounded, and knowing full well the make-up of Billy Harrison, they left there too quick, for fear he would get one or more of their number; not knowing that he was already dead. A braver or truer friend I never knew. From 1867 to about 1887 he was prominently known from Prescott to the Mexican line. The numerous encounters he had with the Apaches during these years would fill a good sized volume. As best I can I will relate a few incidents regarding him, just to show the kind of leather in his make-up. On one occasion Col.

Hooker, who was supplying the government post with beef, had a big herd of cattle heading toward Camp Apache; not particularly needed in that section, but greatly needed in the southern part of the territory. Something had to be done at once. It was about two hundred and fifty miles or more from the headquarters ranch southwest of Tucson to Camp Apache. There was no telegraph line then in the territory, and it was just about impossible for a man to get through alive, but Billy Harrison no sooner knew of it than it was all solved. With one man and the best mount on the ranch, and with a little provision tied behind their saddles, they pulled out on that perilous trip—the chances ten to one that the Indians would get them sure. The trip was accomplished all right, and the cattle turned in the right direction. Two incidents in particular will go far toward revealing the shrewd judgment of this brave plainsman. They had to pass near what is known as Eureka Springs, on the head of the Aravaipa. At that time it was one of the main camping places of the hostiles. The two boys reached this place at the wrong hour. During those times we did all our traveling at night, as it was almost sure death to attempt it in the daytime. The wrong hour of the night was in the small hours before dawn. Should the Indians be camped there, and they could pass them, daylight would come too quick. The Indians would take the trail and run them down shortly after daylight. Billy's good judgment served him well on this occasion. He reasoned with his companion that if the Indians were camped at the spring, their duty would be to approach just as near as possible without discovery; then charge them at the same time firing their pistols. Sure enough, they saw an Indian fire burning, and they kept advancing until the Indians heard the tread of their horses. They were then only a few hundred yards away, and they charged with a yell, sending bullets in the direction of the Indians. They then rode right on their way, and left the trail a few hours later. At daylight they tied their horses out to grass, then concealed themselves and slept until dark. The Eureka Indians, thinking that they were jumped by scouts, probably did not stop running until daylight drove them also to shelter. Billy and his companion made the rest of the way by daylight, after crossing the Gila River. Cautiously feeling their way, on the last day of their trip near Camp Apache, they discovered a lone Indian in an open glade digging roots for food with a stick. Billy decided at once to capture him and take him to the post. Accordingly, he placed his companion, and instructed him what to do. Billy said he would go around the Indian; get as near as possible, and when the Indian discovered him, the companion was to let himself be seen; the In-

dian would be compelled to run in the open, and Billy would rope him before he could get to the brush. He got within a hundred yards of the Indian, who, without looking around, darted for liberty. Billy's horse was swift and he started full tilt, the rope ready to throw. Billy said he never had any idea that any animal could run like that Indian did. The latter, in spite of everything, steadily gained upon them until he struck the brush at least two hundred yards ahead of them. There was no Indian that day to exhibit as a trophy of that memorable trip.

Following this trip, and while Billy was resting leisurely at Camp Crittenden, after delivering some beef steers to be used at that post, a really funny thing happened. The incident is apparently forgotten, and I do not recall of ever having seen it in print. At the time there was a government outfit consisting of something like two hundred of the best horses ever seen in Arizona. This outfit appeared to be an independent organization for scouting purposes only. They had just come into that post for rations and to re-equip. Seven or eight mounted men were guarding these horses, along with the regular horses of the post, in herd, near the post on fine Grama grass. A good many Papago Indians were cutting hay with sickles for the use of the post. The Papagoes are friendly, and partly civilized by the mission fathers at Tucson. They always wore loose white pants, white jumpers and large straw hats. Old Chief Cochise planned to capture these horses, and his strategy in this instance showed him to be an able man. He dressed six or eight of his most trusted men in the garb of the Papago hay cutters. They rode right through the parade grounds and on to the herds, which were quietly grazing. Some of the herders were sitting sidewise on their horses, when all of a sudden the Indians gave a war whoop, at the same time firing their guns at the herders. The result was that every herder was afoot before I can tell it, and watching their stock going like the wind toward the nearby mountains, with Cochise's whole band in the rear of the stampeded horses. Great excitement and consternation prevailed, with everything about the post gone wild, and no head to be found. Orders were given for the soldiers to saddle and mount the mules and follow the fleeing herd. It was not very funny for the soldier boys, but the cowboys had the laugh of their lives. One fellow saddled a fine looking mule and mounted him to start in the chase. He hardly got seated before Mr. Mule landed him on the ground. The soldier was not stuck on that kind of cavalry horse, so he went right on as though nothing had happened. Another fellow, seeing a chance for a good mount, jumped on the

mule and met the same fate, and during the prevailing excitement there were probably twenty soldiers who mounted that mule, only to meet the same fate. They finally tumbled to the situation.

Another bad place for Indian attack was the Picacho, between Tucson and the Gila River. Our outfit passed all right. The fighting force with us consisted of about eight men. Norbo and Sloan came on behind us in 1868 with a herd of something like three thousand head, and probably sixty or seventy men, and following close behind the cattle was a good-sized train of immigrants. They were very confident and a strong outfit, compared to our weak one. Many people made this great mistake—on account of their great strength they became very careless, forgetting, for the time, that the Indian is ever watching the movement of their expected victim. A man by the name of Johnson was driving the chuck wagon with two yoke of oxen. He pulled out ahead, and the cowboys, jumping at the chance to get rid of their guns, put them in his wagon, as they felt no more danger of an Indian attack. So as Johnson pulled out, he had about all the guns owned by the outfit. He had gotten to the first of Picacho Peak, when the Indians killed him and, arming themselves with the guns, attacked the cowboys in charge of the herd. The latter were armed with cap and ball six-shooters only. The Indians whipped them in short order; drove them to cover and started the herd off on a run in an easterly direction, and reached the rough mountains ahead of everybody and everything. The report reached Camp Lowell at Tucson. A party of troops accompanied the herders, but they never even caught the dust of that herd; the latter were completely lost to the owners, and the outfit completely paralyzed. While our outfit was small, it was vigilant; we were never caught napping. We always had our guns in our hands, ready for the expected attack. The Apache reasons well, too. He will not attack a lone man unless he has all the advantage, and if there is the least chance of getting shot, he will not take that chance. Many times have I reached the scene of their murders, and have figured out the situation. Rarely ever were their victims shot in front. As the unsuspecting victim reached the spot selected as the place of execution, while they could easily have shot him as he advanced, they invariably waited until he passed, then shot him in the back. At Picacho Peak, after this fight with Norbo and Sloan, an immigrant woman took sick and died on this battlefield, and she was buried beside the victims of the Apaches. In those days we could not bury a body without the coyotes digging it up. We found this to be the case when passing this little lonely ceme-

tery. The animals had reached the bodies in their graves, and were digging them out. We reburied the victims, and cut the roots of the Cholla, a species of cactus, full of thorns and stickers, and shook them over the graves. The cactus balls would soon take root, and the coyotes could never dig them out. These little cactus mounds were plentifully scattered all along the highways, telling the passerby, plainer than words, that this mound bristling with cactus was the resting place of one of the Apache victims of the pioneer days of Arizona.

In 1868 the mail was carried from Yuma to Tucson on light buckboards, pulled by two small wild Mexican mules. They would be blindfolded, then it required about three men to harness and hook them up. The driver would get into his seat, the blinds would be raised and the mules would go like the wind, as long as their wind lasted, or until they reached the next station. A man by name of Leonard drove this buckboard from Blue-water Station to Tucson. On one occasion, he had passed Pica-cho Peak and was nearing Nine Mile water hole, a noted place for Indians, near Tucson. The heavy mesquite timber up the Santa Cruz to Tucson afforded the Apache the best of opportunities for their depredations. They lay for Leonard, ambushed him and shot him through and through, but he stayed with the mules and buckboard and reached Tucson. The doctor located the ball just under the skin on the other side, and cut it out. The Indians were short of ammunition, particularly lead, so they put the threaded ends of iron bolts in the gun in place of bullets. They would pick those bolt ends up around the blacksmith shops, where they were cut off by the wagon repairers. It was one of these threaded bolts which went through Leonard's body. He soon recovered, and held his job for a long time after this, and finally made a big enough stake to pull out for new pastures.

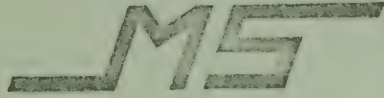
The appearance of Gen. Crook during the early seventies made it appear that the war would soon be ended. He and his scouts were sure bringing the Apache to a state of subjugation. The policy of Gen. Crook was to make them fight each other, and when they failed to obey his orders to come in to San Carlos to draw rations and go to work, he threatened extermination without mercy. I will relate a few instances of sacrifices that tried men's souls; in the years to come, they may make interesting reading for those who will follow us. There was a noted Indian—brave, reckless and bad, by name Coch ah Nay, who was a leader among his following. He was also patriotic, and had sworn a determined oath never to surrender to a pale-face.

He loved the country of his fathers, and would die in defense of his rights, but retreat—never. Gen. Crook, with his scouts, was waging war to the knife against old Coch ah Nay and his band, and even the ordinary Indian could see plainly that it was only a matter of time when the last one of his tribe would be exterminated. About this time there came to San Carlos a withered old Indian woman, who wanted to talk with Gen. Crook. Through an interpreter, she told the general her story. She stated that she was the mother of Coch ah Nay; that he would never surrender, and she saw that her other children and grandchildren would all be killed. She asked permission to bring in this family in order that their lives might be spared. Gen. Crook's answer to her was that not one of the tribe could come in, except upon one—and only one—condition—that Coch ah Nay's head should be brought to him in a bag. As soon as that demand was complied with—and not until then—the whole tribe might come in and draw rations. The poor old savage woman retired to a lonely spot on the side of the mountain, where she remained for something like twenty-four hours in close communion with her God, as she saw Him. Though we did not hear what she said, her shrieks were painful to hear. The brave, rough, hardened men looked on in pity for the poor old thing in her greatest distress. She would wrap the hair of her head around her fingers, and pull it out until she was nearly bald. The terrible agony of this poor savage mother, was distressing to behold. I did not know then, but I know now that this mother was asking her God, in her own way, that, for the sake of her loved ones, this cup with its bitter dregs might pass her by. Instead, her God sent the comforter to this withered, savage soul. At the end of this long devotional, she dried her tears and came back for another talk with Gen. Crook. She told him that it was better for Coch ah Nay to die than for all the women and children of the tribe to perish; that if he would send the scouts to accompany her, she would point out her son, and that the general's demand would be complied with. The general ordered Clay Buford, chief of scouts, to go with the old woman, and bring back Coch ah Nay's head in a bag. They traveled a long way into the Catalina Mountains near Tucson. The mother pointed out the hiding place of her son, who was surprised and the whole outfit duly killed. The poor old woman never faltered, but came forward and fell upon the body of her brave son; told Buford that this was her son, Coch ah Nay, whereupon the head was cut off, put in a bag and brought to old Camp Goodwin. Gen Crook made good his promise to the old mother, and had her people brought in to the reservation at once. The war was over. This mother would be

cared for by the government for the balance of her life, and she could spend the evening of her life in peace and quiet.

Clay Buford was for many years chief of scouts for Gen. Crook. He was a personal friend of mine, and prominently known throughout most of Arizona. A braver man never lived. He was an athlete of powerful physique, and was capable of enduring as much hardship and privation as the best of the Indians. For these qualities he was greatly respected by them, and few men ever had the control over them that he had. He died a few years ago of a disease of the stomach, after passing unscathed through many struggles in the Apache War.

About this time in the seventies there came a lull in Indian depredations, and the country settled up rapidly with cattlemen and their families. Things looked good to the pioneers. This lasted until the Cibicue outbreak in 1881. At about the same time the Chiricahuas broke loose from the sub-agency above San Carlos. This tribe had never been whipped into submission. A part of the tribe had been left behind in Old Mexico, and they kept up a continual warfare along the borders of the two republics. They kept in communication with their chiefs, Hu and Geronimo, but never made any big raids into the interior until the whole tribe went out in 1881. From then on it was something fierce, until Gen. Miles fought them to a finish in 1886.



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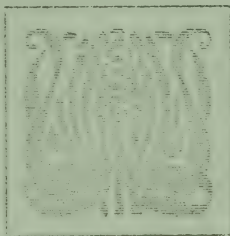
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Vol. 3

JULY, 1930

No. 2



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CONTENTS

Arizona's Six-Gun Classic.....	Con P. Cronin
The San Carlos Apache Police.....	John P. Clum
The Geronimo Campaign.....	H. W. Daly
Tucson, The Old Pueblo.....	Frank C. Lockwood
Current Comments.....	Dan R. Williamson

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Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the Territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States Congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Apache County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

Arizona's present state officers are:

John C. Phillips—Governor

I. P. Frazier—Secretary of State

Ana Frohmiller—Auditor

C. R. Price—Treasurer

C. O. Case—Supt. Public Instruction

W. D. Claypool, Amos A. Betts, and Loren Vaughn, members Corporation Commission

H. D. Ross, Chief Justice, A. G. McAlister and A. C. Lockwood, Associate Justices Supreme Court.

Thomas Foster—Mine Inspector

M. A. Murphy, Frank Luke and E. A. Hughes, members Tax Commission.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Arizona, with its 113,956 square miles, ranks fifth in size of states—nearly as large as New England and New York combined.

Coconino County is the second largest county in the United States.

Arizona contains the longest unbroken stretch of yellow pine timber in the world.

Arizona contains the greatest variety of plant life, even including ferns, of any state in the Union.

Arizona's population has shown greatest percentage of increase of any state in the United States since 1910, more than doubling since that time.

Arizona is the greatest COPPER producing state, the 1929 production being around 833,626,000 pounds, with a value of about \$149,200,000, while the value of the five principal minerals—GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD and ZINC for 1929 is about \$158,433,300.

Arizona ranks first in the production of COPPER; first in the production of ASBESTOS; third in GOLD; fourth in SILVER, sixth in LEAD and very high in ZINC, TUNGSTEN, VANADIUM, QUICKSILVER and other minerals.

Arizona's mines employ 19,000 men and their pay rolls amount to \$30,000,000 annually.

In the excellence of her public schools and school buildings Arizona ranks among the very highest.

Arizona's 1929 hay crop was worth \$12,222,000.

Arizona's 1929 grain crop was worth \$3,941,000.

Arizona's 1929 cotton crop was worth \$15,000,000.

Arizona ships more than 9,000 cars of lettuce annually.

Arizona ships more than 5,500 cars of cantaloupes annually.

Arizona's lumber production is worth about \$5,000,000 annually.

Arizona is the only state owning its own BUFFALO herd; this state having about 85 head running on the open range in House Rock Valley.

Arizona contains the largest number of DEER of any state in the Union; the Kaibab Forest alone containing about 30,000 head.

Arizona, in the Thompson Arboretum at Superior, has the only arid climate arboretum in the world.

Arizona has about 888,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$39,418,000.

Arizona has about 1,189,000 head of sheep, valued at about \$9,493,000.

Arizona's Indian population, around 33,000, is second largest in the United States.

Arizona is fast becoming famous for the excellence of its PECANS, DATES, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPE FRUIT, GRAPES and MANY OTHER FRUITS.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Arizona possesses one of the seven great wonders of the world.

In the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona has the finest example of early Spanish mission architecture on the North American Continent.

Arizona has within her borders some three hundred miles of sparkling trout streams.

Within the borders of Arizona there are undoubtedly 100,000 old ruins, the largest and most important being the "CASA GRANDE"

near Florence. Many well preserved cliff dwellings are tucked away in the mountains and canyons away from the haunts of man.

The present day great canal system of the SALT RIVER VALLEY, and the Casa Grande Valley as well, are built on the ruins of prehistoric canals built by a vanished people, and that these same prehistoric people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

Arizona leads in irrigation and contains the most comprehensive system of dams for irrigation and power purposes in the world

WITH ROOSEVELT DAM and ROOSEVELT LAKE,
HORSE MESA DAM and APACHE LAKE,
MORMON FLAT DAM and CANYON LAKE,
STEWART MOUNTAIN DAM AND LAKE,
CAVE CREEK DAM AND RESERVOIR,
GRANITE REEF DIVERSION DAM AND RESERVOIR,

COOLIDGE DAM and SAN CARLOS LAKE, Arizona contains many lakes of rare beauty which constitute the largest acreage of artificial reservoirs or lakes extant, with more dams to be built in the near future.

ARIZONA is full of beautiful wonders—LAKES, MOUNTAINS, GRAND CANYONS, VALLEYS, PAINTED DESERTS, PETRIIFIED FORESTS, NATURAL BRIDGES, PREHISTORIC RUINS, CLIFF DWELLINGS, STREAMS, DESERTS, CACTUS, HIGHWAYS, SUNSETS, COLORINGS, as well as having the most invigorating and salubrious climate in the world.

The name "Arizona" is derived from the word "Arizonac" meaning "Little Spring" "Ari" small, and "Zonac" spring, from the language of the Papago and Pima Indians.

ARIZONA'S state flower is the delicate, white waxy flower of the Saguaro or Giant Cactus, *Cereus Giganteus*, SAGUARO being the Spanish word for Sentinel.

This was adopted by the territorial legislature of 1901 on account of its being distinctly a native plant of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Flag is distinctive and beautiful and was adopted by the Legislature in 1917.

The flag represents the following: The setting sun, consisting of thirteen rays, alternate red and yellow, or red and gold, in the upper half of the flag.

The lower half being a plain blue field.

Superimposed upon the center of the flag. In the face of the setting sun is the copper colored star of Arizona. The flag in this way carries the state colors the old Spanish colors and the distinctive copper colors of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Seal, The Seal of the State shall be of the following design: In the background shall be a range of mountains, with the sun rising behind the peaks thereof, and at the right side of the range of mountains there shall be a storage reservoir and a dam, below which in the middle distance are irrigated fields and orchards reaching into the foreground, at the right of which are cattle grazing. To the left in the middle distance on a mountain side is a quartz mill in front of which and in the foreground is a miner standing with pick and shovel. Above this device shall be the motto: "Diat Deus." In the circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed:

"Great Seal of the State of Arizona" with the year of admission of the state into the Union. (The meaning of the motto "Diat Deus" is God Enriches.)

ARIZONA'S State Anthem, "Arizona," words by Margaret Rowe Clifford, Copyright 1915, Music by Maurice Blumenthal, adopted 1919, Chapter 28, Session Laws.

Come to this land of sunshine,
To the land where life is young.
Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
The songs that will now be sung,
Where the golden sun is flaming
Into warm white shining day,
And the sons of men are blazing
Their priceless right of way.

Chorus:

Sing the song that's in your heart:
Sing of the great Southwest.
Thank God for Arizona.
In splendid sunshine dressed;
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona—
Our Goddess and our Queen.

Come stand beside the the rivers
Within our valleys broad,
Stand here with heads uncovered
In the presence of our God,
While all around about us,
The brave unconquered band,
As guardians and landmarks,
The giant mountains stand.

Chorus:

Not alone for gold and silver
Is Arizona great;
But with graves of heroes sleeping
All the land is consecrate.
Oh, come and live beside us,
However far ye roam.
Come help us build up temples
And name these temples "Home."

Of the 22 National Monuments in the United States, 11 of them are within the borders of Arizona, namely Casa Grande, Montezuma Castle, Navajo, Petrified Forest, Pipe Springs, Tumacacori, Wupatki, Chiricahua, Tonto, Walnut Canyon, and the latest, Sunset Crater.

ARIZONA'S SIX-GUN CLASSIC

By CON P. CRONIN

A Vivid Personal Narrative of the Historic Duel Between Pete Gabriel and Joe Phy, Famous Old-time Peace Officers

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For forty years now, whenever two or more old-time Arizonans met and the conversation touched the topic of personal encounter, just so surely was the epic of he-man gun fights, the classic encounter between Pete Gabriel and Joe Phy, recounted. In all the annals of that chivalrous period of the eighties, producing such gun fighters as the Earp boys, the Clantons, Doc Holliday, Billie Breakenridge, Henry Garfias and the horde of lesser luminaries who blazed for one brief period, no single encounter achieved the perfection of technic of combat as this encounter in Jack Keating's Tunnel Saloon in the quiet old town of Florence on the soft spring evening of May, '88.

I have heard this tale oft-told many times by "old-timers" who were not even in the territory at the time of its enactment, each time in the first person, but always different. I have heard the fight vividly described by Jack Keating, the lone eye witness to the beginning of the encounter, have listened to Dave Gibson's account of his entrance and exit in the drama, and have heard the tale by camp-fire and home fireside, always lacking in the one great essential—the cause—the soul—of the encounter.

While visiting in the city of Globe recently I listened with absorbing interest to a recital by Judge Hinson Thomas of the details and side lights of this celebrated duel that occurred in May, 1888. His story of that outstanding classic of six-gun fights in the days when each man's grievance was his own to settle in the manner ordained by the code, throws full light on the causes leading thereto. Judge Thomas, who is now U. S. Commissioner and City Judge of Globe, was County Recorder of Pinal County, of which Florence was the county seat, at the time Gabriel was sheriff; was a friend of both men, but particularly of Pete Gabriel, whom he classified as the bravest and most fearless man he had ever known. The victor in many desperate encounters, he was always in the right, his friends claimed, and that his victims would be his victors but for Gabriel's quick eye and steady trigger-finger. On two occasions he had been known, single-handed, to hold off a mob desperately intent in taking

from him the man in his custody. Pete Gabriel was a native of Alsace-Lorraine, coming to this country with his parents when a very small child. Both parents died within a week from some pestilential fever while crossing the plains in the early fifties, near Plattsville, Wisconsin; Pete being cared for and carried to California by an emigrant party.

Joe Phy had been a minor peace officer and known gunman, but was driving the sprinkling wagon in Tucson at the time he and Gabriel first met. Gabriel, who was then Sheriff of Pinal County, offered Phy a job as his deputy and took him with him on his return to Florence. Phy always claimed that Gabriel promised that he would make him (Phy) sheriff when he (Gabriel) retired from office. Shortly prior to the election at which Phy aspired to be elected sheriff, he brutally abused and maltreated a man whom he was arresting, beating him so badly that for a time it was expected the victim would die. Gabriel, as sheriff, placed Phy under arrest, taking from him his gun and knife and cancelling his appointment as deputy sheriff. Presumably this was the incident engendering in Phy a hatred of Gabriel that became an obsession—a mania—and it is reported that at the time of his arrest by Gabriel, Phy offered to fight it out with Gabriel “as men fight,” to which Gabriel laughed, remarking “Joe, this is only part of my job.” A little incident some time prior to this started the breach between friends that only ended in John Keating’s Tunnel Saloon on that mild May night in ’88. Phy was the owner of a suitcase—something new in those days, and of which Phy was inordinately proud. On a sudden trip to California Gabriel borrowed this grip without the consent of the owner, and upon his return Phy “called” Gabriel for his presumption. One word lead to another and the friendship of the men was snapped.

After his arrest by Gabriel, Phy never neglected an opportunity to abuse and blackguard Gabriel, behind his back and within his hearing, with the evident intention to provoke Gabriel to make a play. Phy was ambidextrous, using either hand with equal dexterity, and was a crack pistol shot with both. He spent hours and days practicing with his six-gun, and was known as a dead shot. He was the proud owner of a very fine bowie knife, especially made for and presented to him by the well known sporting goods firm of Will and Fink. Judge Thomas related an incident to illustrate the remarkable quality of this knife. On one occasion Phy placed two new silver dollars

on the bar at Keating's saloon, and with two quick blows cut each dollar in two parts, without leaving a nick or blemish on the knife.

Gabriel knew that Phy was after him and was out to "get" him, and singular as it may appear, and fearless as he was known to be, he avoided every occasion that might lead to a conflict. The entire town of Florence knew the relations between the men, and knew that it was but a question of time before they came together. Phy boarded with Pete Brady at this time, and on one occasion, it was related by Judge Thomas, early in the evening of a day when he had been especially moody, he took his shot-gun from the corner, slipped it full of buck shot shells and started for the door. In reply to Brady's inquiry as to his object he replied: "I am going to kill that damned son-of-a-bitch, Pete Gabriel." Brady told him that if he did that he need never to return to his home, and his respect for Brady, or the sudden clearing of his mind to the danger he might encounter, prompted him to return the shot-gun to its place.

At the time of the fatal encounter Gabriel was operating a gold quartz mine, and had come to town to pay some bills, purchase supplies, and incidentally meet old friends. To resume in the words of Judge Thomas, as near as I can remember:

"Pete had been drinking all day with a bunch of the boys, and Sidney Bartelson had kept Joe advised from time to time of Pete's condition and whereabouts. Joe never drank himself, never took a drink as far as I know, and never used tobacco. I was playing whist with a couple of drummers at the hotel, half a block away, about eight o'clock in the evening, when I heard two shots, so close together as to appear as almost one. We dropped our cards and ran. When I got to Keating's saloon Pete was standing about mid-way between the door and the edge of the sidewalk, with his feet spread, arms hanging down, his gun in his right hand. Just as I got to him he began to sag and sink, slowly, like a half-filled sack of grain. I reached and took his gun from his hand, not knowing what a man in his condition might do. Phy was in the street, but a few feet away, and had raised upon one elbow as Dave Gibson approached him. I heard Dave ask the question: "Are you hurt much, Joe?" Phy replied: "Go away from me you murdering son-of-a-bitch!" and made a slash at Dave, cutting him to the bone in the leg above the knee.

"This is the story of actual facts before they became distorted and changed from many repetitions. As I said before, Pete had been drinking all day, Phy knew it and knew where he

had been. Pete told me afterwards that once he had looked out the window at the back of the saloon and had seen Phy looking in, watching him. He knew that Phy was after him, and decided to remain in the saloon, believing that the minute he stepped out the door Phy would pot him. Gabriel was standing at the bar, drinking with a friend, and was nearest the front door. Suddenly the swinging doors were kicked in and Phy appeared, with his gun in one hand and his bowie knife in the other. His first shot struck Pete in the left breast, just below the heart and going through his lung. To show Gabriel's wonderful dexterity with a gun, after Phy's first shot, and before he could shoot again, Pete had pulled and fired his gun, his first shot striking Phy in the pit of the stomach. The swinging doors by this time had swung to behind Phy and he continued firing, his second shot striking Pete low on the right side, hitting a rib which deflected it, although the rib was afterwards found to be splintered, and this wound caused him the most trouble. The third and fourth shots both hit the mark, one in the body and one through the wrist. The shock of the first shot momentarily stopped Gabriel, but he continued to advance toward Phy, firing as he advanced. A singular incident added to the uncertainty of the aim of both men. The first or second shots put out the lights in the saloon, and the subsequent shooting was in semi-darkness. As Gabriel neared the door and reached out for Phy, Joe turned, crashed through the swinging doors and pitched across the sidewalk, where he fell. When I took Pete's gun I noticed that two shots remained, and sometimes afterward I mentioned it to Pete, asking him why he stopped shooting, to which he replied that he was too weak to shoot again.

"Phy died about two o'clock the next morning, his last word being an inquiry as to whether Gabriel would live. Assurance from the doctor that Pete's hours were numbered was the solace that wafted Joe into the unknown. We had a hard time getting medical aid for Pete, as the town doctor was a particular friend of Phy's and would not attend Pete, so we had to send down to the Sacaton Agency for a doctor.

"After the fracas was over Phy's best horse was found, saddled and bridled, at the back of the corral, next door to the saloon, all ready for a quick get-away. It is my honest belief that Phy, in his insane hatred for Pete, intended, after killing him, to cut his head off. Gabriel, as you know, fully recovered and lived for many years, dying but a few years ago in his

cabin in the mountains near the old Silver King Mine where he was developing some claims."

Such is a personal narrative by a reliable witness of an epochal affray in the days of the six-gun, when the personal differences between friends were the concern of nobody else; when the law of personal equation was balanced by a dexterous wrist, a quick eye and GUTS.

THE SAN CARLOS APACHE POLICE

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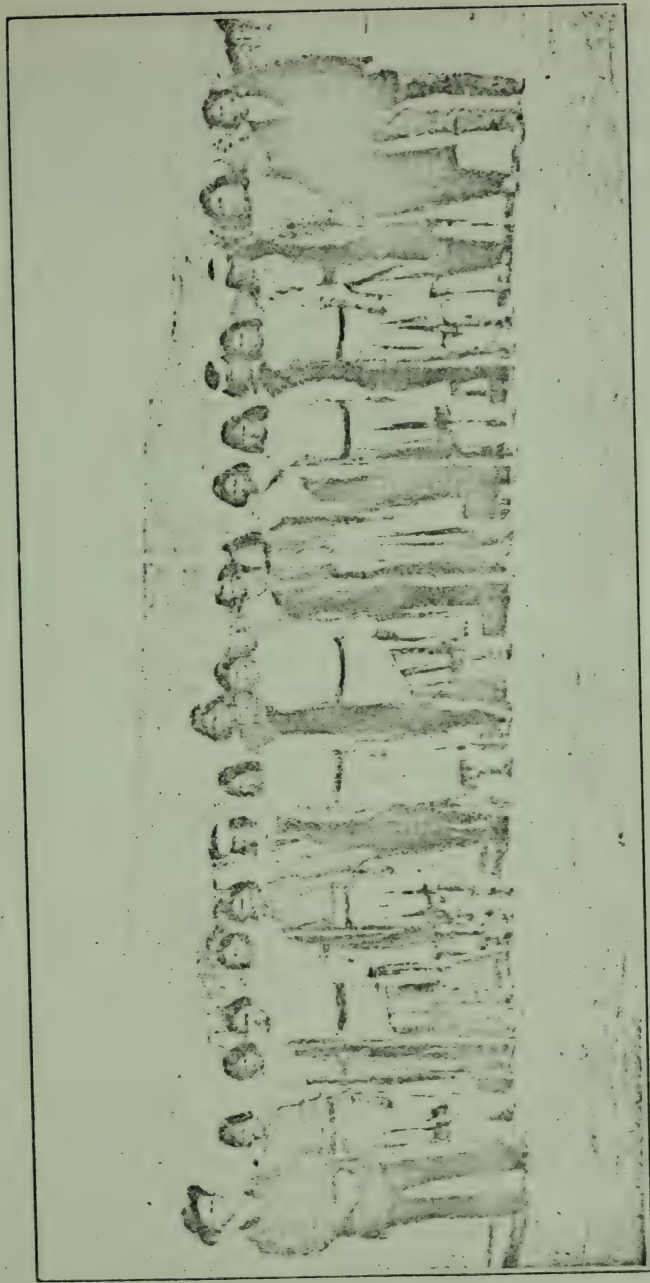
"Great oaks from little acorns grow" is a simple rustic simile, but it aptly suggests the story of the evolution of the United States Indian Police Force, for, be it remembered, that this efficient national organization had its inception at San Carlos, Arizona, and was the outgrowth of that original grand army of four Apache policemen appointed and equipped and installed and established at said agency about the middle of August, 1874.

Were the Apaches capable of self-government as early as the '70s—if given reasonable judicious direction? Were the hostiles under Geronimo and Nah-chee finally subdued by the Apaches, themselves, in the campaigns of 1885 and 1886? In this discussion of the events of those years we are seeking the true answers to these very pertinent questions.

My first annual report to the Commissioner of Indian affairs was dated at San Carlos, August 31, 1874—just three weeks after my arrival at that agency, and yet I was able to include in that report an announcement of the fact that within that brief period I had determined upon and placed in operation the most vital feature of my administrative policy—THE SAN CARLOS APACHE POLICE FORCE. This announcement appears in the next to the last paragraph on page 297 of the commissioner's report for 1874 as follows: "I have appointed four Indians to act as police. They arrest the insubordinate, guard the prisoners and do general police duty. The result is very satisfactory, and it is my intention to employ them permanently at \$15 per month."

This was my first official act as agent at San Carlos that attracted the attention of the Arizona public, and the comments thereon were not altogether of a flattering nature. Coming so soon and so abruptly after assuming charge of a reservation peopled with "wild" Indians, this initial action on my part gave the good citizens more or less of a shock, and the popular verdict was that the idea of the Apaches enforcing discipline among themselves was absolutely preposterous, and that the step I had taken was an unwarranted and dangerous experiment attributable to my youth and inexperience.

Nevertheless, the Apache police continued to perform their regular duties on the reservation with most gratifying results,



APACHE INDIAN POLICE

The tall man at the left is Captain Beauford, Chief of Police at San Carlos
from July, 1875, until July, 1877

and in my second annual report dated at San Carlos, September 1, 1875 (my 24th birthday), I was able to include a year's record of the excellent services rendered by the police and which fully justified my confidence in the "dangerous experiment." That official record appears on pages 215 and 216 of the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1875 as follows:

"The police force of Indians mentioned in my last report has been continued through the year and has rendered most efficient service. They have been faithful and vigilant, prompt to quell all disturbances, to arrest criminals, and to give full information regarding all cases that might come under their jurisdiction. So effective have they been in the discharge of their duties that only on special occasions has it been necessary for me or an employe to accompany them when sent to arrest a criminal.

"After the arrival of the Rio Verde Indians the number of policemen was increased to eight. On the 31st of July, after the removal of the White Mountain Indians, I increased the number to twenty-five. They were carefully chosen from the various tribes and bands, armed with needle-guns and fixed ammunition, and placed under the command of Mr. Clay Beauford, who has been guide and scout in this country for several years.

"Such is the latest organization of the San Carlos Police Force. The duties of this force are to patrol the Indian camps, to quell disturbances, to arrest offenders, to report any signs of disorder or mutiny, to scour the entire reservation and arrest Indians who are absent from the agency without a pass, and also to arrest whites who trespass contrary to the rules of the reservation. My intention is to mount the police as soon as possible, as a mounted force is far more effective, while the extra expense is but a trifle.

"I WISH TO STATE FURTHER THAT THE POLICE FORCE HAS ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED THE NECESSITY OF A MILITARY FORCE. I HAVE NEVER YET FOUND IT NECESSARY TO ASK FOR A SINGLE SOLDIER TO ACT AS ESCORT, GUARD, OR TO DO ANY POLICE DUTY."

Assuredly, the Apache Police "experiment" had not resulted as disastrously as some had so gleefully predicted. And it is important to remember that the San Carlos reservation in-

cluded an area nearly as large as that of the state of Connecticut, having a length of 95 miles in a north and south line, and of 70 miles in an east and west line. From this it will be seen that the size of the police force was vastly out of proportion when compared with the size of the reservation.

Another thing. When I appointed the original force of four policemen there were only about 800 Indians connected with the San Carlos agency. Within the next year 1400 Indians were added from the Rio Verde agency, and 1800 Coyotereros from the Camp Apache agency,—while approximately 200 Indians had been gathered in from the adjacent mountains. Thus it will appear that the jurisdiction and responsibilities of the San Carlos Apache Police Force were extended within the year from the original number of 800 to a grand total of about 4200 Indians.

Particular attention is also invited to the fact that the disarming and pacifying of the Rio Verde Indians and the removal of the Coyotereros to the Gila valley presented some unusual and most serious problems of discipline and control, and yet the reservation police proved equal to every emergency. In fact, in my judgment, they so fully demonstrated their efficiency and dependability that, at my request, **ALL TROOPS WERE REMOVED FROM THE RESERVATION IN OCTOBER, 1875.**

This, doubtless, was a bold move, and there were not a few who condemned the step as foolhardy, and predicted an early "outbreak" in which I would be "numbered with the slain." Even the department commander registered his verbal disapproval and prophesied calamity.

And the Fates decreed that my "Apache self-government plan" should be given an acid test within two months after the departure of the troops. One quiet afternoon, without the slightest warning, we found ourselves in the midst of the frenzied tumult of a bold and desperate "solo outbreak" in which my untimely taking off had been plotted, and which might have resulted in serious "calamity" had it not been for the splendid loyalty and prompt and effective action of the San Carlos Apache Police. On December 22, 1875, Dis-a-lin, a young chief, ran amuck at the agency with the deadly purpose of killing the agent, the chief clerk and the chief of police, but this would-be-assassin was promptly shot to death by the agency police—who did not wait for orders to act. (This thrilling episode was published in the April number of the Arizona Historical Review.)

At this point it may be advantageous to quote the fourth paragraph from my annual report for 1875 as follows:

"The public has not forgotten the unenviable reputation the San Carlos Apaches sustained at the time I took charge in August, 1874. The Indians then here were looked upon as treacherous and incorrigible, a tribe to be watched and feared but not to be controlled except by the bullet. Whether they deserved this record or not does not demand discussion here. I have only to say that if they did, their general nature must have undergone a mighty revolution about the time I assumed control. I can state with fairness and justice that I have never found a more obedient, law-abiding people than these San Carlos Apaches; and as this report progresses you will see wherein these Indians have redeemed the past and exonerated themselves from the charges of hostility and unfaithfulness."

And now we may quote from my third annual report, which (after another year's experience) was submitted in October, 1876, as follows:

"The Indian police system is my great hobby in the management of (so-called) wild Indians, and my police have really done more this year than I had expected of them or claimed for them. On the 9th of October (1875) General Kautz, at my request, ordered all the troops away from San Carlos, and the abandonment of that camp. This was something I had long desired. . . . The troops at San Carlos left on the 27th of October, 1875, under the command of Lieutenant Carter, Sixth Cavalry United States Army. We had now no other defense than our Indian police, and I will mention a few of their exploits, which will sufficiently prove their faithfulness and efficiency.

"On October 24th (1875) I received information that a number of Yuma Indians had left for the Pima villages. I immediately despatched Mr. Beauford with a small police force in pursuit of the truants. Mr. Beauford returned on the morning of the 27th, bringing with him twenty-seven prisoners who were furnished with lodgings in the guard-house. I may mention here, as a significant coincidence, that as Mr. Beauford came into the agency with these prisoners, Lieuten-

ant Carter moved out with the troops, leaving us unprotected.

"On December 22, (1875), a very prominent chief named Dis-a-lin, became enraged and fired two shots at Mr. Sweeney, one at Mr. Beauford and one at an Indian. In less than two minutes the Indian police had put a dozen bullets through Dis-a-lin, and he was correspondingly quiet.

"On the 26th of February, 1876, I issued the following order:

"CLAY BEAUFORD,

"In charge of Indian Police, San Carlos, A. T.

"Sir: It having been reported that there are some renegade Indians prowling about the western border of this reservation, you are directed to take fifteen Indian police and ascertain the truth of these reports by a scout in that direction. Should you find the renegade Indians you are directed to use your own judgment as to an attack with a view to capture their camp. Should your force be too small to effect the capture of these renegades, you will report the facts in the case to me without delay, or should you be near a military post, report the circumstances to the commanding officer, asking his assistance.

"JOHN P. CLUM,

"United States Indian Agent."

"This scout was gone from the agency seventeen days. They killed sixteen renegades, and brought in twenty-one women and children as prisoners.

"On the 8th of June, 1876, (as I have already reported) a detachment of twenty police brought in to me Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight others.

"I could mention other instances of most valuable services performed by the police, but I think enough has been said to secure for them general commendation, insignia of office—and plumed hats. The very purpose of an army is to devastate and destroy; hence in times of peace they should be far removed."

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT was one of the most important duties the police were called upon to perform. It should have been apparent to the most simple-minded that dis-

cipline could not be maintained among these Indians as long as they were unrestrained in the matter of the manufacture and use of intoxicating drink. This conviction was indicated in the following excerpt from my first annual report (Aug. 31, 1874.) :

“When drunken renegades of any tribe are permitted, in the presence of two companies of cavalry, to defy both civil and military authorities, we may look for even worse results than have developed by the experiment at San Carlos. I concur with many in the opinion that, had there been a firm and just administration inaugurated and executed at this agency since the spring of 1873, the murder of Lieutenant Almy and the outbreak of January last would never have left their gory stains on the records of the San Carlos Apaches.”

In the story of Es-kim-in-zin I have included an account of a midnight raid on a camp of “Apache Moonshiners” executed by the original BIG FOUR policemen under my personal direction about a month after assuming charge of the reservation. This narrative indicates the importance given to the matter of PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT at that time. In my second annual report (Sept. 1, 1875.) this subject is commented upon as follows:

“The manufacture and use of “tis-win” has ever been the curse and bane of these Indians. It has led them into much trouble which in their sober moments they could easily have avoided. It was the cause of most of the trouble and the frequent murders reported among the White Mountain Indians during the last winter. Whenever Indians are allowed to use intoxicating liquor disorder and death are the sure consequences. To prevent these were among my earliest cares at San Carlos. It was accounted a most difficult task, but care, vigilance, and swift judgment soon precluded the necessity of punishment, and drunkenness or acts of insubordination and disorder were of rare occurrence, and my Indians were controlled with much more ease and safety than they otherwise would have been. In this little temperance crusade the Indian police acted a most able and worthy part.”

The fact that our campaign of prohibition enforcement away back in the '70's resulted in a practically “dry” reservation is a wonderful boost for the efficiency of the San Carlos Apache Police—particularly in view of the difficulties Uncle

Sam is experiencing in his efforts to persuade his present day "wild Indians" to respect the inhibitions of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In the story of Geronimo I have fully outlined the distinguished services rendered by the San Carlos Apache Police in connection with the removal of the Chiricahuas—which included the arrest of Pi-on-se-nay and members of his band; also as territorial militia under the command of Captain Beauford, and in the campaign into New Mexico which resulted in the arrest of Geronimo and a number of other outlaws and the removal of the Warm Springs Apaches to San Carlos.

The foregoing is a resume of the "high spots" in the splendid record established by the San Carlos Apache Police while under my personal official direction as agent of the San Carlos Reservation.

When my own department at Washington created conditions that made my official position at San Carlos untenable, I resigned—but, at the same time, I submitted a counter proposition which was set forth briefly in the following telegram:

"Tucson, Arizona, June 9, 1877.

"To the Commissioner of Indian Affairs,

"Washington, D. C.

"If your department will increase my salary sufficiently and equip two companies of Indian police for me, I will volunteer to take care of all Apaches in Arizona, and the troops can be removed.

JOHN P. CLUM,
U. S. Indian Agent."

That was a startling proposition and it caused "the natives to sit up and take notice". The plan did not meet with spontaneous popular approval. In fact, I was opposed by practically everyone—excepting THE APACHES, although none denied that I would, doubtless, make good if given the opportunity. The military pretended to regard my proposal as merely a bombastic gesture flaunted for their special delectation. A leading merchant at Tucson held up his hands in amazement as he said to me, "Why, Clum, if you take the military contracts away from Arizona there would be nothing left worth staying for," and I was unkind enough to reply, "Well, if that is true the sooner we find it out the better for all concerned." However, the merchant represented the prevailing civilian sentiment. My own very superior officers at Washington had been pleading with me to remain at San Carlos, but my bid for supreme con-

trol evidently struck them dumb. And as to the press,—well, my friends held their breath the while they withheld definite comment. But I had some jovial publicity agents at the north who did not hesitate or delay to speak out boldly. One of them, for example, was the editor of the "Miner," published at Prescott, at that time headquarters for the Department of Arizona. He could not "hold his breath" for the reason that, in his excitement, it was involuntarily escaping from him in very short pants—a sort of "rough breathing" (familiar to the Ancient Greeks), that ultimately registered itself in the following editorial classic which appeared in the issue of the Miner of June 15, 1877, to-wit,—

"Clum wants the soldiers withdrawn from the Territory, and proposes to do the work of the whole army with two companies of Indian scouts. The following is the beggar's telegram:" (Here my telegram of June 9th is quoted and the editorial comment proceeds). "What Clum would not do for the purpose of ousting General Kautz is not worth mentioning. The brass and impudence of this young bombast is perfectly ridiculous. What does the guarantee of Clum amount to? Were the Indians to break out and steal all the stock in Arizona, the sufferers would be unable to collect the price of a sore-back burro from Clum. He has made money and has been smart enough to send it out of Arizona. How could he be responsible?"

Great stuff!!—and all FREE. But later when the Apaches, while under supreme military control, broke out and stole stock and murdered citizens in Arizona, we might ask if the Miner ever collected one penny's worth of damages from the War Department, or from any of its representatives in the Arizona field? The Miner DID NOT. Therefore, at least that much could have been recovered from me on demand. But that was not the point. The Miner's effusion assayed 50-50 froth and chaff. The vital question was as to whether my proposition was made in good faith, and, if so, would I be able to carry it out successfully? To this question I would have replied emphatically in the affirmative. Why? During the previous three years there had been no "outbreak" among the large number of Apaches under my control. No raiding parties had been traced from or to my reservation, although my police, the citizens and the military scouting parties were constantly on the alert for any evidence of this character—particularly the military. My direction of the affairs of these Indians had involved unusual conditions and responsibilities, and yet, through the medium of the San Carlos Apache Police, my administration had established and main-

tained peace and order and discipline within the limits of the reservation, and a feeling of confidence and security throughout the Territory. Furthermore, I had led the police in successful campaigns, not only to other reservations, but into an adjoining territory, and during these campaigns had arrested desperate renegades who had succeeded in evading previous pursuit by the troops—notably the capture of Pi-on-se-nay and Geronimo. And my assertion that the 5000 Apaches on the San Carlos reservation were orderly and peaceable when I retired from the reservation in July, 1877, is amply supported by the annual report of the Secretary of War dated November 9, 1877. On page 15 Secretary McCreary said: "With the surrender of Joseph ended Indian hostilities for the present, and let us hope, for the future as well." Obviously the highest military authorities felt that the general conditions which had prevailed among the Apaches under my jurisdiction—supplemented by the capture of Geronimo by the San Carlos Police—justified the hope that the orderly conduct and friendly attitude of these Indians would endure.

I had directed the consolidation of all the Apaches of Arizona, and those from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, on the San Carlos Reservation. I knew all of the leaders of the 5000 Indians then concentrated on that reservation, and I knew absolutely all that had been said and done in connection with the several removals because I had been "the party of the first part" in the several discussions that preceded those removals—excepting in the case of the Rio Verde Indians. In the language of the current period, I knew my Indians, and my judgment as to my ability to "take care of all Apaches in Arizona" was based upon those three previous years of personal contact and association with the San Carlos Apache Police under various conditions which had thoroughly tested and proved their loyalty and efficiency.

Furthermore—instead of aiding me in my efforts to maintain order on the reservation and peace in the territory, the attitude of the military influence in Arizona had been persistently unfriendly—when not openly hostile to my administration, and, assuredly, I felt that the job of managing the Apaches would be greatly simplified if that disturbing influence could be removed from the territory. It was in view of this experience that I believed I was justified in making my plea for supreme control to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and if my proposition had been accepted and I had been allowed two additional companies of Apache Police I would have tackled the job with

confidence. As long as the Apaches were with me I was unafraid, and as I review my personal experience and subsequent developments affecting the control of these Indians, I am now fully convinced that I would have succeeded.

And now what are some of those "subsequent developments?" In the first place we may introduce another quotation from the military record. In his report for 1878 the Secretary of War said: "I remain of the opinion that permanent peace in the Indian country can only be maintained by the exhibition of force sufficient to overawe and keep in subjection the more warlike and dangerous of the savages. We should confront them with such military force as will teach them the futility of an attempt to resist the power of the United States."

At the same time General McDowell, under date of October 24, 1878,—pages 110 and 111 of the report of the General of the Army—in referring to the campaign against Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces, said: "Notwithstanding the apprehension of danger caused by the taking away (temporarily) of a large portion of the troops for service in the hostilities at the north, comparative quiet has been the rule in Arizona."

And why not? No troops had been on the San Carlos reservation for three years, and the great mass of the Apaches then on that reservation did not know where the troops were—or how many there were,—and they didn't care as long as they were not at San Carlos.

Mr. H. L. Hart succeeded me as agent at San Carlos, and in his annual report for 1878 he said:

"About 400 Indians (men) are employed in the Globe and McMillan mining camps and on the ranches bringing in hay, wood, herding cattle, making adobes, etc., thereby they manage to clothe and help support themselves and their families, and among this number—the personnel of which is perpetually changing—there has not been a single case of theft, or other depredations against settlers committed, a showing unequaled in any community of equal numbers."

"The agency Indian Police, established in 1875 (should be 1874), is the greatest executive assistance an agent could possibly have. Through the activity and zeal displayed by the Indian Police in arresting all offenders against discipline, I am able to report that not a single case of murder or homicide has occurred

among these Indians, or any crimes committed against settlers since I have been their agent."

"During the past year through its (the police force) influence, the making of all intoxicating liquors has been stopped and the parties implicated arrested."

This splendid report, in the matter of orderly and upright living, would do credit to any of our present-day overcivilized communities with a population of 5000. I never met Agent Hart, but I know that he took over a big job when he assumed charge of the San Carlos Reservation. He was a stranger to the country, to the conditions on the reservation, and to the Indians. It was a serious hazard to place an untried man in such an important position. If the Apaches had been inclined to disorder and hostilities they would have taken advantage of the uncertainties of the situation incident to this change of agents, but, on the contrary, the system of near-self-government that had been in operation among these Indians for over three years continued to function and discipline continued to be enforced by the San Carlos Apache Police. Orderly living had become a habit among the great mass of the Apaches, and they evidenced a sincere desire to "carry on" along the lines of progress and uplift.

And now, in chronological order, we may introduce the enthusiastic and unqualified endorsement of a natural soldier and born leader. One who possessed the military mentality, the military instinct and the military judgment. One who enlisted as a private soldier in 1861, and who closed his military career holding the special honor rank of **LIEUTENANT GENERAL** at the head of the American army—Adna R. Chaffee.

Captain Chaffee relieved Agent Hart about the middle of July, 1879, and served as Acting Agent of the San Carlos reservation until June 1, 1880. In his annual report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1879 Captain Chaffee said:

"The police force, as now organized, consists of one captain, one lieutenant, seven sergeants and thirty-one privates. The men are very attentive to their duties, trustworthy and obedient. The slightest violation of order that comes within their knowledge is invariably reported; they are ever on the alert. The agent can exert his authority, through them, in any part of the reservation and feel assured that his orders will be strictly enforced. They know neither family nor friend in the discharge of their duty."

This unqualified endorsement of the San Carlos Apache Police Force by a competent military officer is most gratifying to me, and demonstrates the fact that, at least two years after my retirement as agent, this force still commanded the full confidence of the official in charge of the agency and was rendering a loyal, efficient and satisfactory service in the matter of enforcing order and discipline throughout the reservation. It is likewise an eloquent approval of all I have said in favor of the reservation police. It also commends my action in having the troops removed in 1875, for notwithstanding the fact that his regiment was stationed in Arizona, Captain Chaffee did not find any need for troops for service within the reservation in 1879. And I am confident that, if at that time, the government had furnished Captain Chaffee with two additional companies of police for scouting purposes outside of the reservation, he could have taken care of all the Apaches in Arizona and the troops could have been withdrawn from the Territory. If that had been done the campaign against Geronimo never would have materialized. Captain Chaffee rose from the ranks.

It must be remembered that at this time Captain Chaffee had upwards of 5000 Apaches under his direction and care, and in his annual report he said: "The Indians are quiet and orderly for a people uncivilized, and are very obedient to agency rules and instructions given by their agent."

Mr. J. C. Tiffany succeeded Captain Chaffee and took charge as agent at San Carlos on June 1, 1880. In his annual report for that year he said: "The behavior of the Indians is orderly and quiet. The police force are a valuable organization. They know no friends in the performance of duty, and are on the alert—always ready cheerfully to go to the remote parts of the reservation, and to accomplish that for which they are sent."

This official record of the general conduct of the Apaches during the four years subsequent to my retirement as agent is most satisfactory—notwithstanding the detrimental results of an alternating civil and military rule and the varying "policies" of three different agents,—two of whom had no previous experience in the management and control of Indians.

In these circumstances and in view of the fact that the Apaches and I got along fairly well throughout my administration, I do not feel that I am boasting when I say that the "general conduct" of these Indians—as certified to by my three successors—would, doubtless, have been fully as satisfactory if I had continued in charge of the reservation until 1880, and,

in the meantime, if the government had given me two companies of Apache police for scouting duty outside of the reservation it seems reasonable to conclude that we would have succeeded in apprehending the few renegades then at large—thus leaving the troops stationed in Arizona absolutely without an occupation. In plain English, as I review the situation I am confident that the proposition I telegraphed to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from Tucson on June 9, 1877, was the only logical solution of the Apache problem at that time.

Another thing. If, in June, 1877, the very important duty of maintaining order and discipline on the reservation and peace within the Territory had been assigned to the San Carlos Apache Police and myself, our first stride in this regime of supreme control would have beaten the army by about nine years in at least one vital feature—for, be it remembered—that, already, WE HAD GERONIMO LICKED.

At that very time this ruthless renegade and multi-murderer was our prisoner, securely confined in the agency guard-house at San Carlos in irons, and carefully guarded by Apache police. We knew why he was there, and we knew the amount of effort and anxiety and vigilance—as well as money—it has cost to place him there. We had been ordered to apprehend this notorious criminal and to hold him “in confinement for murder and robbery.” In the execution of these orders we had made the long and tedious trek from San Carlos to Ojo Caliente and return. When this Apache outlaw was captured no promises had been made either by him or to him. There was, therefore, nothing to hinder or embarrass a prompt and vigorous prosecution of the culprit. Our determination to prosecute Geronimo was quickened by the experiences of a year previous, when we had arrested the murderer Pi-on-se-nay, but were denied an opportunity to prosecute him because of his escape from the custody of the deputies sheriff of Pima County.

It was, therefore, now our firm determination to deliver our captured Apache desperado speedily and securely into the county prison at Tucson, and then to cooperate whole-heartedly in the matter of presenting to the Federal court competent evidence of his guilt, with the confident expectation of obtaining a legal and just judgment against Geronimo, as a wholesome warning to all Apaches, and the further devoutly wished-for end that the blood-red trails he had followed for so many years should know him no more—FOREVER.

Before discussing the disastrous events of 1881, when the troops were once more called upon to perform police duty within the reservation, and the seven years of peace thus stupidly broken, I desire to impress the fact—heretofore briefly referred to—that the distinguished services rendered by the San Carlos Apache Police Force during 1874, 1875, 1876 and 1877, furnished the model and inspiration for the national system provided for by the Act of Congress approved May 27, 1878, authorizing the UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICE FORCE.

In urging the installation of this national Indian police service upon all of the large reservations in the country, Acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs E. M. Marble, in his annual report for 1880, said: "In Arizona, the San Carlos Police for six years past have rendered invaluable service as scouts and guards."

In his annual report for 1882, Commissioner of Indian Affairs H. Price said: "The organization of a United States Indian Police Force is no longer an experiment. The system is now in operation at 40 agencies; the total force employed being 84 commissioned officers, and 764 non-commissioned officers and privates."

These records establish the exceedingly interesting fact that from the very humble beginning of four Apache policemen assigned to duty at San Carlos in August, 1874, there was developed the UNITED STATES INDIAN POLICE FORCE system, which at once proved both popular and efficient wherever installed, and which grew to a grand total of 848 members, and was in operation at 40 agencies in various parts of the United States within eight years from the date when the original BIG FOUR were initiated at San Carlos—in the heart of the (then) remote waste places of the Territory of Arizona.

(To be continued)

THE GERONIMO CAMPAIGN

(By H. W. DALY, Chief Packer, Q. M. Dept. U. S. Army)

In giving a narrative of the principal events of this memorable campaign, it may be well to remember that they are given as a dry statement of facts coming under my personal observation as packmaster in charge of the pack trains with Capt. Emmet Crawford's command, and later with that of Capt. H. W. Lawton (afterwards Gen. Lawton), the operations being under the directions of the department commander, Gen. George Crook, and his successor, Gen. Miles.

Late in May, 1885, it was reported at Whipple Barracks, Prescott, Arizona, that Geronimo, with about 150 of his band, had broken out from the Fort Apache Reservation and started for the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico, and that Lieut. Britton Davis, Third Cavalry, under whose control the Chiricahuas were, was in pursuit with a company of Indian scouts, having with him Chief Chatto as First Sergeant of Scouts. On May 29, I received orders to pull out for Ash Fork with my pack train, and to proceed thence to Deming, New Mexico, by train, and there report my arrival by telegraph to Gen. Crook, then at Fort Bayard. On June 1, I received orders to await the arrival of Capt. Crawford, and to report to him.

He arrived on the evening of June 6, and I met him at the train. On his invitation I went with him to the Railway Hotel, where we had a full conference as to the situation. I had known Capt. Crawford for years on numerous Indian campaigns, and as he knew that I was personally acquainted with Geronimo and other chiefs of his tribe, many of whom had served as scouts in New Mexico and Arizona, it is but natural that he should have taken me into his confidence.

We discussed the probable duration of this expedition; the personnel of the scouts; the reliability of Chatto, and, knowing the extreme caution of these renegades, their natural selection of terrain to avoid surprise, and their mode and rapidity of travel, either on foot or mounted, we also discussed freely a plan for scouting both flanks of the Sierra Madre Mountains and for guarding all waters along the line. Capt. Crawford stated that Gen. Crook would have sufficient troops to guard every water hole on the line, and a small number of scouts with every troop to "sign ride" the country between waters, and that a second

line of troops would be stationed along the railroad, as water might be available.

It was thought that this disposition would afford ample protection to the settlers within a radius of 100 miles from Guadalupe, should hostiles attempt to reenter Arizona or New Mexico, and that the troops, with the aid of the scouts, would give them a warm reception. It was considered that it would be best to exercise the greatest vigilance in the vicinity of Guadalupe Pass, inasmuch as it lay in the direct line of travel from the Sierra Madre Mountains to the Apache reservation.

Capt. Crawford said that Lieut. Elliott and Al. Sieber, with a company of Indian scouts and pack train, would join him on the next day, and that his movements would depend upon what news they brought of having cut any signs of the hostiles; also that Capt. Kendall and Lieut. Hannah, with a troop of the Sixth Cavalry, then at Deming, would form a part of his command.

On the morning of June 8, Lieut. Elliott and scouts having reported, we proceeded by special train to Separ, a station on the Southern Pacific, due west from Deming. On reaching Separ, Capt. Crawford learned of the whereabouts of Lieut. Britton Davis and his scouts, and we detrained and pulled out for Skeleton Canon, due south of Separ, where we went into camp to await the arrival of Lieut. Davis. He arrived the following day, with sixty scouts and a pack train.

On the morning of June 11, the command broke camp and traveled in a southeast direction, passing by Black Springs, Fronteras and the hamlets of Bavispe, Basaraca, Guachinera, and thence in a westerly direction to the Opatá Mountains, and about three miles west of the village of that name, reaching this point June 21. Here it was learned that the hostiles had rounded up and killed a few beef cattle, and headed north for the Sierra Madre Mountains. The following morning we moved about two miles east of the Opatá, and camped near where the hostiles had killed the cattle.

From the report brought in by the scouts, it was learned that the hostiles were in camp in the foothills of the Sierra Madre, not far from our camp. That night Capt. Crawford sent Lieut. Davis, Lieut. Elliott, Al. Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto as first sergeant, to locate their camp, attack them and destroy their camp, and, if possible, to cause them to surrender. Next day, June 23, a runner came in with the information that one of the hostiles had been killed, one or more wound-

ed, and fifteen captured, without any casualties among our men.

Lieut. Davis returned that afternoon with his command and brought in the fifteen prisoners, composed of women, boys and girls of all ages. Old Chief Nana, of the Warm Spring Apaches was among the number. This old rascal was the war chief of Victoria's band that made life a burden to the people of New Mexico for the three years 1879-80-81, and led the troops of the Fourth and Ninth Cavalry in many a long and weary chase. With the exception of himself and twenty-five warriors who were absent on a raid, the remainder of Victoria's band were massacred in the Tres Castios Mountains, Chihuahua, Mexico, by Gen. Terassas with two troops of irregulars and some Tarahumari Indian scouts. By the way, it was these same troops that killed Capt. Crawford in 1886, to which reference is made in this article.

On June 24 Lieut. Hannah with a part of Troop "A" was sent to Fort Bowie with the prisoners, and with him was sent a scout named "Dutchy," a most incorrigible and vicious scoundrel, who had made the night hideous in camp by his over-indulgence in mescal, obtained in the village of Oputo the day before. "Dutchy" was ordered to be confined in the guard-house at Fort Bowie on arrival there. That afternoon was spent in rearranging cargoes to be carried by the two pack trains, giving an average of 300 pounds to the pack mule. On the morning of the 25th the command moved in a southeasterly direction, and by easy marches, until the hamlet of Nacori was reached, and thence fourteen miles south of that village, where a permanent camp was established on a little tributary to the Jarras River, where there was an abundance of wood, water and succulent grasses for the animals.

Captain Crawford having realized that it would be utterly impossible to overtake the Indians by following their trail, and that it was their policy to encourage pursuit and thereby wear out our stock, determined to remain quiet and to send the pack trains back to Lang's Ranch, New Mexico, for supplies. He directed me to bring back all the supplies and ammunition possible, and if practicable to get another pack train and thereby return with about three months' supply for the command.

So far I have not attempted to give a narrative of each day's travel, the terrain and distance traveled, and it is sufficient to note that our scouting was along the southern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which were cut up by seemingly impassable ravines and hills covered with pine, fir, oak, moun-

tain mahogany, scrubby cork trees, giant cacti, and of thorny undergrowth. The small tributaries of the Jarras River rushed madly down between boulders of immense size, making fording them a perilous undertaking. Game was plentiful, there being an abundance of small white deer, black and brown bear, and wild turkeys, with which the scouts kept our camp supplied.

On the route to Lang's Ranch we passed through the villages of Guachinera, Basaraca and Bavispe, thence in a northerly direction across the Bavispe Range and the Janos Plains towards Loco Pass in the San Louis Range. We passed by the Sierra Medio, the scene of the Tupper and Rafferty fight in 1881. Three miles north of the pass is Lang's Ranch, where we found Lieut. James S. Petit in command of the supply camp, and one troop of the Fourth Cavalry, under Capt. Budd. Lieut. Huse in command of Troop "C," Fourth Cavalry, with another pack train arrived soon after, he (Lieut. Huse), being under orders to relieve Capt. Kendall's troop, which was to take station at Alamo Waco, New Mexico.

The three pack trains were loaded with the necessary supplies, and under command of Lieut. Huse the return trip to Crawford's camp was made in ten days. On the following day Lieut. Davis and myself were ordered to select twenty of the best pack mules from the pack train that had joined us at Lang's Ranch—Carlisle's pack train—and two of his packers, and the remainder was ordered back to Fort Bowie. The supplies were divided between the two remaining pack trains—Daly's and Hay's—making a cargo of over 300 pounds to the pack mule.

On August 2 the command broke camp and traveled in a northeasterly direction, which led us into the steep spurs of the Sierra Madre Mountains, which towered above us grand and gloomy, hidden at times by fleecy clouds, truly well chosen as a suitable home for the fleet and vindictive Chiricahua Apaches. After five days of continuous climbing over rugged spurs, a runner came in with the report that five of the hostiles had been killed by the scouts of Lieut. M. W. Day's company, and that some women and children had been captured. These scouts were a portion of Maj. Wirt Davis' command that had been operating on the northern flank of the mountains and had crossed the divide and come in touch with our party.

Later in the evening of that day, Chief Chatto and Al. Sieber returned and reported that the hostiles had been caught by surprise by Lieut. Davis' scouts, and many were forced to jump over a steep bluff in order to escape being captured. Had

this happened a day later the scouts of both commands would have caught the hostiles in a trap of their own choosing.

This occurrence scattered the hostiles, a part taking down the divide in a northwesterly direction, and the main party taking across the divide in an easterly direction.

Crawford decided to follow this latter party, but realizing that the condition of the troop horses was such that they could not stand the rough climbing, he concluded to send them back to the line, and on the next morning Lieut. Huse started back with them for Lang's Ranch, taking ten pack mules and two packers to transport their supplies.

On the afternoon of August 8 we pulled out from camp and picked up the hostile trail. On the third day, on reaching the crest of what we assumed to be the summit of the Sierra Madre Mountains, we bivouacked at a camp made by the hostiles two days before. The remains of some slaughtered ponies found here testified that they were not only short of meat, but also that their animals were playing out. From here Capt. Crawford sent out an advance scouting party under Lieut. Britton Davis and Al Seiber, with three days' rations, in hopes that they might overtake the hostiles.

Toward sundown heavy clouds, laden with moisture, hung on the summit, and as they sank down the steep sides of the mountain, vivid flashes of lightning shot downward, revealing the cavernous depths along the flanks.

As we were encamped on a hog-back the water flowed on either side, north and south; on the northern side a precipice of unknown depth would reveal itself as the lightning shot down into space. The frightened animals huddled together as if for protection, and the hair of their tails stood out straight as if supported. On the southern side mountains, or what appeared as such when traveling in the lowlands, now looked like hillocks in the distance, and stretched as far as the eye could reach—a magnificent panorama, never to be forgotten.

On the 12th the scouts returned and reported the trail of the hostiles as having scattered. Crawford then decided to send a stronger force, with fifteen pack mules, and with instructions to hang to the trail at all costs, and to force a fight or surrender. They were to keep him informed of conditions, and he would keep in as close touch as possible. The hostiles were evidently hard pressed, as they were dropping their ponies on each day's travel. The trail also showed that there were not more than five or six ponies with the renegades. The scouts reported that they

were climbing the steepest portion of the Sierra Madres, and that many pack mules would be killed in the climb after them. Crawford asked me what I thought about it, and I replied that I had no fears on that score, knowing that every mule in the train was as sure footed as a chamois, and as careful with the load on its back as a mother with a child in her arms. Every mule was a pet with the packers, and each knew its name when spoken to in a voice of caution or word of encouragement, as well as a human being in a similar position would understand it. I may add the mule evidenced approaching danger quicker than a man would, and knew instinctively how to avoid it.

On the afternoon of the 13th Lieut. Davis, Al Sieber and fifty scouts, with Chief Chatto, started, taking with them fifteen pack mules and three packers. Knowing Sieber to be as true as steel when on a trail of a hostile, I cautioned him as they pulled out: "Don't forget that Chatto is with you, if it comes to a fight, or trying to surprise the hostiles." They left camp in a drizzling rain, and it kept up for the next five days, until every blanket and piece of canvas was water-soaked.

Climbing up one side and down the other of a series of broken ridges that seemed to be without end, and with an occasional bog, waist or belly deep, that tried the mettle of both men and animals. On the 18th the sun rose bright and clear, and with it the spirits of everybody.

Capt. Crawford expressed uneasiness in not hearing from Lieut. Davis, and decided to send Lieut. Elliott, with twenty-five scouts, ten pack mules and three packers, to endeavor to overtake him and be guided by circumstances, but, in any event, to send a runner back with the first information obtainable. By noon the following day the heart of the Sierra Madres had been crossed, and the downward trend of the broken range was noticeable. On the 21st the headwaters of the Casa Grande was reached, and the valley could be seen spreading out in the distance, bright and green. The sight of the green valley, with numerous beef cattle roaming at will, gladdened the hearts of man and beast.

On the 22nd the valley of the Casa Grande was reached, and the Sierra Madre Mountains had been crossed by mounted men and pack animals, a feat considered impossible by the Mexicans on either side of the divide.

The pack-mules appreciated the fact, as they sailed in cropping big juicy mouthfuls of succulent wild timothy and white grama grasses. The animals had been subsisting on pine grass

for the past fourteen days, and this being utterly devoid of sustenance, they had fallen off in flesh very considerably.

On August 24 we entered the hamlet of Casas Grandes and learned that Lieut. Elliott, scouts and packers, had been captured and put in prison or guard-house by the Mexican forces (irregulars!) and that Lieut. Davis and his party had crossed the river about a mile above the town, on the trail of the hostiles and were in pursuit of them.

As I had the care of the scouts with Crawford, in the absence of both the lieutenants and Al Sieber, the captain, on entering the plaza, and before riding up to the commandant's house, instructed me to keep a sharp lookout in case of treachery. As the captain entered the house, every packer had his gun across the saddle in front of him, the mules being rounded up and held there by the scouts, and every street leading into the plaza was watched for an indication of trouble. I dismounted and stood in the doorway.

Possibly this may seem as an act of bravado, but I had occasion to remember that Lieut. McDonald, of the Fourth Cavalry, and his company of Indian scouts and pack-train had been made prisoners in the little hamlet of Ascension in 1881. The "alcalde," or mayor, had received him and party most royally, and gave a dance in honor of the occasion of his friendly visit. During the evening, and before the dance opened, a courier was sent post haste to notify the commanding officer at the town of Janos that a hundred Americans had entered the town armed to the teeth, and make all haste possible in coming to their rescue. The scouts were placed in a corral enclosed by a strong adobe wall, and the lieutenant was given a room in the mayor's house. In the early grey of the morn the corral and packers were surrounded by Mexican cavalry, and the lieutenant placed under arrest. The whole party was marched to Janos under guard, and kept prisoners for two weeks, and fed on parched corn, until Gen. McKenzie effected their release. It was well that they turned them loose as they did, as two troops of the Fourth Cavalry were starting out from old Fort Cummings, N. M., to open negotiations in force.

In the meantime I noticed the captain rising from his seat, and the mayor all bows and smiles. The lieutenant, in brass buttons on his short coat and down the legs of his trousers, stepped forward and saluted, and the order was given for the release of Lieut. Elliott and his party. In fifteen minutes up they marched, as sorry looking an outfit as I ever saw, barring Lieut.

McDonald, and in a few minutes more the pack-mules were led up, about as sorry looking objects as the men. The firearms of the scouts and packers were restored to them. Everything being in readiness, we rode out of town and bivouacked on the Casa Grande, about five miles west of the hamlet.

The following day Capt. Crawford struck out in a direct line for the boundary, going into camp three days later, close to the scene of the "Garcia" fight, on the western edge of the Janos plain, and sent despatches to Gen. Crook, then at Ft. Bowie, Arizona.

In the first days of September the captain sent Hay's pack-train to Ft. Bowie to recuperate. This pack-train was afterwards divided into sections and apportioned among the troops on the line. About the middle of September, Crawford sent me to Ft. Bowie for a similar purpose, and on arrival at Bowie I was ordered to the southern flank of the Chiricahua Mountains, about twenty miles east of Bowie, with instructions to turn over ten pack-mules and two packers to Capt. Carpenter, stationed at Galeyville. His camp was situated in a little park, with an outlet through a box canon on its northern side, through which could be seen the San Simon Flat and the Stein's Pass Range in the distance.

On the night of my arrival a courier, Navajo Bill, arrived in camp with dispatches from Gen. Crook to Capt. Carpenter, with the information that the hostiles were reported coming down the Stein Pass Range, and with orders for him to cut across the valley and endeavor to intercept them. Everything was in readiness by 3 a. m., and the two troops pulled out through the box canon. On the following morning Navajo Bill and I struck out on the back trail for Ft. Bowie. On the western edge of the little park it narrowed toward a dry ravine, up which the trail went to the top of the divide. At the mouth of this ravine a family lived in a frame shack, who at this time were rounding up a bunch of horses on the divide. A short distance from the mouth of the ravine we cut hostile signs, scattered somewhat, the droppings of their ponies still steaming. I remarked to Bill, "this is valuable information for Gen. Crook to know as soon as possible," and determined to ascertain for a certainty their probable destination. A little farther on we found a burro and its rider shot dead. This man belonged to the shack we had just passed. Farther on up the trail we found that the hostiles had captured some ponies from a shack on the crest of the hill about two miles from the first shack.

We followed the trail on up as it ascended towards the divide until we became satisfied that this hostile party would bivouac on the top of the divide for much needed rest, and also to watch the movements of the troops cutting across the valley. Not wishing to give them the impression that their location was known, we traveled back on the trail and then pulled over a saddle of the range to the main traveled road to Ft. Bowie. Having traveled about five miles toward Bowie, a bunch of horses were seen on our left, coming down the slope at a two-forty gait, a rider in front waving his hat, and one behind driving the horses. On they came for dear life, shouting: "Indians! Indians!" On coming up they stated that they had been run off the divide by the Apaches, and they thought the family at the ranch had all been murdered. I informed them that they were alive with the exception of one man we found dead by his burro. I advised them either to drive their stock to Ft. Bowie or down to the railroad station. This latter advice they followed.

Having lost fifteen or twenty minutes, Bill and I hastened on to Ft. Bowie. On entering the parade ground we were met by Captain Cyrus S. Roberts, (now brigadier general, retired), Gen. Crook's adjutant general, and informed him of our discovery of the hostile party. He immediately took us to headquarters, where we gave our information to the general. I stated to the general that it was my impression that the hostile party would bivouac on the divide that night, keeping pickets out watching the flat for any movement of the troops in their direction, and also watching Ft. Bowie; that they had undoubtedly seen the dust of Carpenter's troops on crossing the valley. Soon after the general left and took the train at Bowie Station for New Mexico, with the evident purpose of making a fresh disposition of the troops in that quarter.

On the afternoon of the following day Capt. Roberts informed me that Capt. Crawford was on the trail of the hostile party; that they had stolen a number of horses from the ranch, and were beating back toward the Chiricahua Range again. Also, that he was sending out Capt. Thompson's troop of the Fourth Cavalry to pick up Crawford's trail, and render him any assistance possible.

Knowing Capt. Roberts well, I ventured to question the advisability of sending the troop to follow Crawford, as they would be of no practical assistance. I advised that Thompson's troop be sent down the Chiricahua Range, as I believed that the hostiles would follow an old wood road that led to the top of the

range, and thus they would be caught between two fires. However, Capt. Roberts was obeying orders, and Thompson started out to follow Crawford. It was found that the hostiles did follow the old wood road over the range, and thence into Old Mexico.

This practically ended the campaign for the summer.

A few days later I met Al Sieber, who gave me an account of their trip after the hostiles since they left us on the summit of the Sierra Madres. He stated that the hostile party kept one day's march ahead of them; that in passing Casas Grandes, Lieut. Davis left two scouts to inform Capt. Crawford that they would follow the hostiles as far as possible, and that they seemed to be heading for New Mexico. They knew of the trouble Lieut. Elliott got into, but as they felt that Crawford would settle it they did not think it advisable to lose any time in pursuing the hostiles.

He stated that Chatto and some of the scouts had been very ugly on the trip, and that at times their lives were in danger. He also said that he and Lieut. Davis were then going to headquarters to discuss the cause of the outbreak, which he would tell me later. I told him not to be too aggressive and that I would hate to be in Lieut. Davis' boots, for I knew the "old man" would know the cause of the outbreak.

A few days later Lieut. Davis told me he had resigned his commission, and Al Sieber "took his blankets" back to San Carlos. I felt sorry for him as a better scout, one who understood the Indian in all of his numerous phases, I never met. He was utterly fearless, but still had sense enough to know when numbers were too many for him. His services to the government ever since the close of the Civil War had been invaluable.

The Winter Expedition

In the early part of November Capt. Crawford rode into camp and stated he was starting for Ft. Apache to enlist a new company of scouts, the term of enlistment being six months, and that he wished me to have everything in readiness so as to be able to start by the end of the month.

On November 29 we left Ft. Bowie. The party consisted of one hundred Indian Scouts, divided into two companies, of fifty each, Lieut. M. P. Maus (now colonel Twentieth U. S. Infantry), in command of the first section, and Lieut. Wm. Shipp (Lieut. Shipp was killed at Santiago during the Spanish-Ameri-

can War), that of the second. Tom Horn was chief of scouts for the first, and Wm. Harrison that for the second company. Dr. Davis was the medical officer, and Hospital Steward Neameck, two pack-trains, Hay's and Daly's, of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, completed the command. Capt. Emmet Crawford was in command of the expedition.

The route taken was by way of the Dragoon Mountains, Tombstone, Fronteras, thence through the Cumpas Valley range of mountains. From this point the route took a northerly course toward Nacori, arriving at the summer camp, fourteen miles east of Nacori, in the latter days of December, 1885.

From this camp, as during the summer campaign, scouts were sent out daily to endeavor to cut any sign of hostile trails. Perhaps I ought to state here that during the summer campaign at no time were we on the trail of Geronimo, Nachez and their band.

In the Chiricahua tribe each chief had his own following, and each was extremely jealous of the other. Chatto operated in New Mexico, and joined hands with old Nana of the Warm Springs Tribe, after Victoria was killed by General Terasas. In one of Chatto's raids he killed Judge McComas and his wife on their way to Silver City, and captured their little son, Charley. This led to the campaign of 1883, known as the Sierra Madre Campaign, by Gen. Crook in person, with the expectation of rescuing Charley McComas. Peaches, a White Mountain Apache, who led the expedition to the stronghold of the hostiles, stated a white boy was with the renegades, but he was never found. No doubt he was killed by the squaws.

Chihuahua, another chief, had his following, and with him were some of the brightest of the Chiricahua tribe, such as Hosanna and other of that ilk. This chief was first sergeant of a company of Indian scouts in New Mexico, under Lieut. James A. Maney (now major Seventeenth Infantry), of the Fifteenth Infantry, in 1880, and after the outbreak of Geronimo from Ft. Apache or rather their camp on Turkey Creek, in May, 1885, Chihuahua and Hosanna led our forces during the summer campaign. Geronimo, during all that time lay hid in his stronghold in the Sierra Madre, and neither he nor any of his following made a raid during the past summer, as far as came to my knowledge. The killing of a few of Lawton's troop, left at Guadeloupe Pass by Capt. Lawton to guard the camp while he was absent with the main body of the troop, was done by a party of Chihuahua's band. The capture of a band of ponies at

White's Ranch, the raid into Ft. Apache, or the Apache camp on Turkey Creek, resulting in the killing of twelve of the friendlies and capture of six Indian women and children, in the month of November, were also by Chihuahua's band. The capture of fifteen women and children of Chihuahua's band on June 23 was effected by Chatto in the mountains north of Opata, not as a feat of arms to please the white race, but to show the followers of Chihuahua, as well as Hosanna, that he was their master.

In the early days of January, 1886, I became convinced, from certain signs and actions of our scouts, that they knew more about the whereabouts of the hostiles than they had reported to Capt. Crawford. One night I questioned Corporal Juan, a White Mountain Apache, and accused him of this, and, after I had become satisfied of it, I told him to bring Noche to me. They came, and after questioning him, I told them they must go to Crawford in the morning and tell him all they knew. Later, after the scouts and packers had retired for the night, I went to Capt. Crawford, who was in bed, but still awake, and informed him of my impressions, and of the talk that I had with Juan and Noche. The next morning Noche and the medicine man approached Capt. Crawford, and later commenced an harangue to him and to the scouts that he had assembled in a half circle about him. After talking for some time, he, the medicine man, produced a small buckskin bag which he took around to each scout to kiss, and each repeated after him some form of vow or obligation. I then became convinced of their sincerity, and that they would find the hostiles. That day a scouting party was sent out, and on their return they reported that they had located the camp of the hostiles, and that they were engaged in sun-drying some meat, evidently beef from some cattle that they had rounded up from a raid on some Mexican hacienda.

The next day Capt. Crawford formed a party to go on foot to attack the hostile camp. He left six scouts and the packers, except three, with me to look after the camp, and gave me instructions to store the officers' baggage, which was very little, and several hundred deer skins that the scouts had accumulated, at the village at Nacori, where the alcalde had promised to care for them. Three packers, with eleven pack-mules, were selected to accompany the command to carry the rations and extra ammunition. Orders were given that each man and officer should carry his own blanket, and all surplus impedimenta was cut out. That night, after supper, the officers and packers and a few of the scouts sat around the camp-fire discussing the proposed scout on foot through the mountains. Some did think the scheme

practicable, and so expressed themselves to Capt. Crawford. He, however, insisted that if they expected to surprise the hostiles, it would be necessary to take as few animals as possible, and to keep those taken well to the rear, and to travel light. The officers and chiefs of scouts were ordered to provide themselves with moccasins, as their heavy boots would make too much noise. He also ordered that a rope corral should be made around camp each night, outside of which no one would be allowed to pass except under guard. The captain told me he would like to take me with him, but that I was needed more with the pack-train, as one upon whom he could depend to bring it up when needed.

About sundown on the night of January 3, 1886, they pulled out in single file, with Crawford in the lead, followed by the other officers, the scouts and the packers bringing up the rear. The captain called out a cheery "good-bye," as I watched the command from the top of a neighboring hillock, as it started up the slope. As they disappeared from view in the gathering darkness, I turned back with a feeling of depression, a choking sensation that I could not shake off that night.

The following day was spent in preparing dugouts in which we stored all supplies and settled down to await news from the command.

On the morning of January 9, Corporal Juan with three scouts came in with a note from Capt. Crawford, saying that he was on the trail of the hostiles, and directing that I take the pack-train loaded with all supplies, except the deerskins stored at Nacori, and to join him as soon as possible. He said that Juan would show me a short cut whereby I could avoid his tortuous and difficult trail and save much distance. The pack-train was immediately gotten ready and sent to Nacori for the supplies there, and then returning by the way of our camp, we pushed on for the Jarras River where we bivouacked that night, having made about forty-six miles in all.

Our camp that night was on the bank of the river, at the mouth of a small box canyon. On the other side rose a steep, rugged mountain, so high that its top was lost in the clouds, while at its base was a narrow ledge with scarcely standing-room for animals, and between it and our camp the waters rushed over rocks and boulders, a maddening river, that bespoke an ugly crossing in the morning.

At daylight on the morning of the 10th the crossing was made without accident, and we started up the mountain, the steepest I have ever ascended. We made a dry camp, or rather a wet camp, that night, as there had been a drizzly, misty rain falling all day which made the climbing very laborious for man and beast, and at times dangerous. Sufficient water was caught in canvas for making our coffee, and we laid down to spend a dismal and uncomfortable night.

The following morning, the ill-fated January 11, the sun rose clear and bright. After half an hour's travel we struck Capt. Crawford's trail, and the traveling became much better. About 11 a. m. a courier came in with a note from Lieut. Maus, stating that Capt. Crawford had been shot and mortally wounded by Mexican troops; that they were out of rations, and urging me to rush forward the supplies. I immediately "cached" all impedimenta, and started forward to make a forced march to join the command. About three hours later another courier arrived with orders for me to select a camp, and the information that they were bringing the captain on a litter. Soon thereafter I could see their party coming slowly down the side of the opposite mountain, and selecting a camp where there was running water, we anxiously awaited their arrival. About half an hour later they came in, the scouts carrying the litter, and very soon poor Crawford was lying on the ground before me, apparently unconscious. Having put up the only tent in the command, a common "A" tent, the captain was made as comfortable as possible in it. I spent the night at his side, watching for any sign of returning consciousness, but without avail.

The following day a "travois" was constructed, and I made a "wickiup," or shelter, of withes and canvas for the travois, to protect the captain from the sun and rain. The supplies that I had cached on the mountain the previous day were brought to camp, and everything put in readiness for the return trip to Nacori. During the day Dr. Davis had prepared a little nourishment, made from a can of extract of beef, which Capt. Crawford swallowed with difficulty and evidence of great pain. Soon after this was given him, I noticed signs of returning consciousness, and taking his hand I asked if he knew me, and if he could understand what I said, to which he replied by a pressure of my hand. I then asked him if in case of his death, he wished to be buried by the Masonic fraternity, and he again replied by pressing my hand, and also by a grateful look in his eyes. This was the only occasion in which he showed any signs of being conscious, although I spoke to him several times. I asked him if it

was the Mexicans or the scout "Dutchy" that shot him, but he made no reply. That night Lieut. Shipp and I remained with him, he taking the first and I the latter half of the night.

On the afternoon of January 13, Lieut. Maus decided to return to the line, in the neighborhood of the Canon de los Embudos, and there await instructions from Gen. Crook, first sending a courier in advance to inform the general of the conference with Geronimo. An account of this conference, and also of the events of Capt. Crawford's operations, will be related later.

Having made the captain as comfortable as possible in the travois, we pulled out of camp, ascending a steep and ugly mountain, with one packer leading the mule with the travois, and with two other packers, one at each pole, to ease it over rough places and to bring them into proper line when making abrupt turns in the trail. The scouts were continually on the outlook for as smooth a trail as could be found, so as to make the trip as easy as possible for the poor captain. On January 17, while on the march, one of the men lifted the canvas that protected Capt. Crawford, and saw that he was dead. He immediately reported the fact to Lieut. Maus, who at once selected a suitable camp, and we bivouacked for the night. That evening I improvised a stretcher for carrying the body. On January 21 we reached Nacori, and there, near the unfenced cemetery of the little hamlet, we dug a grave in which we lowered the body to rest, wrapped only in his blanket, but with some slabs about it to protect the body from the earth. There was no funeral oration, no dirge, no taps, but we moistened his grave with our tears, and on bended knees repeated the Lord's Prayer, and "So mote it be."

I cannot pass, in this poor account of his untimely death, without paying a tribute to this remarkable, manly man, whose character and worth were so well-known to me. He was the bravest among the brave; gentlest among the gentle; he forgave and overlooked the faults and frailties of others, while being the most chivalrous and gentlemanly officer and man that I have ever known in or out of the service. The loss to all those who knew him, and particularly to Gen. Crook, was irreparable. There was but one officer that could have taken his place in that campaign, Lieut. Charles Gatewood of the Sixth Cavalry. Gatewood knew the Indian character thoroughly; they knew and trusted him, and had he been in charge of the Chiricahuas at Ft. Apache, as he had been formerly, this outbreak would never have occurred. Now to return to the events of the expedition

of Capt. Crawford, that ended in his receiving his death wound. The Indians had left the camp where our scouts had located them before Crawford's command reached there, and their trail led off over the mountains, but, as he wrote me in the note brought to me by Juan, towards an unknown objective. The trail was followed with all possible speed until the night before the hostile camp was attacked, when Capt. Crawford formed a corral by stretching ropes around the bivouac, and allowed no one to go beyond it. This was done to prevent, if possible, any chance for the scouts to get out and give a warning to the hostile camp of his approach. This was a factor that always had to be considered, for the Chiricahuas expected or hoped that their friends among the scouts would give them timely warning of approaching danger. This would enable them to pack their camp outfits and saddle up, and also give them time for a parley in case they desired to surrender, or for their families to escape in case they wished to fight. In the former case a squaw was sent into the American camp to pave the way for a talk, they knowing that no harm would befall her.

On January 10 the hostile camp was located, and disposing his scouts to the best advantage, the command was given for the attack. The rush on their camp was so sudden and so unlooked for that the hostiles had only time to grab their rifles and break for the river, scattering in all directions and leaving everything in the hands of the scouts. Their ponies, dried meat and camp outfits were all abandoned. Crawford knew full well that it would be folly to attempt to follow their scattered trail, and soon gave up the chase and went into camp on the site of their camp. That evening a squaw made her presence known by calling to our scouts, and told them she had been sent to have a talk with the captain. When she came in she said that it was Geronimo's camp that they had jumped, and that he (Geronimo) wanted to have a talk with Capt. Crawford. Crawford told her he would talk with him the next morning, and she left camp to deliver the message. The command being worn out with the tiresome marching and climbing mountain trails, all retired to rest with a sense of security, and with the feeling that the campaign was practically ended.

Such, however, was not to be the case, as the light of the coming day brought forth an unforeseen occurrence that changed the whole aspect of affairs, an occurrence that was destined to prolong the campaign for another long nine months, that led to a change of department commanders and to international compli-

cations. To understand fully this unfortunate affair, it will be necessary to go back some five or six years, or to be more definite, to the year 1880.

In the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, especially along its southwestern boundary, where the Sierra Madre Mountains divide it from the State of Sonora, there were in these mountains numerous strongholds for the Yaqui Indians and their neighbors, the Chiricahuas. The depredations committed by the latter on the little hamlets along its northern flank made life a burden to their citizens. Women and children were captured, and cattle in droves were driven to their strongholds, where they were secure from molestation by the Mexican troops.

Gen. Terrazas, brother of the Governor of the State of Chihuahua, organized two companies of "irregulars," made up from volunteers from the various hamlets of Ascension, Janos, Casas Grandes, etc. For scouts and trailers, a company of Tarahumari Indians were enlisted. These scouts were as fleet of foot and as bloodthirsty as the Chiricahuas. This organization was known as the S. P's. "Seguridad Publicos," similar to the State Rangers of Texas.

In 1880, at the close of the Victoria Campaign (Gen. Buell's), Lieut. James A. Maney, Fifteenth Infantry, with a company of Indian scouts and a pack-train, traveled with his command from the Candalaria Mountains to within a day's march of Tres Castillos, a range of mountains which formed a basin, with but one outlet, through a box canon. Owing to the hostiles having retreated to the interior of the state, it was deemed unnecessary for the American forces to accompany Gen. Terrazas further, and Lieut. Maney returned, rejoining the expedition at El Paso, Texas. The following day Gen. Terrazas bivouacked in the Tres Castillos, where his pickets soon after signaled approaching dust which, by the aid of field glasses, was made out to be the Apaches moving rapidly in the direction of their camp. Terrazas deployed his men on either side of the canon, having put out all signs of his camp-fires, and allowed the hostiles to enter the basin, where he annihilated the band, with the exception of twenty-five women and children, which were taken as captives to Chihuahua to grace a triumphal entry. The war chief Nana was absent with twenty-five warriors, making a raid on the little hamlets, or else Victoria's tribe of the Warm Spring Apaches would have been destroyed. This established the reputation of this organization as Indian fighters.

In the Geronimo campaign of 1885, Major Wirt Davis (Brig.-Gen. U. S. Army, retired), Fourth Cavalry, operated on the northern flank of the Sierra Madre Mountains in the State of Chihuahua, having two companies of Indian scouts, about one hundred, with Lieut. M. W. Day in command of the scouts, and Frank Bennet as chief of scouts. He also had two pack-trains of fifty pack-animals each, and twenty-eight packers, with pack-masters Patrick and Houston in charge of trains, a force similar to Capt. Crawford, which was operating on the southern flank of these mountains, in the State of Sonora.

When Capt. Crawford crossed the Sierra Madres with two pack-trains and entered the little village of Casas Grandes, the previous summer, it became known for the first time that the mountains were passable in that section to beasts of burden. The organization referred to, the Seguridad Publicos, and Tarahumari Scouts got together under the leadership of a captain, whose name I find blotted in my diary of these days, and not to be outdone by the Americanos, crossed the Sierra Madres, in quest of Geronimo. On coming down the steep sides of the mountains on the Sonora side, they located the smoke of the hostile camp-fire the same day that Capt. Crawford jumped their camp, and planned to attack the hostiles the following morning.

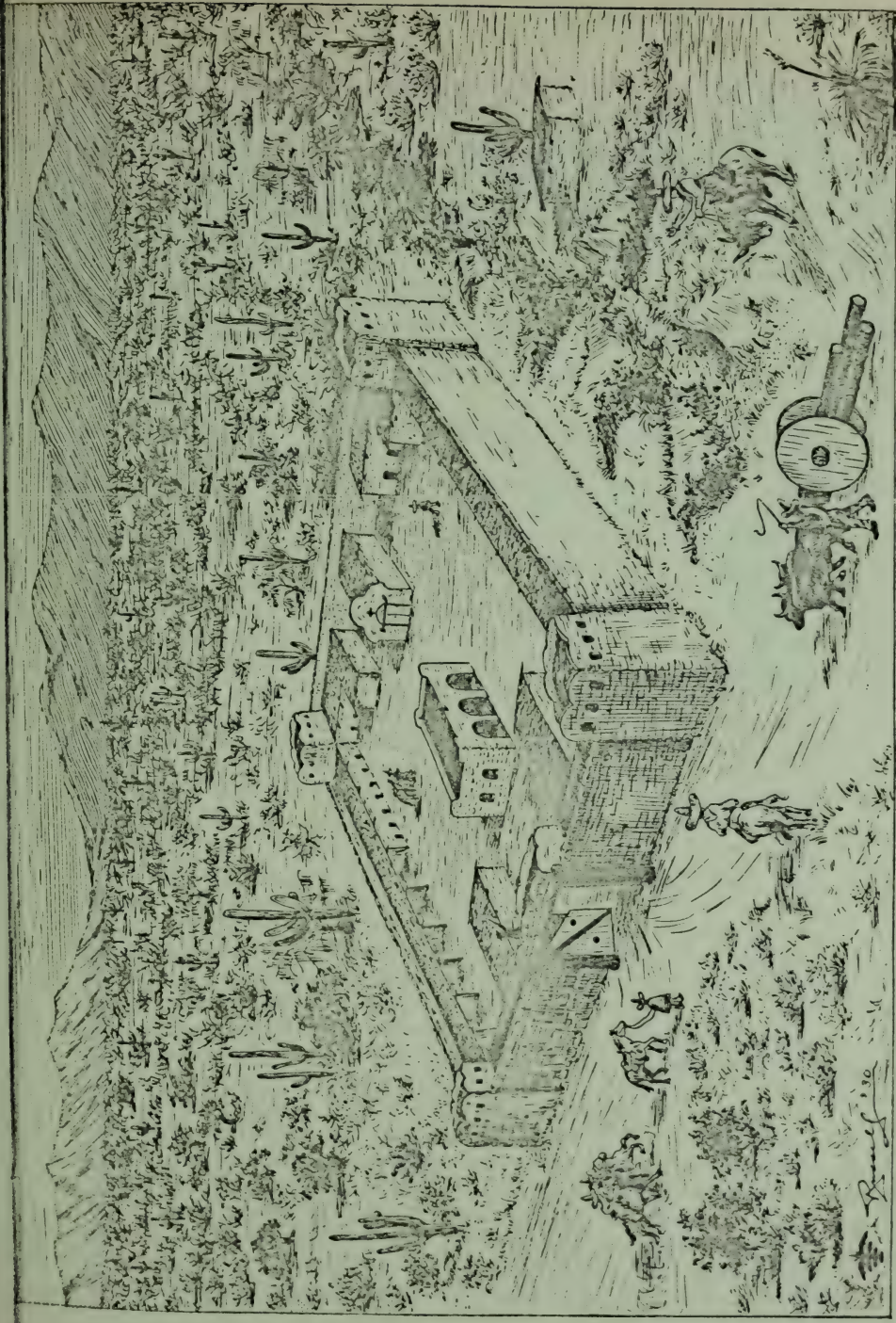
In the meantime Crawford had made his attack, and when the hostiles fled across the Jarros River he occupied their camp. Crawford's command, being worn out by continuous day and night marching, through thorny undergrowth and laborious climbing up and down the steep sides of the mountains, their clothing literally torn in shreds, laid down for the night for the rest they sorely needed. They knew that now there was no danger of an attack from the hostile camp, and no doubt they had visions of the successful termination of the hard campaign. In the grey light of the morning of January 11, 1886, their camp was startled by the rapid fire of rifle guns, the balls striking the ground in their midst. In an instant everybody was out of bed, gun in hand; the scouts shouting "Nacoya, Nacoya, Mucho!" (Mexicans, lots of Mexicans). As the Apaches hate and despise the Mexicans, the firing soon became general on both sides.

Capt. Crawford ordered out Lieuts. Maus and Shipp, with Scouts Horn and Harrison, to cause our scouts to cease firing, and as Lieut. Maus and Scout Horn spoke Spanish fluently, it was expected they would explain that they were American troops and not hostile Indians. However, the Mexican troops paid no heed and kept up their fire. Capt. Crawford took Scout

"Dutchy" with him, and handing his gun to him, climbed on top of a large boulder so that he could be seen distinctly by the Mexican troops. He was in the uniform of an American officer, although it was literally torn in shreds, and disfigured from all semblance of a uniform. Taking a handkerchief in each hand, he waved them about his head shouting: "No tiro, no tiro, Americanos, Americanos!"

About twenty-five yards distant from him, and across a small ravine, a Mexican, taking a rest against a pine tree, took deliberate aim and shot down poor Crawford. In falling from the boulder his right arm was broken, and one of his eyes was blackened, and when found a few minutes later he was unconscious. The scout "Dutchy" claimed that he killed the Mexican that shot Crawford, as well as another that was approaching in rear of the one shot. However, before notifying the officers, Dutchy first took occasion to go through Crawford's pockets and appropriate what money he had on his person.

Scout Horn received a flesh wound in the left arm and three Apache scouts were also wounded. On the Mexican side, the captain in command was killed and seven men wounded. By this time the firing had ceased, and Dr. Davis and the hospital steward did all that was possible for Capt. Crawford, as well as for the other wounded. In the meantime, Lieut. Maus had sent Concepcion, a Mexican and Apache interpreter without command, to the camp of the Mexicans, requesting information as to why they continued firing on our party after they had learned that we were Americans. Concepcion did not return, and soon called out that he was a prisoner and that they would not let him return. Lieut. Maus then went in person to their camp, and was promptly made a prisoner also. He informed them that he was an officer of the United States Army, and that the scouts were in the employ of our government. They then used threatening and villainous language towards him, and finally said they would only release him when he had furnished a certain number of ponies for transporting their dead and wounded. Thereupon he called to Lieut. Shipp to send the required number of ponies to the Mexican camp. As the ponies had been captured by the scouts in the attack upon the hostile camp, they refused to give them up, and said that they would fight and die before giving them to the Mexicans. Lieut. Shipp reported this to Lieut. Maus, and informed him that we could spare eleven pack and three riding mules that could be sent instead of the ponies. These were sent, and Lieut. Maus and Concepcion were released.



TUSCON AS A WALLED CITY

Drawing by Mrs. Luella Hancy Russell.

TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

PART II

CHAPTER V.

GLIMPSES OF TUCSON ABOUT 1870

By Frank C. Lockwood

One can get a fairly good idea of how life went on in this rapidly expanding emporium of the southwest from a survey of THE TUCSON ARIZONIAN from January, 1869, to January 1870. Apache atrocities, army affairs, and business advertisements take up most of the space from week to week in this little paper. We learn that there are four restaurants and one "first class" hotel; two doctors have recently located in town—both from California; Saint Augustine Church is nearing completion, but the public school building is delayed for lack of funds; there is objection to wagon-trains encamping in the public Plaza; in Charlie Brown's "Congress Hall" Saloon patrons may find letter-paper, pens, ink, newspapers and magazines for the improvement of their minds; the authorities are taken to task for the ungraded and neglected condition of streets and alleys, and complaint is made about the superabundance of dogs—in particular, citizens are chided who poison these curs and then leave their carcasses to decompose on the streets; the old Sam Hughes property at the north end of the village, surrounded by an adobe wall ten feet high and one hundred feet square, is offered at auction; a certain Mr. Gaige, photographer, advertises that he will be leaving Tucson in about three weeks; E. N. Fish's wagon-train makes the round trip between Tucson and Yuma in thirty days, the most speedy trip ever made over that route; an editorial denounces gambling, averring that the gamblers have carried forty thousand dollars out of the town during the past two years and have given nothing in return; Rev. J. W. Fleming, of Florence, holds religious services in the Court House one night, and soon after this "Professor" Lorio gives a sleight-of-hand performance in the same place; a sumptuous banquet is reported at the Richardson Hotel for the benefit of the Convent, and in the next issue of the paper the proprietor requests that "Those persons who through misunderstanding took away pieces of cake, etc., from the Richardson House on the 22nd inst. are respectfully requested to return the

same"; the Rhodes' House Hotel Building, with twelve large and commodious rooms, is to be disposed of at a lottery, there being three hundred and fifty chances at twenty dollars a chance; the Spanish speaking population celebrate Corpus Christi Day with great elaborateness and solemnity, a thousand people taking part in the procession and marching through streets decorated with green boughes and "under arches and shades constructed of gauze and decorated with flowers"; and, finally, in the hot month of June, Sam'l Bostick, the colored barber, announces in chaste and dignified language that he "has arranged a commodious apartment for the purpose of furnishing baths to all who may wish to tender patronage". This seems to have been the premier bath-tub in Tucson.

We are not lacking in more graphic and extended accounts than those above, for at least two men of keen observation saw and recorded Tucson's town ways about the year 1870. John S. Vosburg tells of the good-will that existed between Americans and Mexicans; gives some facts about the high cost of living if such luxuries as apples, fresh lettuce, and ice-cream were included. He says that he paid a dollar for a pound of apples brought from San Diego by express. No one was invited to the feast and there were no cores left. He attended a dinner party where fresh lettuce was served; but it had come from San Diego, and had been kept wrapt in moist gunny sacks, which were passed on from one driver to another, with careful instructions each time that the wrappings were to be kept cool and moist. Ice was, of course, unknown in Tucson at that time. Vosburg says that the first ice-cream was sold in Tucson in the summer of 1869. An Italian from Sonora made it, and at a cost of five dollars Vosburg treated his friends to a quart of it. He explains, though, that it was a sort of frozen mush rather than ice-cream.

There was no telegraph at this time, nor were there banks. Each man took care of his money in his own way. Some business men had safes; and Vosburg knew how to open every safe in town, for when a lock got out of order he was the only one who could fix it.

John G. Bourke, the gallant soldier and entertaining writer, describes the leading restaurant in Tucson at this time—the "Shoo-Fly." Here gathered statesmen, army officers, leading gamblers, members of the legal profession, and interesting strangers. The tables were rickety, table-cloth, china and castor—the inevitable centerpiece—were after the manner of the day; the pine benches and leather-bottomed chairs were crude, but there

was no lack in good manners and enlightening conversation. Bourke, Safford, Titus, Wasson and Bashford were scholars and gentlemen and would have charmed any table where wit, ideas and wide experience of the world are given place. The room, of tinted adobe, ceiled with white muslin, had the semblance of decency in spite of defects and crudities. The name, "Shoo-Fly," was indicative of good intentions rather than achieved results, for the place was not flyless. As earnest of good and honest purpose on the part of the landlady, two comely, soft-voiced Mexican boys in white cotton and encircling bright-colored sashes drove away the flies from the front trenches with their fly-flappers, while the guests ate and conversed in elegant leisure. Steady boarders had their regular seats and were supplied with napkins. Transients sat where they could and seemed to have no need of such a frail device of civilization as a napkin.

Outside of Tucson and Prescott a pall of darkness hung over the territory by reason of Apache atrocities. There was no cessation in these outrages. Scarcely a day passed without news of the murder of a rancher, a mail-carrier, a prospector, a herder or an emigrant. If a week went by without such a tragedy the newspaper made special comment.

There is not a little moving to and fro in the territory. Long wagon-trains continually trail across the wide deserts. Each of the great merchants in Tucson has his own wagon-train that brings in goods two or three times a year from the East or from the West. Government wagons, with Tucson as a center, are constantly on the move. After reaching Tucson from Yuma, they distribute their feed, ammunition and army stores to camps Crittenden, Wallen, Bowie, Grant, McDowell and other outlying points where posts have been established to hold the Apaches in check. On an April morning a great cloud of dust and a moving mass may be seen approaching from the West. It proves to be a large herd of beef cattle that Henry C. Hooker has fattened on the Papago Reservation. He is driving these cattle to Camp Grant and McDowell for consumption by the army. A glance to the southward on a May morning reveals somewhere between Tucson and the upper slopes of the Santa Rita Mountains A. Lazard's wagon-train hauling lumber from his saw-mill in the Santa Ritas. He now has a train of twenty-four wagons, and so insistent is the call for lumber in Tucson that even with all these teams he cannot keep up with the demand.

Solomon Warner, now a man of might in Santa Cruz, a village just south of the American border, sometimes takes the road in state. He is always called Don Solomon by the Mexicans. On a certain morning John Spring is accompanying him; for he is enamored of Don Solomon's step-daughter and is going south with the wild hope of gaining her hand:

"By one o'clock P. M. we were on our way to Santa Cruz. Mr. Warner, Pedro, the majordomo, two house servants and myself, all well-armed, rode in the former's traveling carriage drawn by two horses. We were followed by the two repaired wagons, drawn by four mules each, the drivers riding on the near wheelers, while on each wagon rode a well-armed house servant. The rear was brought up by Captain Catterson, who accompanied us on his way to the Patagonia Mines. He was a very jovial companion, known to be a brave frontiersman."

Very likely on such a trip as that described above the travelers would have met or passed a Mexican pack-train. Indeed, Spring on one occasion did meet such a company. He writes:

"As we approached Calabasas we met a party of about ten Mexicans who were driving before them perhaps forty donkeys laden with crates full of oranges and panochas, bundles of sugar cane and jars of sugar-preserved cactus fruit from a peculiar large prickly pear plant called by the Indians and Mexicans 'pitahaya.' They were coming from where they had disposed of part of their wares and were taking the remainder to the market at Tucson."

Business Conditions

So much for the background—the outlying picture of which Tucson is the center. What about life in the metropolis itself? First and foremost we learn that there is life and plenty of it. Tucson is booming. It is not only the military headquarters of the Territory; it is the territorial capital as well. It goes without saying that there is no lack of saloons, gambling places and dance-halls. Alexander Levin's brewery is going at full capacity, also, and is much advertised, though opinion seems to differ as to the quality of beer turned out there. Opinion seems to differ, too, as to whether there is in town a place that actually deserves the name of hotel. There are references to the Rhodes House, the Richardson Hotel, and the Hodges House. In the spring of 1870, the Hodges House (where the Orndorf Hotel now stands) becomes Levin's Hotel, and the following advertisement sets forth its attractions:

"The building known as the Hodges House has underwent a thorough renovation and is now open to the public under the above name (Levin's). The bed-rooms are airy and comfortable and neatly furnished—having every accommodation to be found in any hotel between San Francisco and St. Louis."

What these accommodations were are thus described by a traveler of that day: "The charge was one dollar for a plain—very plain meal. Board by the week was rated at \$18.00; by the month at \$72.00. A room furnished with a cot, two blankets, a pillow stuffed with hay, a chair and a tin basin was reckoned at \$1.00 a day; or, rather, a night, as you were supposed to clear out by eight A. M."

There are twelve wholesale and retail stores and all of them are thriving. Some of these stores do a business of ten thousand dollars a week. There are twelve or fifteen smaller establishments, also, such as grocery stores, drug stores, and pawn-brokers' shops, and there are four restaurants. The social and recreational life of the town is dazzling and kaleidoscopic. The saloons are open, week in, week out, day and night, and the gamblers ply their profitable art without intermission. Faro, monte, poker, and seven-up are going all the time in all the saloons and there are eager teamsters, soldiers and miners vying with each other for a chance to "tickle the tiger." The dance-halls furnished to their patrons, free, the dance-floor, the music, and the girls. In return a man was expected to treat himself as well as his girl to something every ten minutes or so. This double treat would cost the joy-seeker at least fifty cents each time.

"Handsome Charley," one of the most unprincipled of these dance-house proprietors, was charged with poisoning eight girls whom he employed and was haled before a grand jury. A true bill was brought in against him but he somehow got off without punishment. In spite of drink and gambling and roughhouse, shooting and stabbing affrays were not frequent. There were, to be sure, a good many cut-throats and hardened criminals around; once in a while some Mexican would commit a brutal murder and escape into Sonora; and now and then a Mexican stabbing affair would arise through jealousy; but for the most part these Southerners were very soft-spoken, elaborately polite, and generous to a frail or fallen comrade.

Tucson Essentially a Foreign City

The Tucson of 1870 was almost as foreign as any town of like size in Spain, Italy or Portugal. The language, food, dress,

amusements, holidays, ceremonials and religious exercises were all absolutely different from what one would find in any village in the West founded by Americans. As yet there was no Protestant church, and there were only two or three women of American birth. In February, 1870, Bishop Salpointe took up his residence here, and the following May seven Sisters, of the Order of St. Joseph, arrived from the East (by the way of the West) to open a girls' school in the Convent connected with St. Augustine Cathedral.

St. Augustine was now the dominating center of the community. Says Bourke in "On the Border with Crook":

"The divisions of the day were regulated and determined by the bells which periodically clanged in front of the Cathedral Church. When they rang out their wild peal for early Mass, the little world by the Santa Cruz rubbed its eyes, threw off the light covering of the night, and made ready for the labors of the day. The alarm clock of the Gringo might have been sounding for two hours earlier, but not one man, woman or child would have paid the slightest attention to the accursed invention of Satan. When the Angelus tolled at meridian, all made ready for the noon-day meal and the post-prandial siesta, and when the hour of Vespers sounded, adobes dropped from the palsied hands of listless workmen, and docile Papagoes, wrapping themselves in their pieces of 'manta' or old 'rebosos,' turned their faces Southward, mindful of the curfew signal learned from the early missionaries."

Social Life

So far as the Americans were concerned, the two supreme centers of aristocratic social life were the Governor's Mansion and Charles O. Brown's Saloon, Congress Hall. When Governor Safford arrived with his wife, and when he returned from a prolonged journey to Washington and New York, he was honored with a "soiree" by the leading citizens. The Spanish-speaking ladies of the city were present and the dancing continued until late into the night. In November, 1870, a party was given for Sidney De Long at Congress Hall, and a few days later, at the same place, Congressman Richard McCormick was entertained. Not many weeks later Tucson received the legislature with an elaborate party at Browns.



OLD SAN AUGUSTINE CHURCH

Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

But army officers and American civilians in Tucson remembered with the greatest thrill the high-toned Mexican bailes that brought together Tucson's loveliest and brightest. It is true that these dances were conducted in keeping with the severest canons of Mexican social etiquette. The dark-eyed, sweet-faced *senoritas* eagerly graced these occasions, but always they were strictly attended and closely watched by their elderly chaperones—mothers, aunts and grandams. No matter how wildly the heart of an American cavalier might beat with admiration or love and no matter how certain he might be that the little heart which fluttered so near his own responded to his tender sentiment, not one second was he permitted to have his adored one to himself—and, alas! as the swain could speak little Spanish and the Mexican maiden no English, his state was sometimes desperate. Every young American who writes about the Mexican social customs of that time bemoans the fact that he could not break through the worse than barbed wire entanglements that the alert *duena* threw about the object of his affection. Says one youth who saw much of the social life of Tucson in the seventies: "No flattery would put them in good humor, no cajolery would blind them, intimidation was thrown away. There they would sit, keeping strict, dragon-like watch over the dear little creatures who responded to the names Anita, Victoria, Concepcion, Guadalupe, or Mercedes, and preventing conversation upon any subject except the weather."

Yet there was rare charm and graciousness of manner on the part of the native families. No introductions were needed when once a guest had been admitted to a company. A gentleman could ask whom he would to dance after he had once been given entrance to the hall. Between dances there was little attempt to carry on conversation with one's partner; for after the lady had been taken for a treat of candy or raisins the women would cluster together on one side of the room and the men on the other side. Yet these bailes were happy occasions. It was seldom, indeed, that these homeless men looked into the glowing eyes and felt the warm touch of a tenderly-cherished, home-bred, self-respecting girl; and these Mexican girls were just that. There was music—the flute, the harp and the fiddle—and motion and color. The damsels were decked out gaily in the height of fashion. There was the scattering of bright colored tissue paper as the *casorane* was crushed over one's head, and, in short, there was the magic of woman's beauty and woman's wiles.

Tucson's Leading Citizens About 1870

There were men of might in Tucson about 1870. Among those who came very early were several who had risen to prominence—Peter R. Brady, Hiram S. Stevens, Mark Aldrich, Solomon Warner, J. B. ("Pie") Allen, William S. and Granville Oury, Samuel Hughes, Estevan Ochoa and Charles H. Meyer. Brady came to Tucson in 1854. His career was active and varied. Twice he was elected sheriff, and several times he served in the territorial legislature. He ran for Congress in 1871 but was defeated. He was a big man in every way—capable, brave, trustworthy and hospitable. He bore a part in all constructive enterprises during the most trying days.

Stevens, also, came to Arizona in 1854. He had served in the United States Dragoons in New Mexico. Upon his discharge he came West. He was a member of the lower house of the Fifth Legislature, which met in Tucson in 1868, and was a member of the upper house of the Sixth Legislature. In 1874 and again in 1876, he was elected to Congress on the democratic ticket. At that time it was no easy matter for a democrat to gain a seat in the National Legislature. But Hiram Stevens "knew his onions." In the histories of Colonel James H. McClintock and Thomas E. Farish we get an insight into the influence exerted by the professional gamblers at that period. These historians both explain that Stevens selected as his shock troops in his hardest campaign the "knights of the green cloth." For years Stevens was a post trader; he realized large returns on beef and hay that he supplied to the Government; he stocked his ranch near town with fine cattle; he made loans at two per cent a month; and he made money at mining. When he went to Congress the last time he was one of the richest men in the territory. He did things in a big, breezy, western way and possessed both the vices and the good qualities of the typical pioneer. He was a man of nerve, was free from boasting, was a crack shot; was energetic and methodical and a leader in all the affairs of the territory.

John B. Allen was a very early but penniless pioneer. He built his fortune on pies. Having once made a start in business he rose rapidly. He was well educated, honest, and much respected as a citizen—a member of the Second Legislature, territorial treasurer from 1865 to 1871, twice elected Mayor of Tucson, a merchant at Tubac and at Tombstone, a farmer in the valley near Sentinel Peak, where he introduced fine cattle and honey-bees; and owned a flour-mill at Altar, in Sonora.

While he was still living but looking forward calmly to an inevitable and speedy death, in April, 1899, Zechendorf and Company, who had long known and honored him, presented him with a tombstone on which was inscribed: "John B. Allen. Born 1818. Died 1899. Territorial Treasurer six years. 1865-1871. Mayor of Tucson two terms. A man without an Enemy."

Mark Aldrich moved to Tucson in the latter part of 1855 and remained here until his death in 1873. Before coming West he had three times been elected to the Legislature of Illinois, serving with both Lincoln and Douglas in that body. He was, perhaps, the first American merchant in the Old Pueblo and was the first postmaster and the first alcalde after the Gadsden Purchase. He served in the upper branch of the First Arizona Legislature, and in '66 was re-elected and made president of the Council. He was again elected a member of the Council in '72. Aldrich was a faithful and honorable public servant—a man of quick, clear judgment and wide experience.

William S. and Granville (Bill and Grant) Oury were men of force and fire—Virginians and Secessionists. Bill came in 1856 and engaged in trading and stock-raising. His early years were marked by exploits as dangerous and daring as those of Kit Carson. He was a duellist and Indian fighter. In the fifties he took an active part in efforts to organize the territory, and in the seventies he served as sheriff. A chapter would not suffice to relate his colorful deeds. Grant was younger and came to Arizona somewhat later than his brother. He was both a man of action and one versed in legal lore. In 1857 he headed an expedition into Sonora to try to relieve Crabbe and his filibusters, and in 1861 he went with an armed body of men to save the citizens of Tubac who were on the point of complete extermination at the hands of the Apaches and the Sonora bandits. He was sent as delegate to the Confederate Congress in Richmond when Arizona was seized by the Confederates; was a member of the Third Territorial Legislature and Speaker of the House. In 1880 he was elected delegate to Congress.

Estevan Ochoa was a Mexican by birth, but he became an American citizen and a very loyal one. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy, and, in consequence, was exiled from Tucson and his property was taken over by the secessionists. He was escorted to the edge of the village, and with nothing but his horse, saddle-bags, rifle and ammunition, was compelled to make his way alone through the Apache infested country to a Union post on the Rio Grande. He returned in

triumph with Federal troops. For years Ochoa was a great merchant and freighter. He grew rich, gave with liberal hand to every good cause, and with Governor Safford and Sam Hughes became one of the chief founders of the public school system in Arizona.

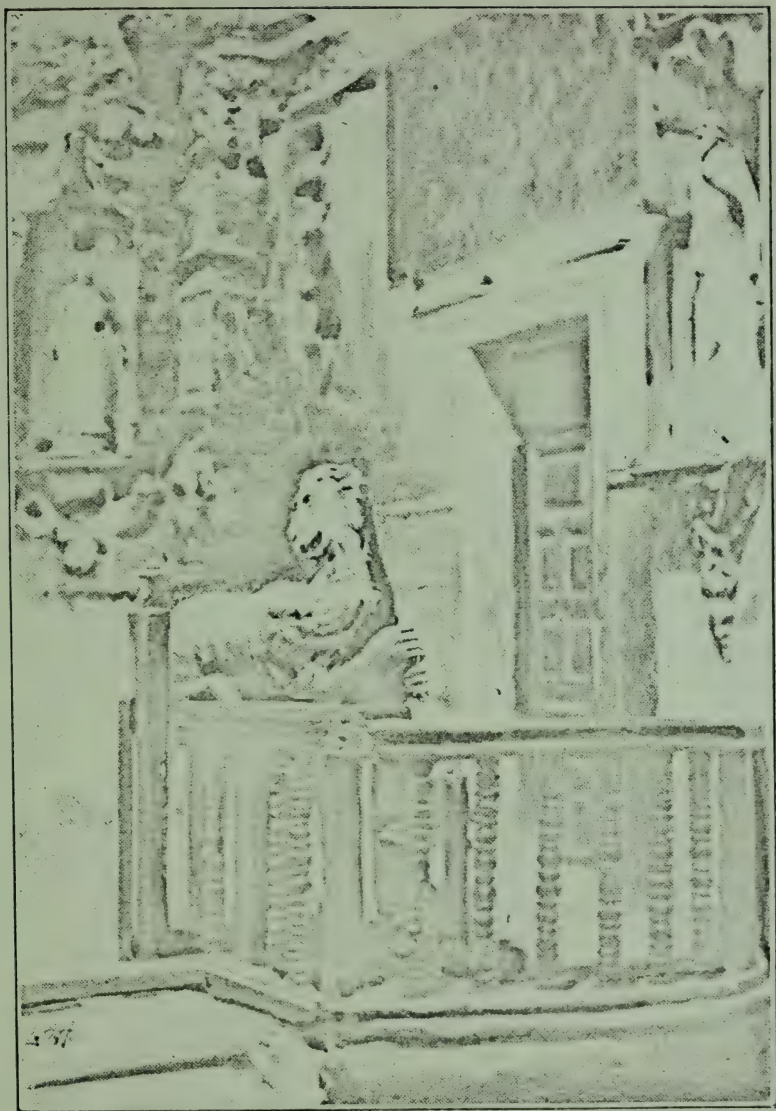
Sidney R. De Long entered Arizona with the California Column in 1862, and remained until his death in 1914. For many years he was post trader at Fort Bowie; was long engaged in freighting and merchandising; published THE ARIZONIAN for a time; was a member of the legislature and the author of A HISTORY OF ARIZONA. Further mention will be made of him as this story proceeds.

Other men who came to Arizona at an early date are William E. Scott, E. N. Fish, Alexander Levin, James Lee, P. R. Tully and Philip Drachman. These men, together with Solomon Warner, Charles H. Meyer, Samuel Hughes and M. B. Duffield, are alluded to more fully in other pages of this book.

Between 1870 and 1871, four men stood out pre-eminently—Hon. Coles Bashford, Governor A. P. K. Safford, John Wasson, Surveyor-General of Arizona, and Judge John Titus. It was the time of republican supremacy, and these men were all from the East, and all were Federal appointees. Bashford was born in New York, but early moved to Wisconsin. He was one of the founders of the Republican Party. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Wisconsin. He came to Arizona in 1864, and served in turn as attorney general, President of the Council of the First Territorial Legislature, and for several terms as secretary of the territory. He was the first lawyer admitted to practice law in the territorial courts. In 1871 he compiled the session laws into a single volume by direction of the legislature. He was elected delegate to Congress in 1866.

In 1871 Judge John Titus succeeded Judge Turner as Chief Justice of Arizona. He was a Philadelphian, with the distinguished bearing and cultivated traditions of the East. Courage, erudition, and high professional ability were characteristic of him. His friend, Governor L. C. Hughes, writing after Judge Titus' death, which occurred October 16, 1878, alludes to him as a man of lofty character, one "who in morals, precept and example stood the peer of all who surrounded him. A giant in intellect, who trod upon the mountain ranges of the law and penetrated the springs of human action."

In 1870 President Grant appointed John Wasson Surveyor-General of Arizona. Coming to Tucson at about the time that



Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

EXTERIOR DETAIL—SAN XAVIER MISSION

Judge Titus did and not long after Governor Safford's incumbency began, these gentlemen formed an agreeable coterie. Wasson was a native of Ohio. Coming to California as early as 1852, he soon went back to Ohio where he remained about ten years. After 1862, he resided continuously in the far west, serving in various public capacities and editing newspapers in Nevada, Idaho, California and Arizona. He is best known as the founder and editor of *The Tucson Citizen*. In 1874 he married Miss Harriet Bolton, who had come from the far East to teach in the Tucson Public Schools. Mr. Wasson was an able, sober, upright, fearless exponent of good morals and good government.

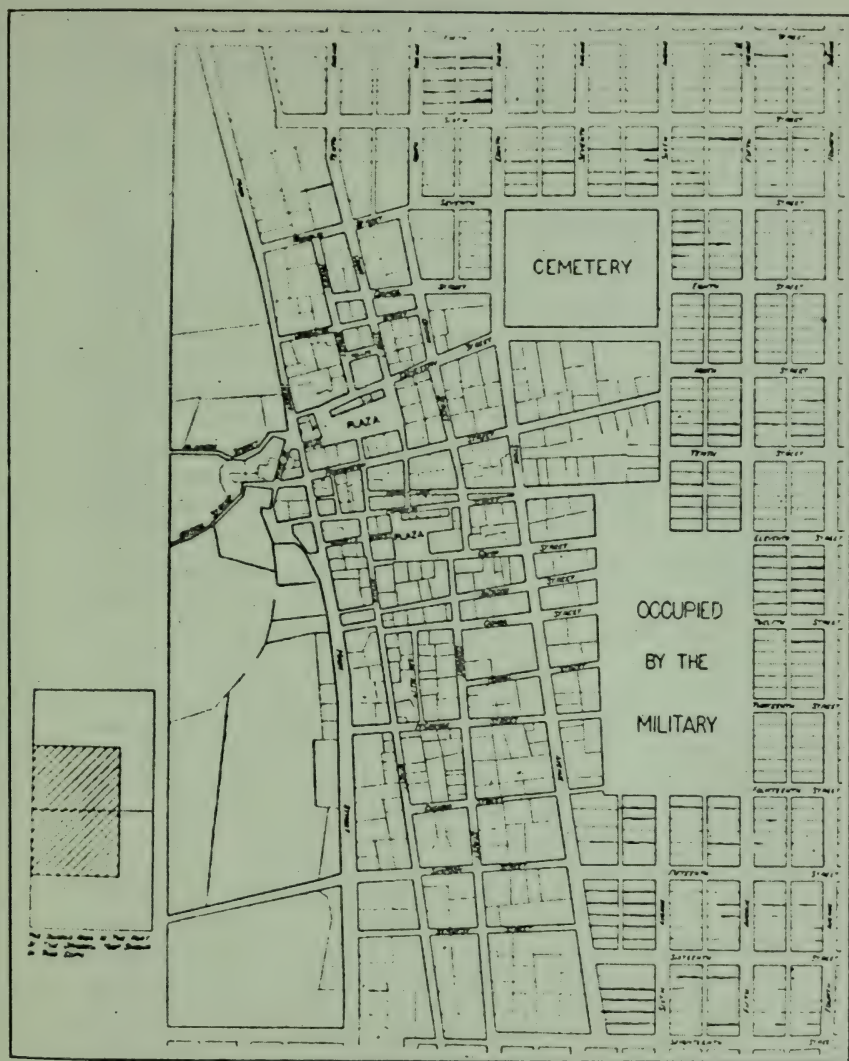
Governor A. P. K. Safford was a man of diminutive stature but eminent in character and intellect. He bore the sobriquet of "The Little Governor". He was thoroughly inured to the West, having come to Arizona by way of California and Nevada, though he was of Eastern birth and breeding. He had spent a year or more in Europe before he came to take up his duties as Governor of Arizona. In his dress and bearing there was a certain statesman-like dignity and polish. He threw himself heart and soul into the affairs of the young territory—looking out for the interests of all the people and bearing the brunt of the great dangers and hardships of the time. He was greatly honored and respected. It was he who laid the foundations of the excellent public school system of Arizona.

Boom Days

Tucson is growing apace. W. Zechendorf brings in a train of thirteen wagons with every article of merchandise from a diamond breast-pin to a crow-bar—including latest styles of wearing apparel for both sexes. The Tucson Glee Club has been organized and holds its meetings at the home of Don Leopoldo Carillo, who owns a piano. On March 5, 1870, one hundred names are listed (mostly American names) as having unclaimed letters addressed to them here. March 26 a new map of the city is officially received by the council in which a number of streets are named after citizens killed by the Indians. Under date of May 21 the paper reports crowds of strangers in town and business very brisk. Before the end of May twenty-eight new buildings are in process of erection. During the hot month of June a crude street sprinkler is started, but it fails to work. The announcement is made on July 9 that the population is 3,200—no doubt an exaggeration. The above estimate, however, might not have been too high for the month of October, for during that

month about six hundred people came in from Sonora—mostly women.

On April 20, 1871, about twenty of Tucson's leading citizens petitioned the Board of Supervisors of Pima County for municipal organization, and at the same time called attention to the fact that towns and villages located on public lands were entitled to one thousand nine hundred and twenty acres of free land. This was the first move toward the incorporation of Tucson. An election was held in May, 1871; the town was duly incorporated, and Sidney R. De Long was elected as the first mayor. During his administration a map was ordered and was made by S. W. Foreman. On June 22, 1872, this map was approved and adopted.



THE FOREMAN MAP OF TUCSON, 1872

CHAPTER VI.

CRIME AND THE COURTS IN TUCSON IN THE
EARLY SEVENTIES

By Frank C. Lockwood

Crime was rather common in early territorial days, and legal procedure crude and uncertain. The worst offenders were thieves, vagrants, and cutthroats from Sonora. One of the earliest American magistrates in Tucson was Mark Aldrich. He had as constable a certain fearless and muscular Mexican. These two made it very hot for the baser sort from across the Border. Mark Aldrich had a severe and direct way of dealing with the miscreants whom his peace officer brought before him. A heavy piece of leather had been procured, and after hearing a case, if he was satisfied that the accused was an undesirable citizen, he would announce the penalty—twenty, thirty or forty blows with the strap (well laid on) as the case might be. He would then instruct the constable to lay on—say ten or twenty stripes.

"Now come back tomorrow at this same hour for the other half," he would say to the culprit.

Before noon of the following day the evil-doer, of course, would be well on his way toward Sonora.

The most famous justice of the peace that Tucson had in the early days was Charles H. Meyer. His name is written imperishably in the annals of Tucson. He was a German by birth, and a druggist by profession. He was a man of conviction and loved justice, but knew little law. It was said that his law library consisted of only two books: A volume on MATERIA MEDICA and one on FRACTURED BONES. In a case of great perplexity he diligently consulted these two books. His vigorous and straight forward decisions were so much in the interest of honesty and good order that the worthier members of the legal profession used all their ingenuity to interpret the law in such a manner as to fit the decisions of the judge; though sometimes even very able lawyers found it hard to do this. Of course, to the crooked and pettifogging members of the legal profession Judge Meyer was a terror.

It was Judge Meyer who instituted the chain-gang system in Tucson. Every person convicted in his court was given an opportunity to work for the city for a period long or short. Meyer's salty sentences pleased the law-abiding citizens of Tuc-

son very much, for never before had the streets been kept so clean, and never had the departure of vagrants and thieves been so prompt. Some of the lawyers protested when their clients were summarily committed to the chain-gang, and declared that this was contrary to the Constitution of the United States. To all these complaints Judge Meyer turned a deaf ear.

The ARIZONA DAILY STAR gives a humorous picture of a scene in Justice Meyer's Court one cold December evening. Five dirty and ragged, but healthy looking tramps were brought before him. They were without blankets or other baggage, and money was a thing unknown to them. He welcomed them to the city in a very affable manner, inquired about their health and asked whence they came and whither they were faring. One said he was an electrician.

"Dis city," said the justice with geniality, "has in darkness long awaited your coming."

Two said they were machinists and were skilled in the use of tools.

"Goot," said His Honor, "our picks and shovels vill now no longer vaste mit rust."

A fourth was a fireman.

"Most velcome," beamed the magistrate. "You are a man after mine own heart. These mornings are shilly and de great stove in de yard is seldom varm on my arrival to hold court, but now it will glow mit consuming fuel and vill radiate through tier and cell."

The fifth was a traveler seeking adventure. The hospitable official promised to help him secure it. He smiled benignantly upon them all, assured them that the city was glad that they had come and would keep them.

"I vill order board and lodging for you within the city palace for the night," said he, "and vill promise you that tomorrow you shall have employment on the streets of our ancient town."

However, at last, one pettifogging lawyer had the temerity to come before the Court with the demand that his client be given a trial by jury. As the offender was about to be sent to the chain-gang the lawyer interposed:

"My client objects to being tried by this Court on the ground of prejudice and demands a trial by jury."

"Py a shury!" said the Judge. "Phwat is dat shury?"

"He insists that he be tried by his peers," was the reply.

"Oh, he does, does he? Vell, I sentence him to two weeks in de shain-gang, and I sentence you to von week for disrespect of de Court. Now, how you like dat trial by shury?"

And into the chain-gang they both went.

A rascal named Wolf was brought before Meyer, charged with cheating some Indians out of three dollars. The work on MATERIA MEDICA somehow did not seem to throw light upon this case, so the judge adjourned court in order that he might borrow some law book that would enlighten him, or, perhaps, consult some lawyer whom he could trust. However, after he had adjourned the court temporarily, he said to the accused man:

"Volf, id is de unanimous opinion of dis community dat you are a tief, and dis court coincides in dat opinion."

Wolf shook his fist in the face of the justice and said,

"Judge, I don't let any man speak to me like that!"

"Dis Court fines you ten dollars for raising your fist against it," was the Judge's reply; "and you stand committed into the shain-gang until it is paid."

There was at that time no higher court to which the fellow could appeal, so he sullenly took ten dollars from his pocket and handed it over to the judge. Meyer calmly took it and gave half of it to the constable and the other half to the Indians who had been defrauded.

The ——— Saloon was the most unsavory resort in Tucson. It was a gambling hell and the rendezvous of all the toughs and criminals in the Old Pueblo. One night, rather late, Meyer heard a knocking at the door of his house. He had plenty of enemies, as he well knew, and had been thrtatened with assassination if he remained in town and continued to act as justice of the peace. He was, therefore, cautious about admitting anyone to his house. He went to the front door and opened the little look-out with which all the doors in Tucson were then provided.

"Who is it comes der?" he inquired.

"A friend," was the reply.

"Vat is it you vant?" asked the judge, cautiously.

"I want to give myself up," said the stranger. "I just killed a man down at the ——— Saloon."

"You killed a man?"

"Yes, I killed him. He called me a liar, and you know, Judge, there are things a gentleman can't stand, so I pulled my gun and killed him, and now I want to give myself up."

"You say you killed him at the ——— Saloon? Den, mine frient, you go back der and kill anoder von!" And, forthwith, he went back to bed.

The next morning a dead man was picked up on the street, but the murderer was not to be found.

John Spring vividly depicts the life of Tucson about 1870 in a series of articles he published in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE about twenty-five years ago. I am indebted to him for this story, as well as for many other details about early Arizona. The incident now to be related worked to the great discomfiture of one of Tucson's disreputable lawyers who made it a point to stir up litigation whenever possible. As the trial in question involved an amount of only one hundred seventy-five dollars it was held before a police court. In brief the case was this: A man of considerable means, named Walker, hired a horse at a livery stable to ride to the San Pedro Crossing on some business. He stayed over night and returned to Tucson in the afternoon. The horse seemed to be in good condition when he was delivered at the stable, but from some unknown cause the animal died before midnight. The lawyer mentioned above went to the liveryman a few days later and urged him to bring suit against Walker for one hundred seventy-five dollars. Said he:

"You know, this Irishman that works for you is such a blockhead that I can draw him out on the witness stand so that he will say anything I want him to. I will get him to affirm that the horse died as a result of being over-ridden by Walker."

The liveryman was little disposed to press the matter, but finally he was persuaded to enter suit.

When the time came for the trial the lawyer demanded that a jury be called. He had already made certain that the complexion of the jury should be in keeping with his taste. The liveryman told his attorney that he would not testify in the case, inasmuch as he had not noticed that anything was wrong with the horse when it was returned to the stable. The Irish simpleton was placed on the witness stand.

"Do you know Mr. Walker, the defendant?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About four years."

"Have you ever seen him on horseback?"

"Frequently."

"How does he ride?"

"How does he ride?—astraddle, of course."

At this there was a ripple of amusement in the court room, and the lawyer became somewhat flustered.

"That is not what I mean; does he ride fast or slow?"

"Well, now, that depends, you see," drawled the simple Irishman. "If he has a fast horse, he usually goes fast, but, when he has a slow horse, sure he goes slow."

"You must not trifle with the Court; remember you are under oath; I will ask you again: Is the defendant, Walker, a fast or a slow rider?"

Said the witness, with elaborate poise and calmness: "Well, now, Judge, let me explain. If this here Walker is out with a party that travels slow like, he will ride slow. If they ride fast, to be sure, he will ride fast to keep up with them."

"You know very well what I mean!" thundered the lawyer, now red and furious. "How does Walker ride when he is alone?"

"When he is alone? I was never with him when he was alone."

A roar of laughter filled the court room, and the case was dismissed.

Crime was rife in Tucson in the early seventies. Many bloody and brutal murders were committed, yet every murderer made his escape or was saved from deserved punishment by trifling legal technicalities. Decent men and women were in terror of their lives. Sober, self-respecting citizens talked the situation over among themselves and freely predicted that the people would soon take the law into their own hands if matters did not mend. More than once the TUCSON CITIZEN gave solemn warning that, unless criminals were effectively dealt with by regular processes of law, mob law was sure to intervene. And sure enough, unbridled crime in Tucson overstepped itself, and one summer day in 1873 brought down upon itself the heavy hand of public retribution.

In the fall of 1872, at the corner of Convent and Kennedy Streets, Vincente Hernandez and his wife, Librada, opened a general merchandise store and pawnbroker's shop. They came from New Mexico where they had known the Zechendorfs, famous merchants of the Southwest. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was in charge of the Zechendorf establishment in Tucson, knowing Hernandez to be a capable and trustworthy man, had supplied him with an ample stock of goods on credit. In those days it was the custom for every pawnbroker to erect a sign over his shop door. Hernandez named his place PIEDRAS NEGRAS, and displayed as his sign three black stones. He was, indeed, often called Piedras Negras, and sometimes signed papers thus. The young couple were intelligent, much above the average in education, and were very popular. Gentlemanly and agreeable in all his dealings, shrewd and energetic, Hernandez soon found himself in possession of a thriving and paying business. Mrs. Hernandez was beautiful and was known and honored by rich and poor alike for her many deeds of charity.

About midnight, August 6, 1873, Vincente Hernandez and his wife were most brutally murdered in their sleeping room adjoining their place of business, and the store was plundered. The next morning neighbors living nearby and customers who came early to make some purchases found the store still locked. Inquiry soon grew rife. Excited neighbors gathered about the premises, and before long crowds of people came running from every direction to see what the trouble might be.

John Spring, the village school teacher, was passing along the street about eleven o'clock this sad morning when his attention was drawn to the excited crowd gathered about Hernandez's shop. Among others he noticed his friend Horace Appel, the deputy sheriff.

"What's all this stir about, Horace?" he asked.

"The sheriff's office has just been notified that PIEDRAS NEGRAS was broken into last night and Hernandez and his wife murdered. Oury's out of town, so I'm going to see what I can do."

Spring went with him, and to Spring more than anyone else we are indebted for the thrilling details of the whole tragedy as I now relate it. I have the account, also, directly from the lips of Mr. Albert Steinfeld, who had come to Tucson a few months previous to these events, and who was an eye witness

of many incidents described here. The TUCSON CITIZEN also fully reports the circumstances connected with the tragedy.

Shop and residence occupied a single long adobe building. The place of business could be entered by two doors—one opening directly from the street, the other from a vacant lot at the end of the building. There were no windows in either store or dwelling. From the store a door opened into a large room that served both as living room and bed-chamber. There was a door from this room into the walled yard. In the yard, about thirty feet to the rear of the house was a small room used as a kitchen—and, sometimes, as a sleeping-room. The surrounding wall was about five feet high, and anyone looking over it toward the house could see into the living-room, if the back door were open.

When Spring and Appel reached the house the front and side doors were still locked, but through the open door at the rear they could see a number of people standing or moving about, apparently gazing at some horrible spectacle on the floor. The justice of the peace arrived almost simultaneously with the deputy sheriff and Spring, and promptly took in the situation. He appointed two stout men as acting-constables and instructed them to clear the room at once. The August night had been excessively hot, and the couple had evidently left their bed for a cooler place by the wide open door where they had spread a Mexican mat on the floor and covered it with a sheet. They had taken another sheet as a covering. Hernandez's body, wrapped in a bloody, crumpled sheet, lay about four feet from the door. Mrs. Hernandez was found dead in the middle of the room, with no other cover than her long night robe. Hernandez' skull was fractured in several places. Near by, clotted with masses of hair and blood was a heavy, gnarled, mesquite club, the ugly weapon with which he had been brained. His jugular vein had been cut, also, and there were deep wounds near his heart, so it was evident that he had made a brave struggle for his life. Mrs. Hernandez, too, had been beaten over the head with the club, and afterward, to make sure that she was dead, her jugular vein had been severed.

There were bloody footprints on the door-sill; bloody tracks led into the store; and bloody finger-prints stained the counter, the money drawer and the show-case in which the more valuable articles of jewelry in pawn were kept. There had been only a small amount of cash on hand, as large sums were always kept locked up in the Zechendorf's safe. Mr. William Zechendorf, who was well informed concerning Hernandez' business affairs,

found that in addition to about thirty-seven dollars in cash, certain costly jewels and weapons had been taken and also a magnificent saddle and bridle. As the slaughtered couple did not have an enemy in the world, it was plain that robbery was the only motive for the crime.

The officers satisfied themselves that three men had planned the affair in cold blood. One powerful man, they believed, must have wielded the club, while a second one used the knife. It was thought that the third accomplice had remained on guard outside to deal with the Indian girl in case she should awake and give the alarm. They were able to see the sleeping couple through the open door. Two men entered the room, and as they were clubbing and stabbing Hernandez, the wife woke up and ran toward the middle of the room. She was pursued by the man with the club, knocked senseless and afterward her throat was cut. The murderers lighted a candle and probably spent a considerable time in the store. Then they locked the rear door and threw away the key. It was later found in the walled enclosure. It so happened that the Indian girl had spent the night with a relative. When she came in the morning she went about her work as usual. She noticed that the doors were all closed, but thought this was because her employers were sleeping late after a prolonged social evening. At last, rather late in the morning she grew anxious, and went to the house of a neighbor and told them her misgivings. People then begun to discuss the situation; and at last, late in the morning, the keeper of a nearby store and liquor shop came and broke in the door. By this time the murderers had had ten or eleven hours to make good their escape.

When the sheriff came back to town at noon, he appointed six deputies and instructed them to use every endeavor to run down the murderers. The Hernandez' were such popular favorites in the town that everybody was eager to help avenge them. A score of men, some of them skilful trailers, set out at once on horseback in every direction hoping to lay hands on the criminals before they could reach the border. An impromptu committee of public safety came together with William Zechendorf as chairman. Large rewards were offered, and the members of the committee pledged themselves to stand by each other to the end. From the first it was generally understood, if the murderers were taken, there was to be no trial except a public one in which the community as a whole should pass judgment, and that if after careful examination proof of guilt was presented, there was to be prompt public execution.

Toward evening a poor Mexican woman, who lived in a hovel on the edge of the river about half a mile from town, came into a grocery store to buy some coffee and sugar. She offered in payment several small pieces of paper money—the fractional currency in use at that time. There were bloody finger prints on this money, and as it was well known that a considerable amount of this small paper money had been in Hernandez' money drawer, a messenger was quickly sent to call Mr. Zechendorf, the woman, meantime, being detained in conversation. Mr. Zechendorf was acquainted with this woman. She had not yet heard of the murder. He asked her to go with him to his office, and at the same time made friendly inquiry about her children and the welfare of her family, and finally led skilfully up to the question.

"Where did you get those 'shin-plasters' you handed out at the grocery store?"

"I got them from an old woman that lives in the shack near me."

"Times must be picking up; I wonder where she gets it?" said the merchant.

Quite unsuspecting, she said, "Oh, she lives with a handsome young man named Saguaripa. She told me he acted quite strange after he got in very late last night."

"What did he do?" Mr. Zechendorf asked.

"Oh, she said he asked for clean clothes and then went down into the river and washed himself, and after that put on the clean clothes. But she said he did not bring back the soiled ones. After he laid down he kept tossing about on his bed and could not sleep. Once or twice he got up and, lighting a candle, looked at his feet and hands, and then he went back to the river and washed them again. She said he went away about daylight. He gave her four or five dollars before he left, and some of the pieces of paper money that I just spent were part of the money he gave her."

Mr. Zechendorf gave the woman a trifle of a present from the store, and requesting her not to say anything about what she had told him, sent her back to her home. Within an hour Constable Frank Esparza had Saguaripa in jail and in chains. To make certain that he should not escape, four men of the committee stood guard over him. When the streets had become quiet, he was taken from the jail and conducted to Hernandez' place. Comparison was made between his hands and feet and the bloody marks on floor and counter. Some of these had manifestly been

made by him. Terror laid hold upon him when he saw that his footprints and finger-marks were identified. He was next taken to the dead bodies that lay prepared for burial, and the faces of his victims were uncovered.

"Will you swear by the 'Holy Cross' that you have had no part in the killing of these people?" demanded his captors.

He was a young man and apparently had not yet become a brazen criminal. He trembled and was as weak as water as he replied:

"For God's sake take me away from here and I will tell you the whole story."

When he was back in the jail he related the circumstances of the crime very much as they had been thought through by the officers first on the scene and as sketched above. He named one Cordova as his accomplice and as the prime mover in the affair. This Cordova was part Mexican and part Opatá Indian. He came from Sonora, and it was he who used the club. Saguaripa confessed that he himself had wielded the knife. The third man involved—the one who had been posted on the low wall near the door of the living-room to guard against interruption from the outside—he declared to be Clemente Lopez. He said that as yet only the cash had been divided, and he directed the officers to the place where the saddle and bridle, the pistols and the jewelry were buried. He further said that all three of the murderers were still in Tucson, and gave directions where to find Cordova and Lopez. Cordova was found in a gambling place and at first he resisted the officers sent to arrest him. He was quickly subdued and taken to jail in chains. Lopez when captured was engaged in a game of cancan in a dismal hut on the outskirts of town near the Papago village.

When Cordova in his turn was taken to the scene of the murder and saw demonstrated before his own eyes that his foot and hand exactly conformed with the footprint on the door-sill and the hand-mark on the door-frame, he realized how useless it was to deny his part in the crime. As for Lopez, he was miserably silent and dejected. When allowance had been made for what each of the three men had spent during the day, it appeared that there had been an even distribution of the cash.

So swift and sure had been the work of the committee that twenty-four hours had not elapsed between the murder and the arrest and conviction of all three of the murderers. It is interesting to record that Hernandez' watch was still ticking when

the stolen goods were located and taken from their hiding place. It was near midnight August 7, when the spokesman for the citizens' committee said to the murderers:

"You have been proved guilty of this crime, and you must all prepare to die tomorrow. You need not hope to escape through legal trickery or court delay; there will be no further trial. The people of Tucson have found you guilty, and the citizens themselves will hang you."

In the morning the condemned men were asked if they wanted a priest to come to them in the jail. Saguaripa and Lopez said that they did, but Cordova retorted fiercely,

"Go to Hell! All I want is to have these chains off of me for five minutes until I can choke that hound Saguaripa to death with my own hands, for he has given it all away."

The eighth day of August, 1873, in Tucson was a solemn one, indeed. At eight o'clock the funeral procession bearing the bodies of the murdered couple moved slowly along the main streets while the bells of St. Augustine kept measured accompaniment. Never before in Tucson had so many people assembled for a burial service. All places of business were closed, including saloons and gambling places. Father Jouvencean officiated. Solemn and mournful as were these final rites for the dead, the purpose of the public to have yet other funerals before night was not in the least softened.

Ten men had been drawn from the committee to carry out the execution. They set two strong, tall, forked posts near the door of the jail, and in the crotches placed a timber about twelve feet long. From it four ropes dangled with nooses at the end—the fourth one for John Willis, a brutal murderer who had been proved guilty, was now under sentence of death, and whose coffin was in the jail yard awaiting his body. At the last moment the committee decided to hang him too, for he had been able to baffle the law through some petty technicality and had succeeded in securing a reprieve postponing the execution.

From the fresh graves of the Hernandez' the whole population came streaming over to the Courthouse Plaza. Mr. Zechendorf mounted a small platform that had been erected in the square and made a brief straight-forward statement to the crowd in which he related each step of the procedure that had been taken by the committee from the time the tragedy became known up to the present moment. He spoke, further, of the lawlessness that existed in the community, the frequent evasion of punish-

ment through delay and trickery in the courts, the insecurity of the jail, and the ease with which bandits and cut-throats had been able to make their escape across the border. He was listened to in profound silence. In conclusion, he put this question:

"I now solemnly inquire of you, the assembled citizens of Tucson, what penalty these murderers deserve?"

The crowd instantly responded, "They must die."

One voice alone was raised in protestation, and it entered objection only in the case of John Willis.

"You can hang a Mexican, and you can hang a Jew, and you can hang a nigger, but you can't hang an American Citizen!"

The speaker was Milton B. Duffield, himself a notorious man—a ruffian and a bully, yet at the same time one of the bravest among the brave. He was rarely sober, and was, of course, well in his cups on this occasion. He was immediately surrounded and hustled away, and at the same time Zechendorf motioned to the squad at the jail door to bring out the condemned men. The wagons that had been provided for this purpose were drawn side by side under the extemporized gallows, and the murderers, each with a black calico cap over his eyes, were lifted into them. The ropes were then adjusted about their necks. At this juncture Cordova asked permission to speak, saying that he desired to confess two former murders he had committed, one a good many years ago, the other very recently in the Salt River Valley. He kept on speaking for so long a time that the crowd grew impatient and anxious. Finally, some one called out:

"Hurry up! Make an end of it, the troops are coming from the Fort."

Instantly the wagons were hauled from under the four men and they swung into eternity—the heavy chains that were still about them serving to hasten their end as they hung all four in a row, quivering between earth and sky.

"The two thousand citizens packed in the Plaza maintained complete silence during the execution, except a scarcely perceptible sound like the faint humming of innumerable bees, that came from the Mexican women, reading under their breath the mass for the dead."*

*—John Spring, NATIONAL TRIBUNE—about 1903.

The Shocking Career of M. B. Duffield

I am now about to relate a sensational series of incidents in the life of M. B. Duffield. This gentleman came to the territory upon its organization in 1864 as United States Marshal. It is not easy to trace his history before that time, though it was spectacular. Duffield was a powerfully built man of magnificent physique and was rather polished in dress and bearing. He bore himself, too, with a certain dauntlessness and assurance that were very impressive—particularly as it was well known that he knew no such thing as fear. As he was at the same time something of a blusterer and bully, and as he always went heavily armed, whenever possible men were accustomed to give him a wide berth.

I must preface my remarks about Duffield with a brief account of another famous Tucson character, Fred Maish, who came to Tucson in 1869. Maish was a boon companion of Pete Kitchen in the declining days of that picturesque personality. As proprietor of the Palace Saloon and one time mayor of Tucson Maish really came to be a man of mark in The Old Pueblo. In stature and girth he was much beyond the usual proportions, and when he spoke he roared like a bull of Bashan. Being somewhat illiterate, and depending chiefly upon the sound of a word, rather than its printed form, he often made ludicrous blunders in speech—the more so as he was of German extraction. For example, one of his friends, a ranchman, was doing the best he could to father a boy in his 'teens who had somehow strayed out into the Southwest. The youth was yellow and puny in spite of all his protector was able to do for him. The man was explaining this to Maish, and worrying over the backward condition of his charge.

Said Maish, "If he was my boy, I know what I'd do to cure him."

"What would you do, Fred?" the rancher asked.

"Why I'd give him sasafas and tinkle of iron."

Pete Kitchen's spleen was out of order and he was thought to be on his dying bed. Some cow-boy friends one day came tip-toeing into the sick room, awkwardly whirling their hats in their hands in an abashed way. Dr. Handy, John Rockfellow and Fred Maish were ministering as best they could to the exigencies of the situation—the latter in characteristic manner tramping up and down the room with occasional loud explosions of speech.

"Fred, what seems to be the matter with Pete?" one of the cow-boys asked.

"Oh!" roared Maish, "Doc says his screen's out of whack."

At the time of the following incident Fred Maish had resided in Tucson only a short time, so had not yet attained local fame. The story comes by way of John Spring, who was at this time keeping bar for Levin at or about the spot where the Orndorff Hotel now stands. One evening a fine old gentleman came in, and sitting down at a table called for a glass of whisky. This, as Spring learned later, was M. B. Duffield, at that time Inspector of United States Mails for the Territory of Arizona—an office that he filled with great efficiency. The three bar-room doors were all wide open. Very soon a man passed by the front door. Duffield instantly leaped out of the front door like mad and in less than a minute was engaged in a fist fight with the passer-by. Blows fell thick and fast for two or three minutes, when the man who had been attacked broke, and running into a back street, seized a rock and threw it at Duffield who, strange to say, did not pursue his enemy. Duffield now limped back into the saloon and slumped down into his chair in great pain. His injury was not due to the rock that had been hurled at him; it had missed him, but he had made a false step as he rushed out onto the street and had broken his ankle. It was in this condition that he had carried on the fight. Spring now went to the door and called for help. A constable appeared who had been a witness to part of the affray. By this time, Duffield was in a state of collapse and had to be carried to his room. The officer knew both of the combatants and he took Spring's name as a witness.

The man who had been assaulted proved to be Fred Maish, whom Duffield had hired to plaster and calcimine some rooms. The quarrel had originated several weeks before when Duffield found fault with the job and refused to pay. Maish had repeatedly dunned him for the amount and the outcome was the street fight. But this was far from ending the matter. As a result of what the constable had seen and heard at that time, it appeared that the two men had agreed to meet in a regular duel with firearms. Somewhat later, largely from information furnished by this constable, Duffield was arrested and brought before a grand jury, since according to the statutes of that time, known as The Howell Code, duelling was an offense beyond the jurisdiction of a justice of the peace. So the men were both put under bond to keep the peace and ordered to appear before the district court at its next session.

The trial was called in October, 1871. Duffield was charged with openly challenging Maish to a duel. When he was asked to stand up to hear the reading of the indictment. McCaffery, the District Attorney, a shrewd lawyer, stepped forward and requested the clerk to delay the reading. He then demanded of the Court that, before the case should proceed further, the defendant be disarmed. No weapons were in sight but everyone knew that Duffield always went about with numerous firearms concealed upon his person. Almost before the District Attorney had worded his request, Duffield drew a brace of Colt revolvers and leveled one of them at the judge and the other at the sheriff at the same time saying:

“The first man that touches me falls dead!”

While he was in this pose McCaffery stepped quietly up behind him, placed a Derringer against his spine and pulled the trigger. The weapon missed fire, and lucky was it for the district attorney that Duffield's attention was so taken up with the judge and the sheriff that he did not know what was going on behind his back. The situation was very tense, but, though the color left Judge Titus' face, he did not lose his presence of mind.

“Mr. Duffield, you are under bonds until the trial is over. I shall postpone the case until one o'clock p. m., this day, when you will appear here again, and I warn you now to present yourself before this Court without any weapons whatsoever, visible or concealed. You may now retire.”

As soon as Duffield had taken his departure, the judge ordered all the officers of the court and others taking any official part in the trial, to return at one o'clock, carrying, openly, either pistols or rifles. When the court re-convened it looked more like an assemblage of minute men than a law court. Walking to the judge's desk, Duffield declared that he was unarmed. No doubt word had reached him of what he might expect if he presumed any further upon the dignity of the court and the course of justice. The trial now proceeded in an orderly way. The old ruffian was compelled to pay a heavy fine and was placed under a thousand dollar bond to keep the peace for a year.

But peace and sobriety were experiences unknown to M. B. Duffield. To round out his turbulent career I must append a few more of his misdeeds and misfortunes. Some of them antedating the incidents described above. The following comment, referring to Duffield, appeared in THE ARIZONIAN of March 26, 1870: “Although the major's hostility to us evinced itself

upon only six or eight occasions, yet it is true that he seemed inclined to make every man his enemy." A few days afterward, Duffield and the editor met in a saloon, and Duffield, with the most dire threats and oaths, swore that he would crush the newspaper man to a pulp and sweep him from the face of the earth.

About two months later, June 25, at two o'clock in the night, Duffield was attacked in cold blood by two Mexicans while he was asleep in bed. The purpose was to murder him and steal his horses and other property. The assault was made apparently with a dagger and a hatchet. Before he could gain an upright position he had received a very severe wound on the left shoulder. One of the weapons severed the thumb of his right hand, but seizing his revolver with his left hand, Duffield made the best defense he could, finally driving off his assailants, though not until they had inflicted eleven wounds, two of them very deep.

One would suppose that after such an experience as this the fight would all be out of the old man, and, indeed, he never was quite the same afterwards, yet, from the temper of the following communication published in THE ARIZONIAN of March 18, 1871, it is easy to surmise that he would still find trouble along the way:

"Mr. Dooner—Sir: As I have heard of some abusive article in a low-lived paper in this town, called, I believe, the 'Citizen', and which I do not descend to read, I would ask that you please publish the enclosed letter which is a true copy of one written and handed to me by Hon. J. Titus; it will explain itself. I wish it published simply for the benefit of the old, gray-headed vagabond, reprobate and cowardly villian, J. Wasson, surveyor-general, and editor of the above named imbecile sheet, whose lifetime of low villainy and cowardice has caused the Almighty to even turn the hair of his head white at a premature age, as a caution to the world that he is marked to be avoided.

Do this and oblige M. B. Duffield."

Then follows a commendatory letter from John Titus, dated March 29, 1869, to the Postmaster-General of the United States supporting Duffield for the Special Mail Agency of the Pacific Coast.

Duffield met a violent death near Tombstone (according to Charles D. Poston) in 1875. But John G. Bourke, in ON THE BORDER WITH CROOK, assigns a date several years later. He laid claim to an interest in the Brunckow mine, which a certain Mr. Holmes was in possession of. Duffield came out to the

property to make good his claim, when he was confronted by the property owner and warned not to approach a step farther. Duffield, however, calmly and steadily continued to advance. Holmes raised his double-barreled shot-gun and told him that if he approached a step nearer he would shoot. Duffield still continued to advance, when Holmes shot at him at close range and killed him. Duffield's reputation for belligerency was so well established that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide and let Holmes go free.

CHAPTER VII.

Civilization Comes Full Circle

By Frank C. Lockwood

Being now an incorporated town with a population of three thousand or more Tucson, step by step, came to enjoy the comforts and conveniences, and the educational, aesthetic and religious advantages of other western cities. A well-known figure on the streets was the water-carrier, Irish Martin Toughy, with his mule and water cart. He drew it from the delicious spring just north of the Elysian Grove, in the hollow to the west of the Wishing Shrine. In November, 1873, Hiram S. Stevens erected the first windmill in Tucson in his backyard, and just about the same time, perhaps a little earlier, Mr. L. C. Hughes sowed grass-seed on his lawn and began growing shade-trees. March 16, 1872, the Fifth Cavalry Band gave a musical concert of very high order in Tucson, and March 30, of the same year, J. S. Mansfield advertised the opening of a circulating library at his Pioneers News Depot. November 1, 1873, a meeting was called to organize a Young Men's Literary Society. From this time on the club met regularly every week, and young Mr. Albert Steinfield's name appears as one of the members who early took a place on the program. Early on the morning of December 2, 1873, the first telegram was received in Tucson, coming over the military wire that General Crook had just completed by way of Yuma.

Schools and Churches

Sometime during 1867 Augusta Brichta was placed in charge of a public school in Tucson—the first one ever conducted here. The trustees were W. H. Oury, J. B. Allen, and W. W. Williams. The school was attended by fifty-five boys and ran for about six months when it was closed for lack of funds. About July 7, 1869, in the Hodges House, a school was opened under the direction of two ladies and a gentleman from Sonora. Says THE ARIZONIAN of July 10, 1869, "During the day the young idea is instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and toward evening a second relief falls in to study vocal and instrumental music. We wish these enterprising people every success and may they receive sufficient patronage to induce them to remain with us." As no further notice of this experiment appears in future issues of the paper, we suppose that the little spark went out in darkness.

However, the time was now almost at hand when worthy and flourishing schools were to be founded, both for girls and boys—institutions that have continued to live and grow from that day to this. As early as May, 1869, there is a news local to the effect that Mrs. W. S. Oury, Mrs. J. Fernandez, and Mrs. J. Anderson had been exerting themselves so unceasingly that they had almost completed an attractive school building for girls, by donations from the public. This school was known as the Convent, and on June 7, 1870, several Sisters of St. Joseph, who reached Tucson in May, coming by way of California and Yuma, opened a school in the Convent in Church Plaza. The school prospered at once, and from that day to this has been a source of great pride to the citizens of Tucson. But as yet Tucson had never had a successful free public school. This came at last, March 4, 1872. There was a note in the paper in November, 1871, to the effect that the trustees of the district were preparing to open a school, and on November 15 of that year the supervisors authorized the expenditure of not more than \$16.00 a month for the renting of a building, and not more than \$300.00 to furnish it with desks, blackboards, etc. The building secured was at the northwest corner of Meyer and McCormick Streets. John Spring was the teacher employed. Thirty-four students—all boys—were enrolled the first day, but at the end of three months this number had doubled. The leading citizens, both Mexican and American, took a deep interest in the school from the first. A group of prominent men, including Gov. A. P. K. Safford, Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Dr. R. S. Wilbur, and Messrs. F. S. Leon, J. M. Elias, Joaquin Telles, Rufijio Pecheco, Leopoldo Carrillo, Francisco Romero, Francisco Ruelas, Leonardo Apodaco, Sam Hughes and John Wasson, visited the school on April 16, and did much to inspire the boys to secure an education. They were astonished and delighted to notice the progress that had been made during the few weeks the school had been operating. At the opening of the second term the building would not hold half of the pupils.

It was not until early in February, 1873, that the first free public school for girls was opened in Tucson. The school was conducted in a room in the Old Pioneer Brewery Building by Mrs. L. C. Hughes, who had recently come from Pennsylvania. It began with only three pupils, but by the end of the first month there were about thirty enrolled. The session closed the last of April, and though there was still some money in the treasury, Mrs. Hughes announced that her health would not permit her to conduct the school longer. The girls had made very satisfactory progress.

The trustees and Governor Safford at once began to bestir themselves to find new women teachers. They heard of a good teacher in Stockton, California, Miss Maria Wakefield, and were able to persuade her and her friend, Miss Harriet Bolton, to come to Tucson as teachers. These ladies began their work November 6, 1873. They had both served in the schools of our neighbor state for four years and were among the best teachers in the West. They taught the boys and girls in separate rooms, one taking charge of the boys and the other of the girls. There was an average attendance of fifty boys and twenty-five girls this year.

Writing to the commissioner of education in November, 1873, Governor Safford says: "The average price paid to teachers is one hundred dollars. They are mostly females. I prefer them for several reasons." He gives as his second reason that "they are not so liable (as men) to become dissatisfied with their occupation and change to other duties which they consider more profitable." Wise as he was in the ways of men, Governor Safford seems never quite to have discerned the inwardness of woman's heart and mind. Before the school year was over both of these excellent young women who had come to dare the desert, face the Apaches, and lead the soft-eyed, gentle-voiced little Arizona children in the paths of learning, married two of the leading men in the territory; Miss Wakefield became the wife of Mr. E. N. Fish and the mother of Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, and Miss Bolton married the Governor's intimate friend, John Wasson, the Surveyor-General of Arizona.

Step by step with the schools the influence of the Protestant Churches began to be felt. Few and far between were the services held by Protestant ministers in these early days, but as soon as American families began to move in zealous preachers came also. THE ARIZONIAN of April 11, 1869, announces that Rev. J. W. Fleming, from Florence, will hold services in the court house on Sunday. In the spring of 1872 General O. O. Howard visited Tucson, and with him was Rev. E. P. Smith, at that time Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Howard writes in his book "My Life Among Our Hostile Indians":

"Nine-tenths of the people of Tucson were Mexicans. For them the Roman Catholics had a very respectable church edifice full of images and pictures appropriate to their faith. There being no other church in Tucson, my friend and companion, Rev. E. P. Smith, was asked to hold a Protestant service. He did so in

a hall, where during the first Sabbath the English-speaking people, almost without exception, gathered to listen and participate."

January 26, 1873, and again, February 2, Rev. Mr. Reeder preached in the courtroom, and at the close of the February service a Bible class was organized with Judge Titus as teacher. May 23, 1874, a local in the CITIZEN announces that the Episcopal Bishop Whittaker, of the Diocese of Nevada and Arizona is in town and will hold divine services in the court house the following Sunday evening. Good seed must have been sown at this time, as in April, 1875, the same paper states that services of the Episcopal Church will be held in the court house, by Rev. F. O. Barstow, every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. until further notice.

However, the Presbyterian Church was the first Protestant organization to gain a permanent foothold in The Old Pueblo. The Hon. John P. Clum calls my attention to this quotation from the LIFE OF REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D. "Last Sabbath (in April, 1876) I held the first Presbyterian service * * * and organized the first Presbyterian Church ever organized in the Territory. Services were held in the court house with an attendance of about one hundred. John P. Clum, formerly elder at Santa Fe, was made ruling elder * * * They hope to build by next fall an adobe church with board floor. The whole Protestant element of the community gives the new movement their hearty sympathy. Sabbath afternoon the Governor was invited to dine with me, and in the evening we had a praise meeting. They have a number of good singers among the citizens." Mr. Clum states that an organ was used at that service which he had shipped from San Francisco to San Carlos in 1875, and had later presented to this congregation.

From early September, 1877, there were frequent notices in the paper that Rev. J. E. Anderson was holding regular preaching services in the court house each Sunday, followed by afternoon Sunday school. At first it is not clear what denomination he is leading. The Protestants of the community all seem to be co-operating cheerfully and liberally without reference to denominationalism. Mr. Anderson was evidently an earnest, eloquent, broad-minded Christian minister, popular with all sects and classes. November 12, 1877, his organization came together and took steps to found a Presbyterian Church. At this time a board of trustees was elected consisting of W. W. Williams, Samuel Hughes, John Wasson, E. N. Fish and F. L.

Austin. At once plans were made for the erection of a church building. The city offered to sell a suitable lot for the church in the western part of the Court House Plaza for \$350.00. On May 23, 1877, Mr. Anderson states that this proposition has been accepted. Without delay work was begun on a structure 28x58 of stone and adobe. Two parlors were built at the rear of the audience room, 16x20. The corner stone was laid June 16, 1878.

Next in order came the Methodist Episcopal Church. This society was organized October 12, 1879, by Rev. George H. Adams. The following were the nine foundation members: Robert Eccleston, William G. Mills, Alfred D. Otis, Kate B. Otis, Adria Buckalew Preston, Mrs. C. Wilt, Laurie Seawell and Mrs. E. J. Hughes. The first Board of Trustees consisted of W. G. Mills, A. D. Otis, Robert Eccleston, Samuel Hughes and Thomas W. Seawell. Among the early pastors of this church, serving in 1882-3. was Rev. Joseph F. Berry, later a bishop of the Methodist Church.

April 7, 1881, the First Baptist Church of Tucson was organized by Dr. Uriah Gregory. There were six charter members, but the records of the organization preserve only the names of Dr. and Mrs. Gregory. The recognition services were held in the old Presbyterian Church, Sunday, May 15, 1881. The old adobe structure on North Stone Avenue, near Council street, the first meeting house erected by the congregation, was dedicated June 22, 1882. Dr. Gregory remained as pastor of the Church continuously until 1888.

The Congregational Church was organized in November, 1881. The first pastor was Rev. L. B. Tenney, who served in 1881-2. The charter members were Charles E. Dailey, Louise M. Dailey, Mattie E. Davis, Sarah B. Stiles, Theodore L. Stiles, Stella E. Buchman (nee Morehouse), Mary J. Hall, Adolph G. Buttner and Mary L. Williams (nee Tenney).

Social and Recreational Life of Tucson in the Late Seventies

Life in Tucson never seems to have been dull, and the social instincts seem to have had free and full indulgence. THE ARIZONIAN, THE TUCSON CITIZEN and later the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR with wit, breeziness and vivacity chronicle the weekly scene and shoot folly as it flies. Indeed, the newspapers must have constituted a chief enjoyment of the time.



Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

CRUMBLING WALLS OF FORT LOWELL

There was no more vivid center of life in Tucson in the days of which I write than Fort Lowell. The post was established, May 20, 1862, as Camp Lowell, in the suburbs of Tucson, about five hundred yards east of the village—that is, in the space now occupied by the Santa Rita Hotel and Library and Armory Parks. The post was evacuated September 15, 1864, but was reoccupied in May, 1865. August 26 it was made a permanent post and was named Camp Lowell, in honor of Brigadier General C. R. Lowell, killed at Cedar Creek, Virginia, during the Civil War.

March 28, 1873, an order was issued directing that Camp Lowell be removed to a site about seven miles northeast of Tucson on Rillito Creek. The reservation on which the fort was now built included seventy-eight square miles, or 49,920 acres. The military reservation of Camp Lowell was announced in General Order 33, Department of Arizona, November 26, 1875. The name of the post was changed from Camp Lowell to Fort Lowell. April 5, 1879. July 2, 1882, an ordnance depot was established at Fort Lowell. July 8, 1882, since the fort of late had been used primarily for quartermaster and ordnance stores, the commanding general of the army gave it as his opinion that it was no longer needed as a frontier military post. About January 15, 1891, it having been rumored that the fort was to be abandoned, Tucson citizens petitioned for its retention. On January 28, the Secretary of War decided that there was no longer need of a military post there, and on February 14, 1891, the post was abandoned. February 24, the President ordered that the War Department transfer the reservation to the Interior Department. Accordingly, on March 6, 1891, in War Department General Order No. 24, the transfer was announced. April 10, 1891, the fort and reservation were given over by the military authorities.

The facts as stated above were conveyed to me in a letter from the War Department, the Adjutant General's Office, under date of April 12, 1930.

As there were from two to four companies always stationed at Fort Lowell there were of course many officers—some of them with wives and families in residence there, so it was Tucson's most brilliant social asset. We learn from a newspaper item of June 26, 1875, that the fort had been in process of building for two years. Up to that time the Government had spent \$19,000 in this work, but it was expected that \$10,000 more would be required to complete the plans. There were

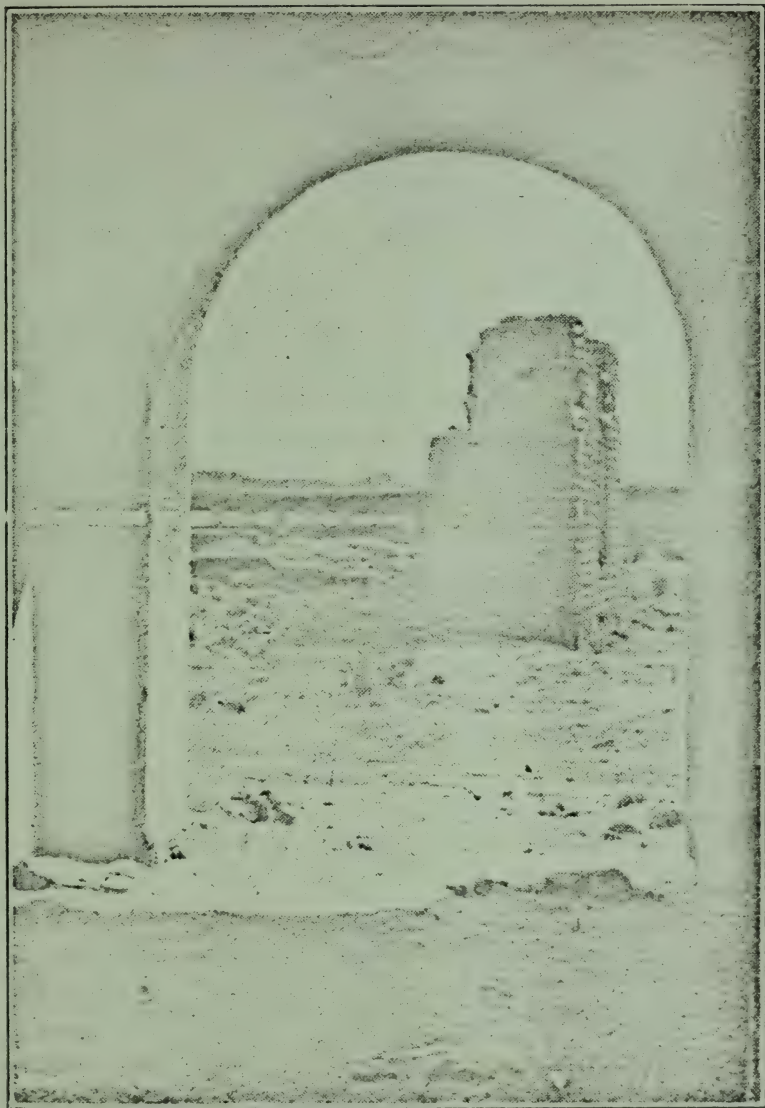
seven sets of officers quarters, two sets of quarters for infantry and one for cavalry companies, one for the regimental band, and, in addition, suitable, well built offices for the post adjutant and quartermaster, storehouses, guardhouse and corrals. It was one of the very best posts in the territory. Ladies and gentlemen from Tucson were frequently invited to some social festivity at the fort, and, on the other hand, officers and their wives added to the gaiety of fashionable parties given in town.

At the quarters of the post sutler, on the evening of April 27, 1875, the officers of the Eighth Infantry gave a stirrup cup entertainment to the officers of the Fifth Cavalry, who were on the point of leaving the post. As the account of this event given in the TUCSON CITIZEN is a good example of the social life of that day, and also well illustrates the journalistic manner of the time, I quote the item:

"The building was tastefully decorated and from the main entrance shown down upon the entering guest the names in illuminated letters of Col. W. B. Royall and Captain Emil Adam, and Lieutenants W. C. Forbush and C. H. Rockwell. Invitations had been issued to the various ladies and gentlemen and these, added to the society of the camp, made a "goodly company." All went merry as a marriage bell. The music by the Fifth Cavalry Band couldn't help but be good; the dances were happily arranged; the ladies were good-natured the men were more bearable than usual (several of them brought out new neckties, but space will not permit description of these), and in fact all who were present felt that it was good for them to be there. The supper and wines were excellent, and altogether when the party broke up, 'just before the dawning,' the officers who gave and the officers who received this compliment had a large addition made to the pleasant memories of their lives."

To show that joyousness and tragedy were near of kin in those stirring days, I here add a story that Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts tells. This incident took place a few years later than the event recorded above.

"One evening, Father and Mother were invited out to Fort Lowell for dinner. When they got ready to come home, as the Apache Indians were very bad at that time, General Carr said he had better send an escort with them. Mr. Robinson, the other man who was



Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

DUST TO DUST—RUINS OF FORT LOWELL

there, said, 'I won't wait for an escort, I can drive into town in twenty minutes.' My father stated that he also could drive in in twenty minutes if Robinson could, but mother said, 'No, we had better not take the risk. I am not willing to go.' Mr. Robinson started out ahead and mother and father came in slower with the escort. When they got into town mother was worried about Mr. Robinson, so she inquired about him. Upon investigation they found his span of horses waiting at the gate to be let in, and his body lying in the bottom of the buggy. It was a warm evening and there was a light breeze blowing. The supposition is that his coat blew back and exposed the bosom of his stiff white shirt as an excellent target for the Indians."

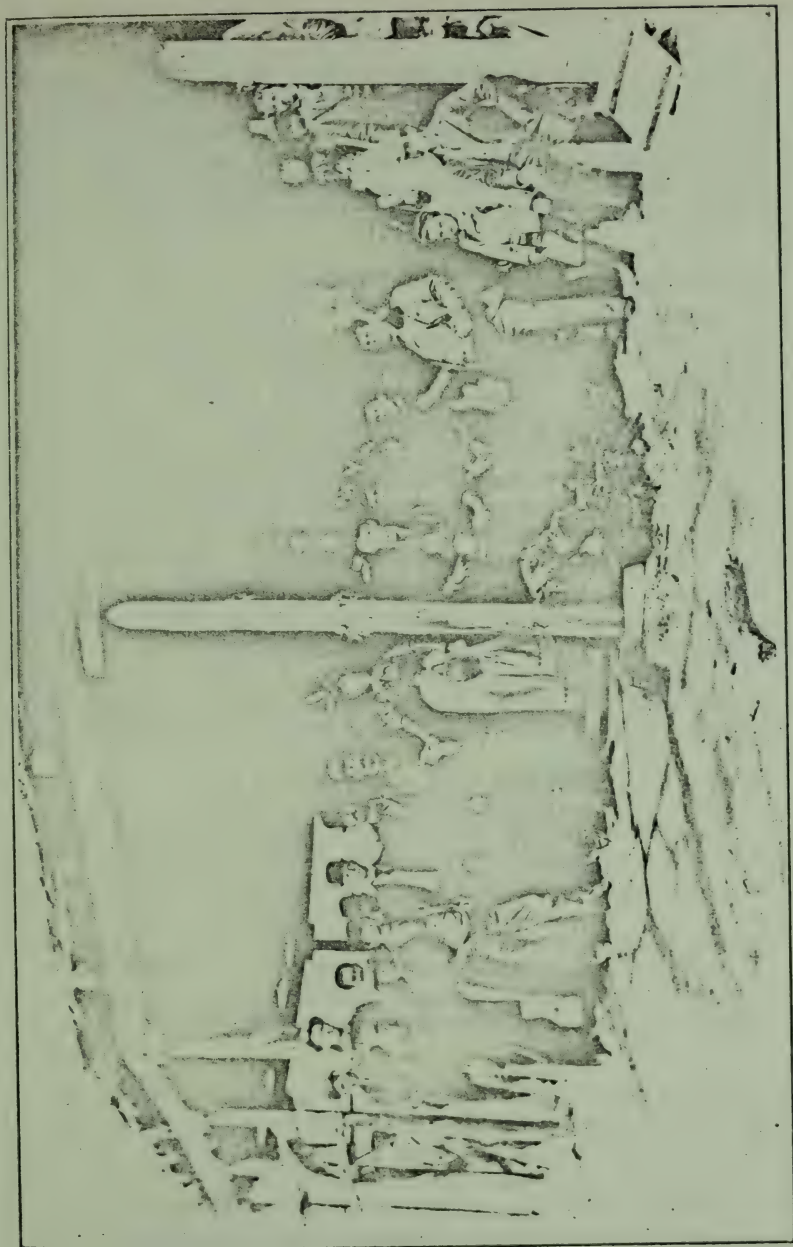
Levin's Park vied with the fort as a center of colorful activity and social enjoyment. Alexander Levin was a Prussian by birth and a brewer by occupation. He came to Tucson in 1863. He was a man of boundless circumference and activity. We find him incessantly occupied in buying and selling, building and tearing down, renovating and refitting, enlarging, planting, brewing, feasting and advertising. His brewery was early famous, and from time to time we see from his advertisements that he is running a hotel, is opening a new bar-room, has bought a new saloon. His fame reached its zenith in the development of Levin's Park, located at the foot of Pennington Street on the land adjoining the Santa Cruz stream (there was then no ugly river embankment).

In March, 1875, Levin experimented with eucalyptus trees in his gardens—planting them in all sorts of soil and at all depths. He had pepper trees, also. He planted hundreds of cottonwoods, and had many varieties of roses, pinks, and other kinds of flowers. The dancing pavilion was surrounded by beds of aromatic flowers; the walks were graveled—and the whole surroundings were attractive. The park contained about seven acres—all fenced and with a guard at the gate so that the guests were not subject to disagreeable intrusion. Almost every convenience and device conceivable for the entertainment of man—and woman too—that was possible in such a remote desert were provided. There was a skating rink, bowling alley, shooting gallery and dancing pavilion. Drinks and refreshments were dispensed on the premises, and benches and tables were conveniently distributed in agreeable and shady spots. Levin was one of the very first to introduce ice as a Tucson luxury. Celebrations of every kind were observed here, and

there were frequent band concerts of high order. Fashionable private balls were given in the pavilion, and also dances of a semi-public nature, for all of which Levin provided music of excellent quality. The string band of the Sixth Cavalry gave particular delight to Levin's patrons. It was said that this orchestra provided the best music to be enjoyed in the Southwest, rendering the lancers and the fashionable German—much to the satisfaction of Tucson's elite. In the fall of 1878 Levin began the erection of Park Hall, for use as a theater. It was planned to seat 2000 people, and was Tucson's first attempt at a real theater and opera house. After the coming of the railroad good stock companies played here, and occasionally the community was able to secure good light opera. In that building Joseph Jefferson played Rip Van Winkle, and many other actors of reputation appeared here.

Up to a recent date, from time out of mind, August 28 was celebrated in Tucson as the chief festal day of the year—that being the date upon which Augustine, patron saint of Tucson, died. No other annual event vied with this. People from a hundred miles around came flocking to Tucson, from village and country-side, to take part in this great festival. Nor was the celebration limited to a single day. In the seventies and eighties from ten days to two weeks were whiled away in noise and merry-making. Visitors from a distance would come with their blankets and coarser articles of food and sleep in the Plaza or on the desert. In town all ordinary business affairs were suspended during the festal period. Scant time was given to religious observance—the early mass in the Cathedral on the morning of the twenty-eighth sufficing for this. From that time on the community thought of nothing but eating, drinking, dancing, gambling and every other sport that the mind of man could conceive. There was not much quarrelsomeness and downright drunkenness, but at the close many a visitor and citizen went home aching and swollen as to head and much flattened as to fortune.

About 1875, the Americans being now in control, the city saw a chance to secure revenue from the Feast of St. Augustine, so the city fathers designated the old Parade Grounds, now the site of the Santa Rita Hotel, as the place for the festivities, and auctioned the right to conduct the fiesta to the highest bidder. He then sold the various concessions as he saw fit. "One of the best loved attractions was the "Raw-hide Band," consisting of two violins, a guitar or two and a bass drum—always a bass drum. The music produced by the Mexican musicians from these



PARK HALL—LEVIN'S GARDENS

Courtesy of the Overland Monthly

instruments was the greatest attraction of the fiesta. A ramada or grass-thatched shed was constructed for the dancing, and always achieved the name of the "bull-pen." The ramada occupied the center of the grounds and around it were placed the various concessions, in booths, tents and stands, where games, foods, dainties of all sorts and curious objects might be purchased and played."

We now get back to Alex Levin. By the late seventies he had developed his park to the attractive condition described above. What more natural than that he should desire to cater to the wide range of enjoyment ushered in by the Feast of St. Augustine. He went about it very astutely. He let the city fathers proceed as usual to auction off the concessions, but, for his part, he engaged a wandering opera troupe to come and discourse sweet music at the park—and besides he had cold beer on tap. As a result, the fiesta this particular year was held in Levin's Park, and thereafter the city officers were not able to compete with him. It continued year after year to be a gay, colorful and prolonged celebration—dominated by the sentiment and customs of the Latin world. The carnival spirit prevailed and while there were excesses it was not often that affairs grew riotous. About a generation ago, when public opinion turned strongly against gambling, the fiesta was abolished so that few Americans now in Tucson remember it in its heyday.

Street Life Between 1875 and 1885

For the true interpretation of life on the streets, in the stores and public places of Tucson, just preceding and following the coming of the railroad, we have come to look to a half dozen natives or near natives who were children or very young people at that time. Mrs. Clara Fish Roberts, a native daughter, has many anecdotes of those days, and much intimate knowledge of the home life, the church and the schools at that time. For example, this account of the Annual Balls of The Arizona Pioneer Society:

"I am not sure that there were Pioneer Balls anywhere except over the present Orndorff Hotel, which was then the Cosmopolitan. When the building was first built it was only one story. It was divided in half. The west room was used for dancing at these balls, and the east room was used as a banquet hall. The south side of the entrance was taken up with a stairway, back of which was the cloak room, and that was the passageway from the dancing room to the banquet hall. To the

Pioneers' Ball every member of the family was invited, whether a few weeks old or very aged. I went into the dressing room one evening and stumbled over a little bundle on the floor, and found that a baby was wrapped in it. There were a lot of these little rolls pushed back there under their blankets. They were rolled up and tucked away where people wouldn't step on them. One night one of the babies began to cry. I was terribly worried, because I thought the right mother wouldn't know it was her baby crying, but she came and quieted the baby.

"I do not remember of any occasion when my father did not call off the dances. The Virginia reel, the lancers, the quadrille, and the waltz were the principal dances. In one corner of the room the young children had their own square dances. We used to have lots of fun. The banquet table at these dances was always laden with turkeys, mince pies and Mexican eats (prepared by the best of cooks) and the finest of wines. After the party was over everyone was expected to carry home all they could. They would come with a white cloth and just fill it full of whatever happened to be left. By the time the banquet hall was emptied there wasn't much left to eat."

It has been customary to dub Mr. Mose Drachman Tucson's official pioneer. In a way he is a native son, since his father and mother had been permanent residents here several years before he was born in San Francisco. They returned while he was an infant in arms, and from that time he has made his home here continuously. He was an active inquiring boy of the streets in the early eighties who knew everyone and whom everyone knew. I quote some of his remarks about the Tucson of his boyhood. "Tucson was a dead town. You could fire a cannon down Congress Street without fear of hitting anyone. All the buildings were of adobe. The biggest excitement of the day was the arrival of the stage. It would come in at Main Street and drive up to the post office and everyone would gather around. Another big event was the arrival of a freight team. The driver would control his team of sixteen mules with one line. There were three wagons in a train—two of them trailers.

"The number of faro games was the business barometer of that day—three games meant good business; two, not so good; one, poor business. A saloon once open, always open. It required three shifts to operate it. The Fashion Saloon brought in a couple of singing girls and everyone flocked to this place. They were fine looking girls. Men would be introduced to them and then treat them to drinks. There was a private room where

you could drink and talk. All this meant good business for the saloon. At the old Opera House there were variety shows—with girls, singing, dancing—and liquor. The girls would come out to the boxes, singing and giving out liquor. No respectable lady attended these shows. The Opera House was where The Park View Hotel is now.

"The leading men of the town were gamblers and saloon-keepers. So far as being true to their word was concerned, no better men ever lived than these gamblers of Tucson. The men who gave the ground for the university were three old-time gamblers—Ben C. Parker, Milt Aldrich and E. B. Gifford. They were gamblers who never turned a crooked card. I remember when I was a boy that I put a bet down at a roulette wheel. E. C. Haynes, an old time gambler, looked me up the next day and said, 'Young man, if ever I catch you betting in a gambling place again I'll beat you up!' Often, when a boy would slip into temptation that way these men would give him his money back. These gamblers sometimes gave me good advice. Said one of them to me, 'I notice you are taking some interest in politics: never make a promise hastily, but once you make it, never break it. And no matter what a man does for you, you are never under obligation to do a wrong for him.'

"We had boosters then who were known as 'The Sons of Rest.' One needed them in politics. Take 'Frying-Pan Charley.' He was a crazy gambler. One day some one told him his card was about to come up. He ran out of his restaurant with his frying-pan in his hand and made his bet. That was the way he got the name 'Frying-pan Charlie'. One day a man went in and ordered breakfast. 'Frying-pan Charley' said, 'Excuse me a minute, I haven't a thing in the house, and I haven't any money. But if you'll give me some I'll go out and get something for your breakfast and cook it for you.' The man gave him the money and out he went. After a long time the customer got tired waiting for his breakfast and went out to look for him. He found him outside gambling, and already the money advanced for the breakfast was gone."

It would require a chapter to picture the business life of Tucson in the eighties. One need only talk with Mr. Albert Steinfeld, Mr. A. M. Franklin, Mr. George Kitt and other merchants of that day who still live here to learn all about it. There were two rival hotels by that time—the Cosmopolitan and the Palace, and each afforded fairly good accommodations. Life on the streets was primitive in many respects. Papago women

sold most of the hay bought by private citizens—carrying great bunches of it into town on their backs in quijos, and selling it at five or ten cents a load.

Mr. A. M. Franklin tells very entertainingly of his first experiences with Mexican Dons from Sonora, when he was a newcomer clerking in the store of his uncle, L. M. Jacobs. These Mexican gentlemen would come from beyond the border with pack-trains bearing produce to be exchanged for American goods. A *mozo* would have one burro loaded with *dobe* money—Mexican silver dollars. The customer would have his *mozo* bring the bag of money into the store, and then he would proceed to make his purchases—one article at a time. Having decided to buy a particular article, he would take possession of it, and then have his servant count out the requisite amount of silver. This process he would repeat, paying for each item as he bought it, until he had supplied himself with everything he wanted.

Mr. Franklin tells of an experience he had with a certain Don Juan Salazar—a most dignified and punctilious cavalier from Sonora. Don Juan, while making his purchases as described above, politely asked Mr. Franklin for a light for his cigarette.

“At that time I was smoking the last of my own cigarette and handed it to Don Juan with a bow. He lighted his cigarette from my stub and handed it back to me, with quite a flourish to indicate his thanks.

“Throw it away,” I said, as the cigarette was about done for anyway.

“Sir,” exclaimed the Don hotly, “Why this insult?”

“Pardon me,” I answered, “what insult?”

Don Juan simply gave me a withering glance and proudly strode away. The main office of the house had not yet been opened and later Don Juan was seen by me to stroll into the store and go directly to the office of Mr. Jacobs. Shortly afterwards I was called into the office and bluntly asked:

“What occasion was there for you to insult Don Juan?”

I was very much astonished and replied, “If I insulted Don Juan I assure you Mr. Jacobs it was unintentional. I do know, however, that he took offence at something.”

“Just repeat what occurred,” Mr. Jacobs asked.

I told him.



Courtesy of the *Overland Monthly*

PAPAGO WOMEN WITH QUIJOS

"Do you not know that when you hand your cigarette to anyone for a light that the proper and courteous thing to do when the cigarette is returned to you is to take it and continue to smoke it?"

"I don't think I quite understand you, Mr. Jacobs."

"It's very simple. When you told Don Juan to throw your cigarette away after he had lighted his own from it, you were implying that it had been polluted and you had no further use for it. That is the way he looked at it. You were practically accusing him of contaminating your cigarette by contact with his fingers."

Knowing what a good customer Don Juan was and that he was a thorough gentleman I offered my apology to him. We shook hands, the Don bowed like an old time cavalier, and we parted the best of friends.

Coming of the Railroad and the University

For decades Tucson had longed mightily for a railroad. From 1870 on discussion is rife and hope grows ever stronger. Finally, on March 20, 1880, at 11:00 a. m., the first railroad train enters the ancient pueblo. It is a special and carries Mr. Charles Crocker, president of the Southern Pacific, and a score or more of the other officers of the road, together with other distinguished visitors. Thousands of citizens had gathered at the station to see this first train enter the town. During the day excitement ran high. Says the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR, "the guests were received amidst the roar of cannons and martial music, toasts, speeches and a grand soiree." W. S. Oury gave the speech of welcome. Estevan Ochoa presented the president of the road with a silver spike, made by Richard Gird's own hand from the first bullion produced by the Tough Nut Mine. The banquet at Park Hall in Levin's Gardens was the supreme event of the day, though the ball in evening vied with it in splendor. Charles D. Poston presided as toastmaster and the witty, inimitable Thomas Fitch was the chief oratorical star of the occasion.

A high point in the proceedings was the interchange of telegrams between other cities and with various dignitaries. The President of the United States, General Fremont, and the cities of Los Angeles and San Francisco were notified that Tucson was now connected with the outside world. Then it was proposed very likely by Tom Fitch, that a message be dispatched to the

Pope. The telegram was accordingly sent, Bishop Salpointe joining Mayor Leatherwood in this greeting. It read as follows:

"To His Holiness, the Pope of Rome, Italy,

"The Mayor of Tucson begs the honor of reminding Your Holiness that this ancient and honorable pueblo was founded by the Spaniards more than three centuries ago and to inform Your Holiness that a railroad from San Francisco, California, now connects us with the Christian world.

"Asking your Benediction:

"R. N. LEATHERWOOD, Mayor,

"J. B. SALPOINTE, Vic. Ap."

In due time, when the jollification was at its height, Fitch arose and read the following reply:

"Leatherwood, Mayor,

"Tucson, Arizona.

"It gives the Pope much pleasure to know Tucson is connected with outside world by rail. But where in H--l is Tucson?"

The mayor and many of the banqueters had by this time reached such a state of mind that the hoax was not questioned. But in the sober and cold light of the day after the mayor realized that he had been victimized.

In January, 1877, the capital was removed from Tucson to Prescott. The Old Pueblo could not reconcile itself to this loss, and each time the legislature met the main issue was whether Tucson should recover its lost treasure. After Pima County had elected its representatives to the Thirteenth Legislature in the fall of 1884, Mr. J. S. Mansfeld, a prominent citizen and active politician, invited the five newly elected members of the lower house to his store for the purpose of coming to some agreement as to what Tucson should try to bring home from the coming session. The conclusion was to give up the fight for the capital once for all and reach for some other good plum. There had been talk recently of the founding of a state university, and Mr. Mansfeld was of the opinion that Pima County should put in for that. Others thought it would be desirable to get the territorial prison away from Yuma, and there was some talk of securing the insane asylum. The consensus of opinion was, though, that the proposed university was the best thing in prospect at that time.

The real democracy had not yet spoken, however. Soon after the five representatives had left for their long, hard journey to Prescott, a mass meeting of the citizens of the Old Pueblo was called. It was then and there clamorously decided that Tucson did not want a university, but did want and was determined to have the capital. As an evidence of their faith and strong desire, they raised a "sack" of \$4,000 and sent the redoubtable Fred Maish to Prescott with it.

When Mr. Maish arrived at the capital he invited the five members of the lower house to his room in what was referred to as a hotel—Prescott's best. Maish occupied the only chair in the apartment. His guests he seated on the bed. Mr. Selim M. Franklin, the youngest man in the Pima delegation, and the man who triumphantly carried the act creating the university through the lower house, gave the writer a spirited account of the matter which is here summarized.

Maish told them that his fellow townsmen did not want the university but did crave to have the capital returned. He said if there were any who doubted, he had with him a sum of \$4,000 as a solid argument to the contrary, and even went so far as to say that if there were still stubborn and unreasonable men who questioned his logic that additional funds would be forthcoming. It was in vain that the five Pima County statesmen made known to Mr. Maish that seven members of the council—a majority of that body—had entered into a compact to oppose the removal of the capital. They told him, moreover, that the member of the upper house from Yavapai County would send to some other realm—better or worse than earth—any member of the combination in the council who dared to break the promises he had entered into.

All of this availed not at all; with a wave of his hand Mr. Maish brushed away all arguments and obstacles:

"Boys," said he, "there is another 'sack' where this one came from and another one after that if we need it. Tucson will get the capital all right. I will attend to that. Here are some bills. Go out and treat the boys and set the good work going."

With this, he handed a twenty dollar bill to each member. They took it and went their way. A jolly time was had; old animosities disappeared under the mellowing influence of drink and under the magic spell of good will that had been evoked the rules were suspended in the lower house and a bill was passed to take the capital back to Tucson. But as the weeks

went by and his bag of money dwindled, Maish found the members of the upper house as obdurate as ever. Mr. C. C. Stephens, who was the member of the council from the south, did not dare to break his agreement with his colleagues, and as a result, when the legislators returned to Tucson with nothing to show but the gift of the university, a mass meeting of enraged citizens was called and Mr. Stephens was denounced in the most colorful pioneer language of the day.

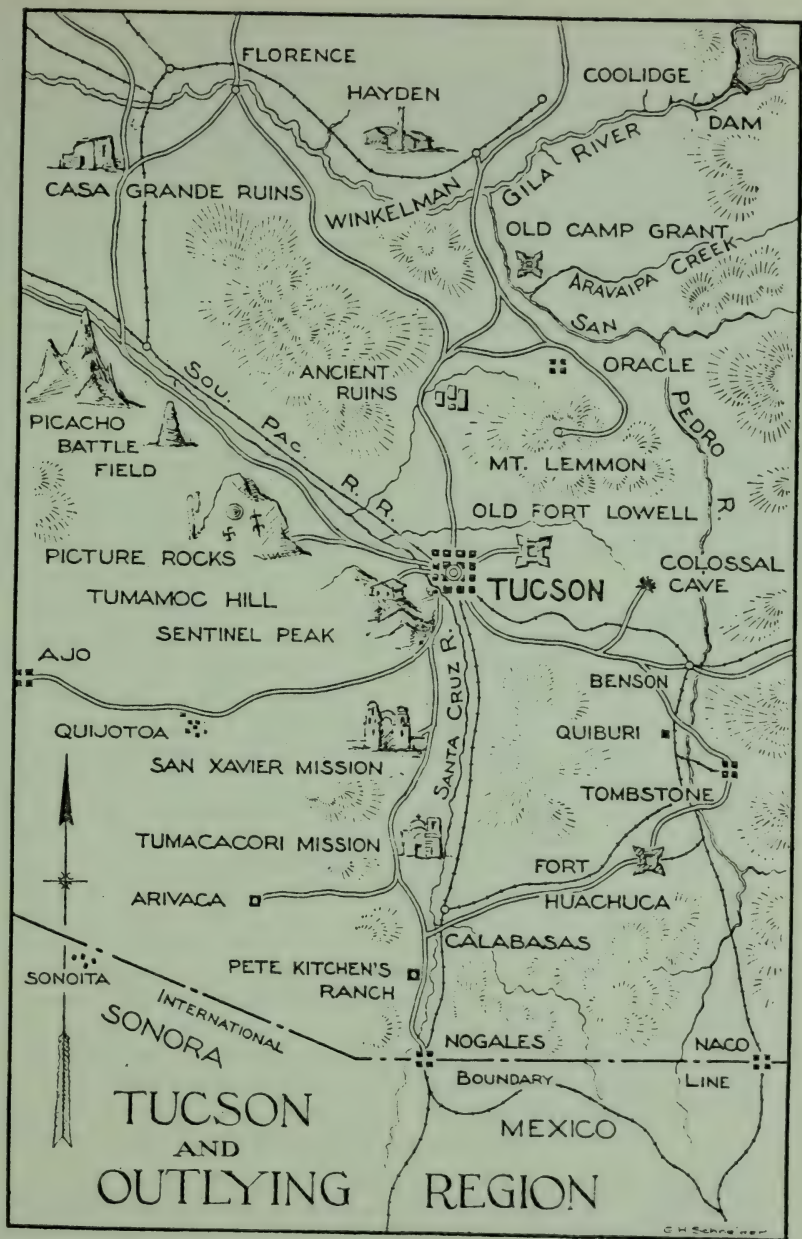
The legislature had made provision for twenty-five thousand dollars to support the university, but before this could become available, forty acres of unencumbered land near Tucson must be conveyed to the territory as a location for the university. No one wanted the university, so no land was offered to the regents. At last, late in 1886, when the appropriation from the territory was about to lapse, Mr. Charles Straus, Superintendent of Public Instruction, took steps to save the day. Through his efforts, three leading gamblers of the town—the men of real weight at that time—came to the front and bought one hundred and sixty acres where the university now stands. Forty acres of this they donated for university purposes. And thus “sweetness and light” came to the Old Pueblo.

A Look Around

It is time to bring this story to a close. With a telegraph line, a through railroad, a state university and daily papers, the antiquarian need pursue his task no farther. From 1885 on, he who will may read the record of Tucson's progress. I must not close, though, without a word to the tourist who desires to orient himself with reference to ancient Tucson.

Let the stranger within our gates go to the “Wishing Shrine” at the south end of Main street. And, first, it should be noted that, while the “Wishing Shrine” has been a landmark for scarcely more than a generation, it is now—to the young and the curious at least—the best known spot in town. Of the many accounts concerning its origin the following related by Mrs. C. B. Perkins is perhaps as good as any, for they all agree in general.

A certain young man, a sheep herder, Juan Oliveras, worked on a ranch for Dr. F. H. Goodwin, Mrs. Perkins' father, in the late seventies. With him lived his wife and his father-in-law. In Tucson lived Juan's mother-in-law with whom he had become infatuated. One day he came to town, and quite unsuspectingly his father-in-law came into Tucson a little later and



TUCSON AND OUTLYING REGION

surprised his wife and Juan in their guilty love. A quarrel ensued, the young man was thrown out of the house. Seizing an axe, the older man killed the youth, and then fled to Sonora. It was the Mexican custom to bury a man who came to such a violent end without ceremony where he fell. His grave was a most dismal and wretched spot when first seen by the writer fourteen years ago. It was somewhat off the road in a tangled, ugly thicket of grass, grease-wood and catsclaw—with stones, tin-cans and refuse all about. But one could not pass the place however dark the night or late the hour, without seeing lighted candles flickering there. And so it had been for a full generation. Some pious Mexican woman had from the first placed candles on the grave of this lost man, with devout prayers for his salvation. For many years now young girls in town and sentimental college students have made wishes and then placed candles on the shrine, a tradition having gradually grown up that if one would make a wish, and set lighted candles on the grave, her wish would come true—provided the candles did not go out before morning.

Standing, then, at this romantic spot, facing north on Main street, let the stranger look about. Just in front of him, on the west side of the street was the fine flour-mill of Mr. W. E. Scott, built in the early seventies. Next to this, now 264-6 Main Street, was the home of Mr. Scott. Opposite Mr. Scott's residence at the corner of Main and McCormick Streets was the Governor's Mansion, now demolished. Near here, at 219 Main, still stands the house of Sabino Otero, a prominent Mexican pioneer. Across the street, was Bill Oury's home, in a building now occupied by the Pima Lumber Company. If one will continue straight north on Main Street past Congress (the center of business in 1870) and Ott and Pennington, he will come to Alameda Street, where the gate of the walled city opened to the fields and the old mission across the river a mile to the south and west. No. 141 Main Street was the home of Mr. E. N. Fish in the sixties. This property ran as far south as Alameda Street—and the large lot extending back on Alameda Street was Mr. Fish's carriage house and corral. Hiram Steven's home was the property from 153-163 Main; and Mr. Stevens also owned all that is now the Knox Corbett house and lawn.

Let us suppose that the sight-seer is still standing at the "Wishing Shrine" and has seen all that I have just described only in his mind's eye. I want him now to face west, so that I may give him a more extended view of things as they were. Down the bank a hundred feet to the west was a perennial and imme-

morial spring—the chief water supply of the village for generations. There is now a well at this spot surrounded by a corral. A hundred years ago if one had lifted his eyes and looked straight off to Sentinel Peak and the Desert Laboratory, on the slope of Tumamoc Hill, he would have seen no river bed and crumbling bank but instead a widespread low valley covered with mesquite and sacaton grass as high as a man's head. When the river was at flood the whole valley was covered with water, and at all times little acequias ran rippling through the valley with stretches of verdure wherever they flowed.

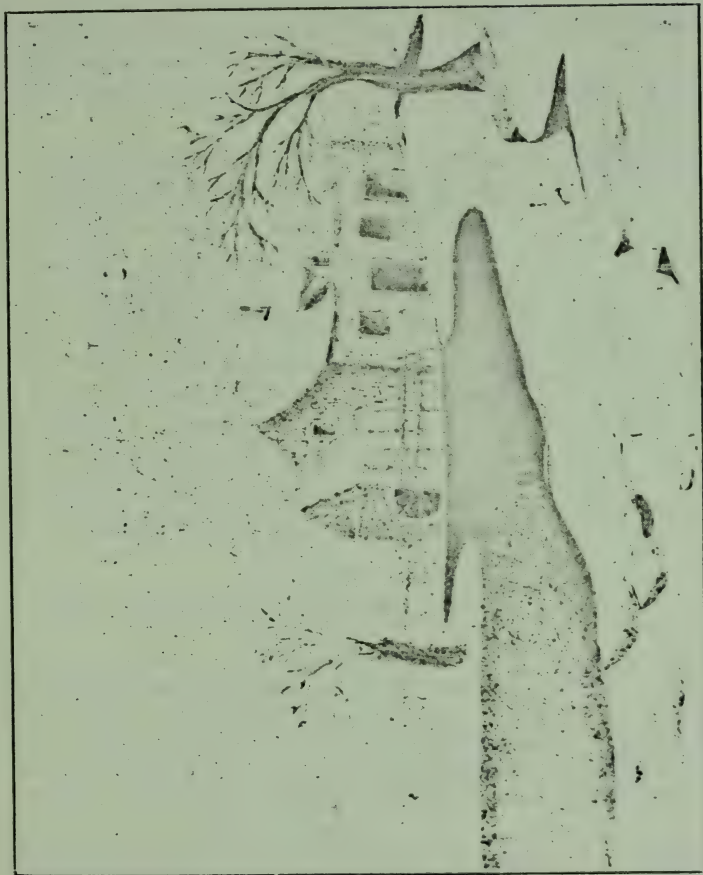
Of old, the main road to Nogales and the south was by Main Street. If one could go directly south two or three miles he would come to the ancient Mexican east and west road. Turning west on this road one crosses the river bed, and in so doing passes on his left the site of the Silver Lake Mill—the first one established in Tucson. To the north and east of the main road into Tucson, which one strikes at the Mission Swimming Pool, is the Old Silver Lake location. A dam was erected some time in the eighties running eastward from the toe of Sentinel Peak. There were boats on this lake and it was a popular resort for several years. A little canal led water to the Old Warner Mill (the second one in Tucson) the ruins of which still stand at the foot of "A" Mountain. One hundred feet to the south of this mill are two or three big holes in the black rock, where Papago women used to grind their corn.

From Warner's Mill, an old Mexican road runs east across the valley. A thousand feet east of the mill, and two hundred feet south of the road is the first and oldest date palm in Arizona. It is a seedling tree—a male—so has borne no fruit. Standing erect and distinct as it does it is an interesting specimen to the horticulturalist. A little farther to the east, just off the road to the north, are the ruins of the old adobe mission church, described in Chapter I, and pictured in Bartlett's Sketch of 1852. Here can be traced the foundations of the first manual training school in Arizona, where the priests taught the Indian boys various manual arts as far back as the time of Garces—possibly in Jesuit times.

Sources of Information

Interviews with many early Arizona Pioneers—both Mexican and American.

Unpublished Letters, Journals, and Reminiscences of soldiers, priests and pioneers.



SILVER LAKE MILL
Erected by James Lee, 1862

The Tucson Newspapers of the Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties—THE ARIZONIAN, the TUCSON CITIZEN, and the ARIZONA WEEKLY STAR.

The Original Membership Book of the Pioneers' Historical Society.

Kino's Memoirs of Pimeria Alta, 2 vols., Herbert E. Bolton.
Arizona and New Mexico, H. H. Bancroft.

On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer, Garces, 2 vols., Elliott Couves.

Arizona—The Youngest State, vols. I, II, J. H. McClintock.

Personal Narrative, 2 vols., John R. Bartlett.

History of Arizona, 8 vols., T. E. Farish.

The History of Arizona, Sidney R. DeLong.

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Across America and Asia, vol. I, Raphael Pumpelly.

Adventures in the Apache Country, J. Ross Browne.

On the Border with Crook, John G. Bourke.

Handbook of Arizona, R. J. Hinton.

Soldiers of the Cross, J. S. Salpointe.

Arizona Characters, Frank C. Lockwood.

Life of Bishop Machebeuf, W. J. Howlett.

The Explanation of Tucson's Coat of Arms

In this seal nine symbols are interwoven. The design represents chronologically the history of the ancient pueblo of Tucson. The period of the Spanish Conquest is indicated by the Pillars of Hercules; the period of Mexican domination is typified by the Mexican Eagle; the sovereignty of the United States is represented by the American Eagle; and the epoch of Statehood is symbolized by the Star of Arizona.

The minor epochs of Tucson's history are—the era of Christianization, represented by the arms of the Society of Jesus against a blue background of hope; the progress of religion under the Franciscans represented by the arms of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi against a green background typifying the development of agriculture; the period of the Presidio, represented by a wall, over-topped by a black hill against a red background, indicative of the Apache warfare of that time; and, finally, the brief space of Confederate occupation, represented by the battle

flag of the Confederacy against a white background typifying the peace that followed the Civil War. The colors in the background have a two-fold significance; for they represent the national colors of both the United States and Mexico—red, white and blue, and red, white and green.

Acknowledgment is hereby made to the Library of the University of Arizona, The Public Library of the City of Los Angeles, and the Pioneers Historical Society for access to material used in the preparation of this volume.

The authors desire to express their appreciation of the intelligent and sympathetic aid rendered by Miss Winifred Walcutt in typing this manuscript for the press.

CURRENT COMMENT

DAN R. WILLIAMSON

H. C. Stillman

H. C. Stillman, aged 82, was instantly killed on the night of June 9, when an automobile in which he was a passenger was struck by another machine near Globe. Mr. Stillman was secretary of the Douglas Business Men's Protective Association, and had attended a meeting of this organization at Prescott, and was en route to Douglas by way of the Coolidge Dam when the accident occurred which took his life and that of W. W. Arr, of Globe, and seriously injured Robert Hamilton, secretary of the Bisbee Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Stillman was a native of Connecticut, having been born and reared at Bridgeport. He came to Arizona in 1880, coming first to Bisbee, then called Mule Gulch, as an employee of a construction company, and had charge of the first load of freight ever shipped by rail from Tucson to Fairbank. He remained in Bisbee, being one of the organizers of that city and served the city as postmaster for one term. He was one of the first men to do excavating work on the Copper Queen Mine. He served as a deputy under Sheriff Behan, first sheriff of Cochise County. He also served as an agent for the Wells-Fargo Express Company in the days in Arizona when a man was virtually taking his life in his hands to act in such capacity. Mr. Stillman was a real pioneer of the Hell-roarin', rip-snortin' Arizona that was, and he recorded for the office of Arizona State Historian stories of his early experiences. Among these is the graphic account of the activities of the Heath gang of robbers and murderers. They culminated their career of crime by the wanton robbery and murder of several prominent citizens of Bisbee, and the enraged citizens of that city and Tombstone proclaimed, practically, a Roman holiday and hanged four of the gang at a public hanging in the latter city in the early eighties.

While of an advanced age, Mr. Stillman was as active as a man many years his junior, and was one of the most prominent workers in the civic affairs of the City of Douglas. He was the last veteran of the Civil War in that district, and was the pre-

siding officer at the last Memorial Day services a few days prior to his death.

Mr. Stillman is survived by his wife, to whom he had been married nearly sixty years, a daughter, two sons, two sisters and a brother.

H. M. Woods

Henry Morgan Woods, pioneer of Cochise County, died at his home in Bisbee on June 2. He was born at Southboro, Mass., in 1855, and came to Arizona in 1879. With the exception of two years, he lived continuously in Cochise County from the time of his arrival in Arizona. During the boom days of Tombstone, Mr. Woods was foreman of the historic Contention Mine. The family moved to Bisbee in the early '90's, where Mr. Wood was employed by the Copper Queen Company, who retired him on pension in 1917.

Mr. Woods was for many years a member of the Bisbee school board, and he served his district in the territorial legislature for four years, beginning in 1898. He was a Mason of high degree, and held important offices in this lodge and the O. E. S.

Mr. Woods' first wife was Letta May Steele, of Tombstone. Five children were born to them, three of whom survive. Mrs. Woods died in 1910, and several years later Mr. Woods married Mrs. Emma Farrington, who also survives him. One of the children, Miss Gladys Woods, makes her home in Phoenix.

Ruth Guernsey Kelly

Mrs. Ruth G. Kelly died in Los Angeles on June 4, following a short illness from pneumonia. Mrs. Kelly was a pioneer of the State of Arizona, having arrived in Solomonville, where she taught school, in 1896. She also lived at Bisbee, Clifton and Tucson before coming to Phoenix where she made her home until about a year ago. She was connected with the state library as assistant librarian from 1923 to 1927, and she also worked for the state highway department.

Mrs. Kelly was born at Bloomfield, Iowa, in 1875, the daughter of Jennie C. and Henry Guernsey. She is survived by the aged mother, four children—W. H. Kelly, former owner of the Tombstone Epitaph, now with the Arizona Daily Star, Tucson; Samuel G. Kelly, lieutenant in the United States Navy; Mrs. A. B. Stevens, Los Angeles; Alice Jane Kelly, employee of the Arizona Corporation Commission, and now in Los Angeles on leave of absence; three grandchildren, children of Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, three brothers and two sisters. One of the sisters, Mrs. E. L. Shaw, is a resident of Phoenix and was called to Los Angeles when Mrs. Kelly's condition became serious. This is the second time within six months that the hand of death has claimed a member of this family, Major Geo. H. Kelly, State Historian, Mrs. Kelly's father-in-law, having passed away last November.

Funeral services were held for Mrs. Kelly on June 7, with burial in Pomona beside the grave of a brother who was killed accidentally several years ago. By order of Governor Phillips, the flag at the state house was placed at half-mast during the funeral hour, from 10 to 11.

Eliza Campbell

Eliza Campbell, aged 79, wife of Dan Campbell, and mother of former Governor Thomas E. Campbell, died at her home in Prescott on June 17. She had been a resident of Arizona since 1873, coming to Fort Whipple as a bride in that year. She is a native of Ireland, and came to America with her parents at the age of ten.

Besides the son mentioned, the survivors are the husband and three other children—Mrs. Fred Juleff, Bisbee; Mrs. Lila Campbell Duffy, Phoenix, and Harry Campbell, Florence. Two grandchildren, Allen and Brodie Campbell, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Campbell, also survive.

When the REVIEW went to press the funeral of Mrs. Campbell had not been held, awaiting the arrival of the son, Tom Campbell, who sailed from Spain on June 16. He will come by plane to Prescott from New York immediately upon his arrival in New York, which is expected to be about June 24.

James Henry East

James Henry East died at his home in Douglas on June 13, at the age of 77.

"Jim" East, a native of Illinois, came to Douglas more than 25 years ago from Texa, where he settled in 1870. He was prominently active in the business and political life of Oldham County, Texas, for many years, serving that county as sheriff for two terms. His wide experience in early life gave him a colorful background, and at one time he was associated with Pat Garrett, then celebrated sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico. He helped Garrett stamp out cattle rustling in that county, and to East was assigned the job of taking the notorious outlaw, Billy the Kid, to Albuequerque to be turned over to Gov. Lew Wallace. Other than to admit this fact, Judge East always modestly declined to discuss this incident.

While Judge East came to Douglas to spend a life of retirement, twice he served that city as chief of police. At the time of his death he was judge of the police court, having been appointed to that position by former Mayor Haymore.

Judge East is survived by his wife, Nettie Bouldin East, member of a pioneer Douglas family, to whom he was married December 6, 1884. Mrs. East is a native of Virginia.

Judge East was a life member of the Douglas Lodge of Elks.

JOHN C GREENWAY STATUE UNVEILED

On Saturday, May 24th, 1930, Arizona presented to the nation a bronze statue of John Campbell Greenway to take its place among other memorials of our illustrious dead in Statuary Hall, in the National Capital, Washington, D C.

This heroic figure, by Gutzon Borgium, is the first statue of a World War veteran to be placed in Statuary Hall. Greenway served both in the World War and the Spanish-American War.

He was a noted mining engineer, and it is largely through his foresight and vision that the low grade ores of the desert country were developed; the great Ajo Mine made the outstand-

ing success that it is, and the beautiful camp of Ajo became a by word of efficiency as well as beauty, and a model that all might be proud to follow.

Among those attending was Frank Hitchcock, former Postmaster General and now a publisher of Tucson.

Tributes at the ceremony of the unveiling were paid by Senators Ashurst and Hayden and Representative Douglas.

General Greenway's wife and young son, Jack, are residents of Arizona, Mrs. Greenway being one of the outstanding women of the West.

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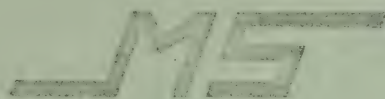
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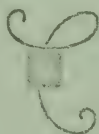
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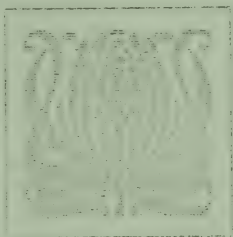
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P H O E N I X

Arizona Historical Review

Vol. 3

OCTOBER, 1930

No. 3



Published Quarterly by
ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Entered as Second Class Mail

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STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

CONTENTS

Arizona's Governors.....	Effie R. Keen
The San Carlos Apache Police.....	John P. Clum
Clay Beauford—Welford C. Bridwell.....	H. E. Dunlap
Highlights on Arizona's First Printing Press	William Hattich
Joe Phy—Gladiator.....	John A. Rockfellow
A Good Indian.....	Dr. John Holt Lacy
Oskay de No Tah.....	Dan R. Williamson
Topography of Arizona.....	Mrs. C. Rodney MacDonald
Arizona Museum Notes.....	Elizabeth S. Oldaker
Current Comments.....	Dan R. Williamson

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Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the Territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States Congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Apache County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

Arizona's present state officers are:

John C. Phillips—Governor

I. P. Frazier—Secretary of State

Ana Frohmler—Auditor

C. R. Price—Treasurer

C. O. Case—Supt. Public Instruction

W. D. Claypool, Amos A. Betts, and Loren Vaughn, members Corporation Commission

H. D. Ross, Chief Justice, A. G. McAlister and A. C. Lockwood, Associate Justices Supreme Court.

Thomas Foster—Mine Inspector

M. A. Murphy, Frank Luke and E. A. Hughes, members Tax Commission.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Arizona, with its 113,956 square miles, ranks fifth in size of states—nearly as large as New England and New York combined.

Coconino County is the second largest county in the United States.

Arizona contains the longest unbroken stretch of yellow pine timber in the world.

Arizona contains the greatest variety of plant life, even including ferns, of any state in the Union.

Arizona is the greatest COPPER producing state, the 1929 production being around 833,626,000 pounds, with a value of about \$149,200,000, while the value of the five principal minerals—GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD and ZINC for 1929 is about \$158,433,300.

Arizona ranks first in the production of COPPER; first in the production of ASBESTOS; third in GOLD; fourth in SILVER, sixth in LEAD and very high in ZINC, TUNGSTEN, VANADIUM, QUICKSILVER and other minerals.

Arizona's mines normally employ 19,000 men and their payrolls amount to \$30,000,000 annually.

In the excellence of her public schools and school buildings Arizona ranks among the very highest.

Arizona's 1929 hay crop was worth \$12,222,000.

Arizona's 1929 grain crop was worth \$3,941,000.

Arizona's 1929 cotton crop was worth \$15,000,000.

Arizona ships more than 9,000 cars of lettuce annually.

Arizona ships more than 5,500 cars of cantaloupes annually.

Arizona's lumber production is worth about \$5,000,000 annually.

Arizona is the only state owning its own BUFFALO herd; this state having about 85 head running on the open range in House Rock Valley.

Arizona contains the largest number of DEER of any state in the Union; the Kaibab Forest alone containing about 30,000 head.

Arizona, in the Thompson Arboretum at Superior, has the only arid climate arboretum in the world.

Arizona has about 888,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$39,418,000.

Arizona has about 1,189,000 head of sheep, valued at about \$9,493,000.

Arizona's Indian population, around 33,000, is second largest in the United States.

Arizona is fast becoming famous for the excellence of its PECANS, DATES, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPE FRUIT, GRAPES and MANY OTHER FRUITS.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Arizona possesses one of the seven great wonders of the world.

In the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona has the finest example of early Spanish mission architecture on the North American Continent.

Arizona has within her borders some three hundred miles of sparkling trout streams.

Within the borders of Arizona there are undoubtedly 100,000 old ruins, the largest and most important being the "CASA GRANDE"

near Florence. Many well preserved cliff dwellings are tucked away in the mountains and canyons away from the haunts of man.

The present day great canal system of the SALT RIVER VALLEY, and the Casa Grande Valley as well, are built on the ruins of prehistoric canals built by a vanished people, and that these same prehistoric people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

Arizona leads in irrigation and contains the most comprehensive system of dams for irrigation and power purposes in the world

WITH ROOSEVELT DAM and ROOSEVELT LAKE,
HORSE MESA DAM and APACHE LAKE,
MORMON FLAT DAM and CANYON LAKE,
STEWART MOUNTAIN DAM AND LAKE,
CAVE CREEK DAM AND RESERVOIR,
GRANITE REEF DIVERSION DAM AND RESERVOIR,

COOLIDGE DAM and SAN CARLOS LAKE, Arizona contains many lakes of rare beauty which constitute the largest acreage of artificial reservoirs or lakes extant, with more dams to be built in the near future.

ARIZONA is full of beautiful wonders—LAKES, MOUNTAINS, GRAND CANYONS, VALLEYS, PAINTED DESERTS, PETRI-FIED FORESTS, NATURAL BRIDGES, PREHISTORIC RUINS, CLIFF DWELLINGS, STREAMS, DESERTS, CACTUS, HIGHWAYS, SUNSETS, COLORINGS, as well as having the most invigorating and salubrious climate in the world.

The name "Arizona" is derived from the word "Arizonac" meaning "Little Spring" "Ari" small, and "Zonac" spring, from the language of the Papago and Pima Indians.

ARIZONA'S state flower is the delicate, white waxy flower of the Saguaro or Giant Cactus, *Cereus Giganteus*, SAGUARO being the Spanish word for Sentinal.

This was adopted by the territorial legislature of 1901 on account of its being distinctly a native plant of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Flag is distinctive and beautiful and was adopted by the Legislature in 1917.

The flag represents the following: The setting sun, consisting of thirteen rays, alternate red and yellow, or red and gold, in the upper half of the flag.

The lower half being a plain blue field.

Superimposed upon the center of the flag. In the face of the setting sun is the copper colored star of Arizona. The flag in this way carries the state colors the old Spanish colors and the distinctive copper colors of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Seal. The Seal of the State shall be of the following design: In the background shall be a range of mountains, with the sun rising behind the peaks thereof, and at the right side of the range of mountains there shall be a storage reservoir and a dam, below which in the middle distance are irrigated fields and orchards reaching into the foreground, at the right of which are cattle grazing. To the left in the middle distance on a mountain side is a quartz mill in front of which and in the foreground is a miner standing with pick and shovel. Above this device shall be the motto: "Diat Deus." In the circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed:

"Great Seal of the State of Arizona", with the year of admission of the state into the Union. (The meaning of the motto "Diat Deus" is God Enriches.)

ARIZONA'S State Anthem, "Arizona," words by Margaret Rowe Clifford, Copyright 1915, Music by Maurice Blumenthal, adopted 1919, Chapter 28, Session Laws.

Come to this land of sunshine,
To the land where life is young.
Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
The songs that will now be sung,
Where the golden sun is flaming
Into warm white shining day,
And the sons of men are blazing
Their priceless right of way.

Chorus:

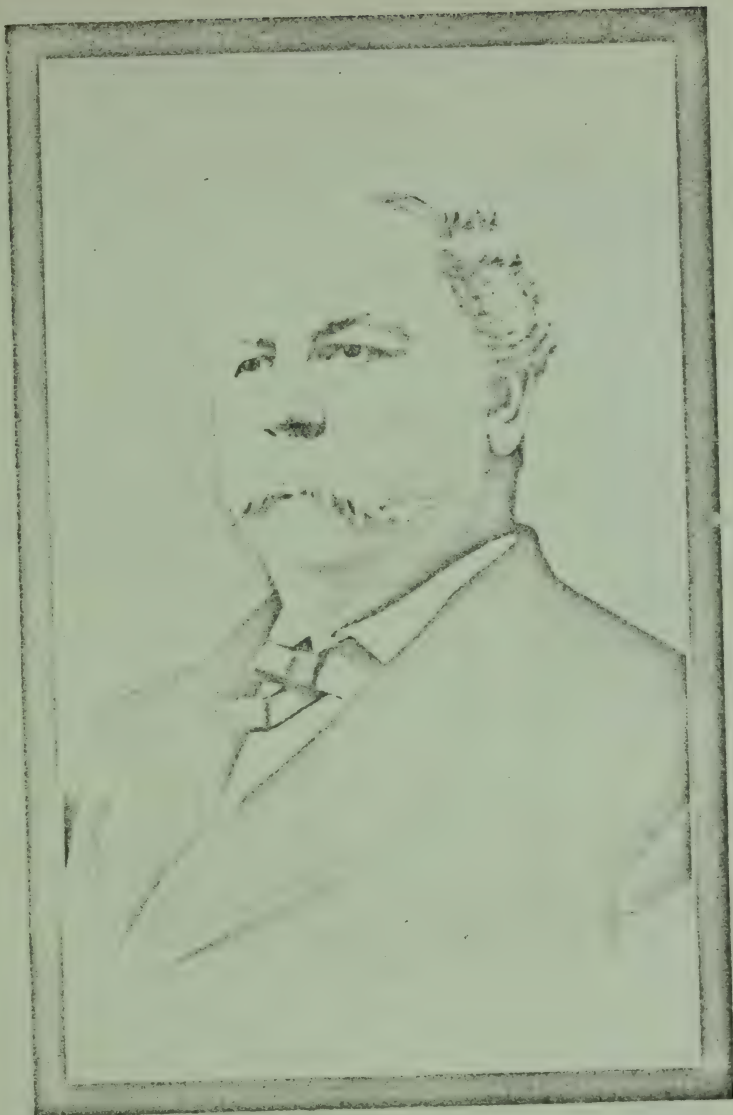
Sing the song that's in your heart:
Sing of the great Southwest.
Thank God for Arizona,
In splendid sunshine dressed;
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona—
Our Goddess and our Queen.

Come stand beside the the rivers
Within our valleys broad,
Stand here with heads uncovered
In the presence of our God,
While all around about us,
The brave unconquered band,
As guardians and landmarks,
The giant mountains stand.

Chorus:

Not alone for gold and silver
Is Arizona great;
But with graves of heroes sleeping
All the land is consecrate.
Oh, come and live beside us,
However far ye roam.
Come help us build up temples
And name these temples "Home."

Of the 22 National Monuments in the United States, 11 of them are within the borders of Arizona, namely Casa Grande, Montezuma Castle, Navajo, Petrified Forest, Pipe Springs, Tumacacori, Wupatki, Chiricahua, Tonto, Walnut Canyon, and the latest, Sunset Crater.



JOHN N. GOODWIN
First Territorial Governor

ARIZONA'S GOVERNORS

By EFFIE R. KEEN

Since my employment four years ago as secretary in the office of Arizona State Historian, probably no more frequent inquiry has been received than the one requesting information about the men who, as governors, ruled the destiny of this state since its inception as a territory sixty-seven years ago. The lives and brilliant careers of some of these men are as open books, and 'he that runs may read.' Authentic information in detail about many of the others has been difficult to obtain. This is due to the fact, no doubt, that the job of territorial governor was due strictly to political pull, and was a reward for favors rendered—large or small, as the case might be—and the men so honored were, in the majority of instances, residents of far eastern states. By no stretch of the imagination could they envision the Arizona of today; they were not vitally interested in her welfare, and after serving their tenure in office were eager to return to their homes in the east, and many of them do not seem to have left any outstanding record of accomplishments. But they were courageous, adventurous souls, as proved by the records from out a shadowy past. For a brief time they lived and moved and had their being in this, what was then, rather far outpost of civilization, and left an indelible imprint on Arizona's history.

JOHN NOBLE GOODWIN. First territorial governor. Born in South Berwick, Maine, October 18, 1824. Graduated from Dartmouth College in 1844. Studied law and began its practice in 1849 in Berwick. Elected to the state senate of Maine in 1854. Appointed special commissioner in 1855 to revise laws of State of Maine. Elected to Congress from Maine in 1860, serving from March 4, 1861, to March 3, 1863, when he was created Chief Justice for the Territory of Arizona, but following the death of Governor Gurley he was appointed Governor of Arizona by President Lincoln.* At the first regular election held in Arizona, in September, 1864, Goodwin was elected a delegate to the 39th Congress. Although regularly

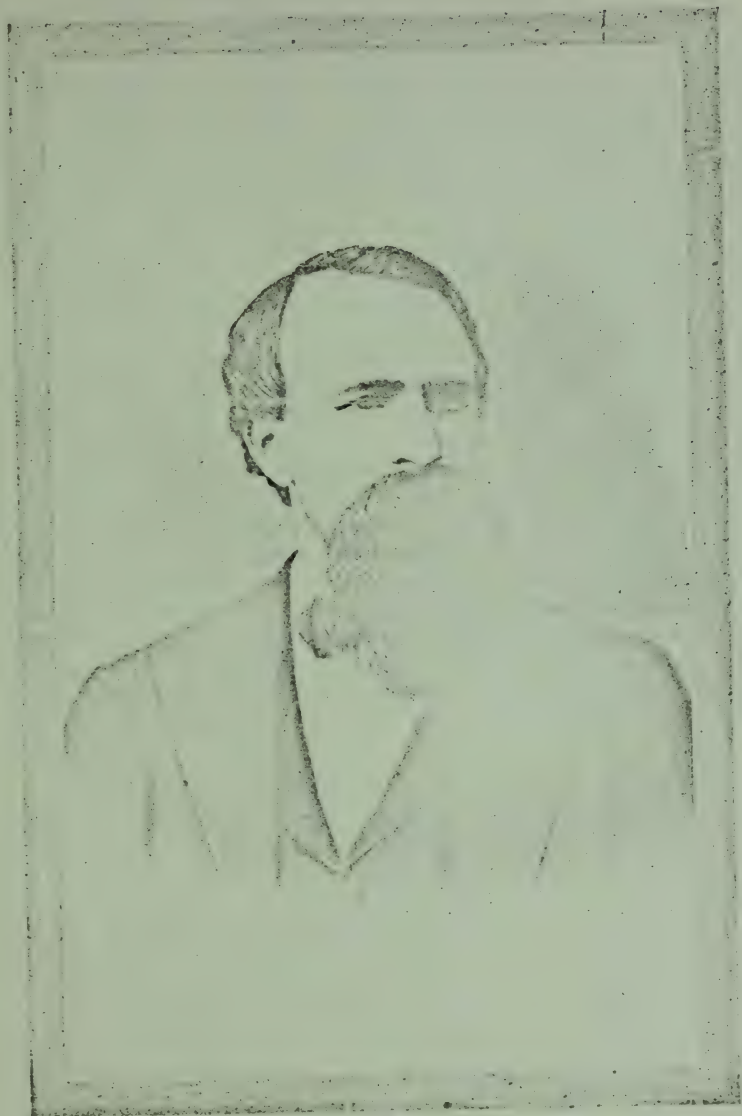
*(Note: John A. Gurley was appointed Governor of Arizona in February, 1863, when the state was first created a territory, but he died on August 20 of the same year before the official party ever left the east for Arizona.)

elected to Congress, he was still the Governor of Arizona, and actually remained as such until 1866, though it has never been definitely determined if he drew pay for both jobs. During most of this time Secretary McCormick acted as governor, and on April 10, 1866, he was officially appointed governor of the territory. Governor Goodwin served as a delegate to Congress from March 4, 1865, to March 3, 1867. He did not return to Arizona from Washington, but went to New York where he resumed the practice of law. He died at Paraiso Springs, California, April 29, 1887. His body was shipped from that place, but the office of state historian has not been able to find out where he was buried.

RICHARD CUNNINGHAM McCORMICK. Second territorial governor, and the first secretary of the territory. He was not a stranger to the duties of governor, for he had been practically that during the regime of Goodwin, particularly after the latter had been elected to Congress. McCormick was born in New York City on May 23, 1832. He attended public schools, and later received a classical education. He was a newspaper correspondent for the New York Evening Post during the Crimean War, also served the same newspaper in the same capacity during the early years of the Civil War. His notes, gathered during the Crimean War, served as a basis for a book he published in 1859, called "From St. Paul to St. Sophia." At the same time that Gurley was appointed Governor of Arizona, McCormick was appointed secretary of the territory. He brought with him to the territory a printing press, which he afterwards used in starting a newspaper, The Miner, at Prescott. At the inauguration of Gov. Goodwin, McCormick read the governor's speech and raised the first official flag of the territory. This was on December 29, 1863, and established Arizona as a separate territory. Prior to that time she had been under the rule of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Secretary McCormick designed the first seal of the territory. He was a handsome man, with a charming personality, and was one of the most popular of the early governors. He was appointed governor of the territory by President Johnson in 1866, and he served until April 7, 1869. Was elected a delegate to Congress from Arizona, serving from March 4, 1869, to March 3, 1875. In 1877 he was assistant secretary of the treasury, and in 1878 he was Commissioner General to the Paris Exposition. Delegate to Congress from Long Island from March 4, 1895, to March 3, 1897. Died at his home in Jamaica, Long Island, June 2, 1902, and was buried in that city.



R. C. McCORMICK
Second Territorial Governor



A. P. K. SAFFORD
Third Territorial Governor

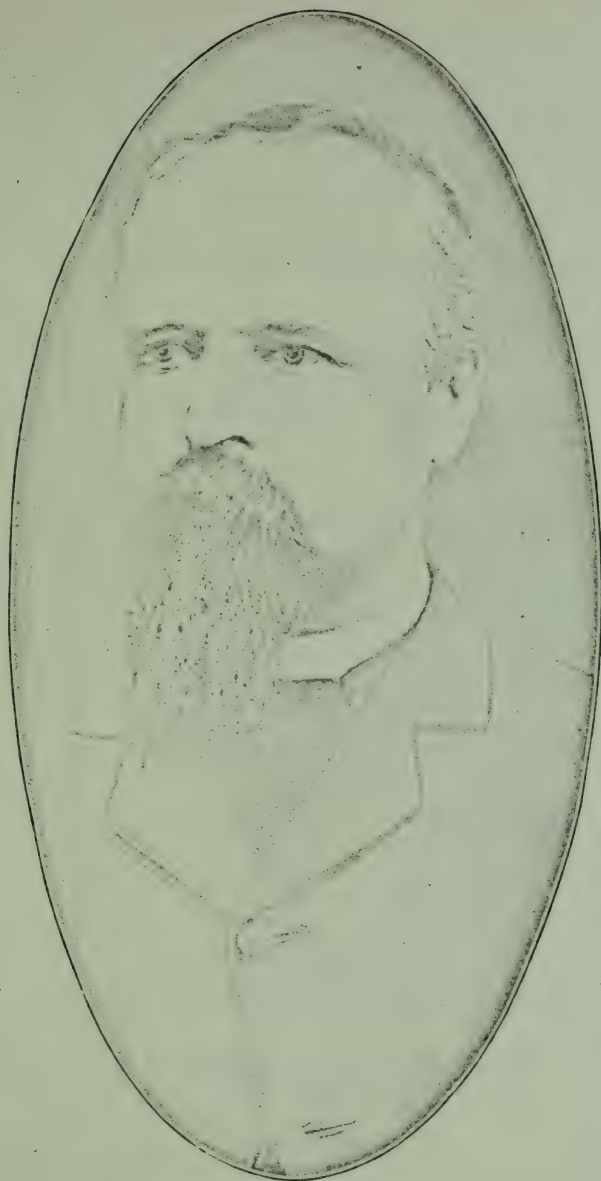
ANSON PACELY KILLEN SAFFORD. Third governor of the territory, serving from April 7, 1869, to April 5, 1877. He was born at Hyde Park, Vermont, February 14, 1830. Pioneered to California at the age of twenty. Elected to the legislature from that state in 1856; re-elected in 1857, serving through 1858. In business in San Francisco from 1859 to 1862. Following this, he went to Nevada where he lived for seven years, and during that time served as mining recorder and county recorder of Humboldt County, and as surveyor general, being appointed to the latter position by President Johnson in 1867. In 1869, President Grant appointed him Governor of the Territory of Arizona, in which capacity he served for eight years, refusing to seek a third term. He was outstandingly prominent in educational affairs of the territory, and is known as the father of the public school system of Arizona. He was also active in mining affairs in Tombstone in the early days, and is said to have financed the Schieffelin brothers, founders of that historic city. There was a unique aspect to one of Gov. Safford's acts in that he was required to sign the bill, passed by both houses, granting his own divorce—from his first wife. In later years, following the death of his second wife, he married a sister of Ignacio Bonillas, of Nogales, member of a prominent pioneer family of Arizona. Mr. Bonillas was Gov. Safford's secretary. Mrs. Safford survives and makes her home in Florida. Governor Safford died at Tarpon Springs, Florida, December 15, 1891, and is buried there. After his death, a thousand pound boulder was brought from his native state and this serves as a monument for his grave.

JOHN PHILO HOYT. Fourth territorial governor. Appointed by President Hayes. Born at Austinburg, Ohio, October 6, 1841. As a young boy he was fat and chubby, and, apparently, not overly ambitious to be a farmer—the career chosen for him. He preferred law. Graduated from law school and admitted to the bar in 1867. Prior to this time he served during the Civil War in the Union Army. Successfully practiced his profession in Michigan, where he also served in the legislature from 1873 to 1875. President Grant appointed him Secretary of Arizona in 1876. Was appointed governor April 5, 1877, and served until June 12, 1878. He is known as the father of the "Hoyt Code." Left Arizona for Washington in 1879, and was that year appointed associate justice of the supreme court of the State of Washington. Served until 1887. Became a member of the state constitutional convention of the State of Washington in 1899, and was one of the leading framers of that state's docu-

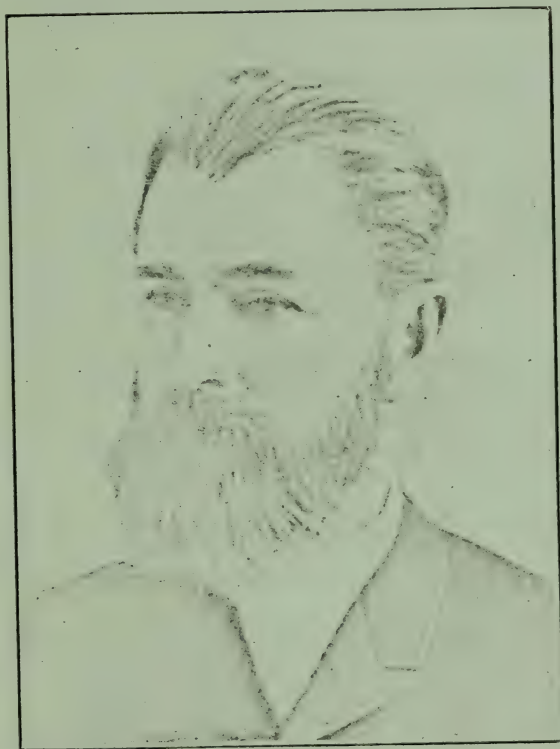
ment. Professor of Law in University of Washington from 1902 to 1907. Died at Seattle, August 27, 1926.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT. Fifth territorial governor. Born in Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. He graduated from school at the age of seventeen, and in 1838 was appointed second lieutenant of topographical engineers. He was primarily an explorer and promoter. He started west in 1842, beginning the exploration of an overland route to the Pacific. He explored California and vicinity in 1845. Appointed governor of that state by Commodore Stockton in 1846. Was the first United States Senator from California—1850-1851. He has the distinction of having been the first republican candidate for President of the United States. He was again nominated in 1864 by a clique of disgruntled politicians, but believing there was no chance of being elected, he withdrew and supported Lincoln. President Hayes appointed him Governor of Arizona in 1878, and he served until 1882. He probably did less for the territory than any other governor, apparently assuming that he was too important for the job. He displaced a really fine man, John P. Hoyt, who was asked to resign in order that the job might be given to Fremont. The latter was practically governor in name only, his secretary, J. J. Gosper, being the one who carried on the affairs of state during Fremont's reign. The latter died in New York July 13, 1890.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS TRITLE. Sixth territorial governor. Born near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, August 7, 1833. He attended an academy at that place, and later studied law. Admitted to the bar in that state in 1855. Moved to Iowa the same year; to California in 1859, and to Nevada in 1860. In all these states he was prominent in business, mining circles and the practice of law. Elected to the senate of Nevada in 1866. Was later a candidate for governor of that state, but was defeated. Came to Arizona the latter part of 1880; appointed governor by President Arthur February 6, 1882. Continued as such until October, 1885. Following his retirement, he bought and developed the United Verde mines, but owing to a lack of money was unable to finance them and had to let them go. From 1894 to 1897 he was county recorder of Yavapai County, and in 1900 was supervisor of the census in Arizona. Died in Phoenix, Arizona, in 1906, and is buried in that city. Among his surviving children is a son, Harry Russell Tritle, secretary of the Arizona Industrial Commission, Phoenix.



JOHN PHILO HOYT
Fourth Territorial Governor



FREDERICK AUGUSTUS TRITLE
Sixth Territorial Governor

CONRAD MEYER ZULICK. Seventh territorial governor. Born June 3, 1839, at Easton, Pennsylvania. Received his education under the tutelage of John Van de Veere, Minerva Hall, Easton, Pa. Trained for the ministry, then decided on law. He was a New Jersey attorney at the time of his appointment by President Cleveland as Governor of the Territory of Arizona. This was in October, 1885, and he served until April, 1889. He was the first democratic governor of the territory, and one of only four democrats who have ever served the state and territory in the capacity of governor.

Zulick's reign was a most turbulent one from start to finish. He appears to have been lacking in sympathy for the people of the territory, thereby rendering his term of office a most unpopular one. However, he was the prime instigator in the movement to have the state capitol moved from Prescott to Phoenix. This was accomplished by the Fifteenth Legislature in 1889, during the latter part of Zulick's term. He also worked for the repeal of the law passed by the Thirteenth Legislature disfranchising Mormon voters. This law was repealed by the Fourteenth Legislature.

Zulick remained in the state for several years after relinquishing the office of governor, and was elected as a councilman in the Sixteenth Legislature from Maricopa County in 1891. He was actually Colonel Zulick, having served the government in that capacity during the Civil War.

The death of former Gov. Zulick occurred at Asbury Park, New Jersey, on March 1, 1926. He had made his home in New Jersey for thirty years prior to his death.

LEWIS WOLFLEY. Eighth governor, was born in Philadelphia on October 8, 1839. During the Civil War he served as a major, from Kentucky, and was a revenue officer in New Orleans from 1865 to 1870. He came to Arizona in 1882 from Washington, D. C., where he was a civil engineer, and he was the first governor appointed who happened to be a resident of the territory at the time of his appointment. All the other governors had been imported—so to speak. He was also the only bachelor governor the territory and state has had. His home was in Yavapai County, where he had been a mining man and surveyor. He became governor on April 9, 1889. Although a man of sterling qualities and high ideals, he was not possessed of executive ability; was so strongly partisan that he split the party, and made things so unpleasant in his own ranks that he was finally

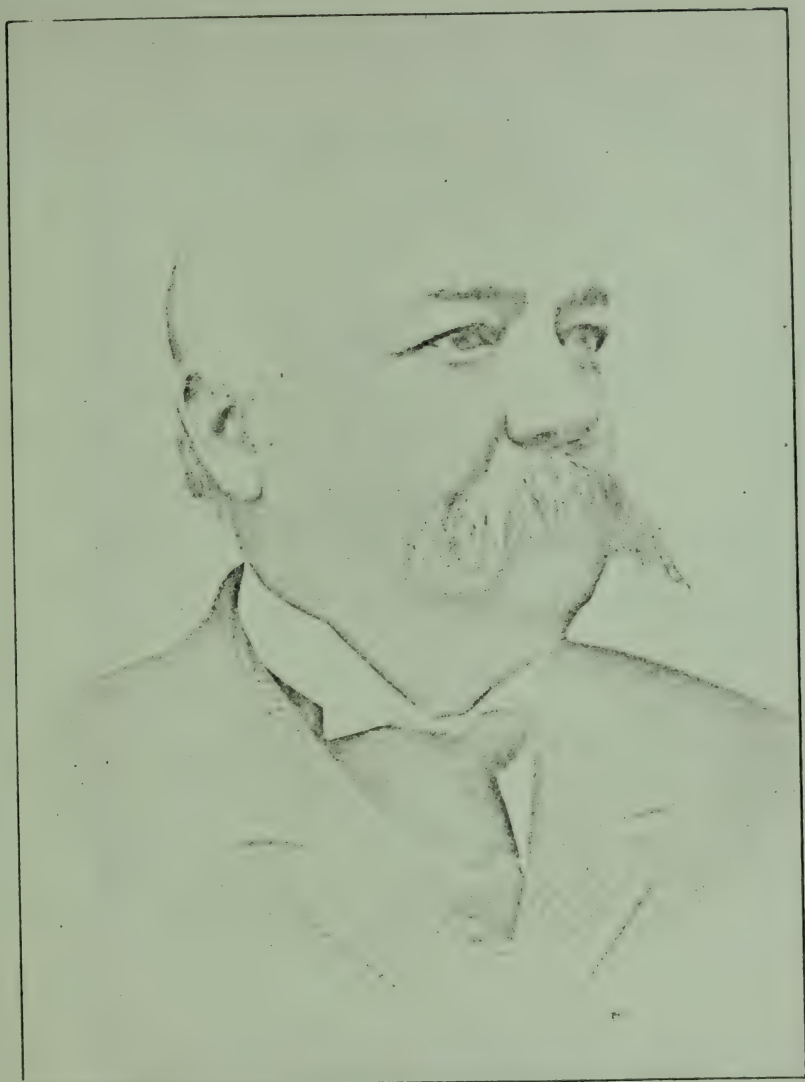
removed from office before his term expired. His outstanding accomplishment as governor was the funding of the territorial bonds, thereby saving the state nearly \$60,000. The legislature of 1895 passed a bill reimbursing him \$5,000 for his expenses in connection with this work. He founded the Arizona Republican during his term of office.

Gov. Wolfley connections in the east were the nationally known Sherman and Ewing families of Ohio. He met death by being struck by a street car in Los Angeles on February 12, 1910, and was buried at Prescott.

JOHN NICHOL IRWIN. Ninth territorial governor. Born in Butler County, Ohio, December 25, 1843. Graduated from Dartmouth College and became a newspaperman in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. Studied law in the office of Stanley Mathews, prominent Cincinnati lawyer. Practiced law at Keokuk, Iowa. Appointed Governor of Idaho by President Arthur in 1883. Appointed Governor of Arizona by President Harrison on October 4, 1890. Last executive to be appointed who lived outside the limits of the territory. Served two years. Appointed United States Minister to Portugal by President McKinley in 1899. Died at Hot Springs, Arkansas, on December 22, 1905. Buried at Keokuk, Iowa.

NATHAN OAKS MURPHY. Tenth and fourteenth territorial governor. The only man accorded the honor of being twice appointed as governor of this territory. Born on a farm in Lincoln County, Maine, October 14, 1849. Very meager educational advantages, being practically self-educated. He attended the public schools in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, and taught school in that state, also followed journalistic work. Rather brilliant and forceful speaker, and a dominant personality. Came to Arizona in 1883 and engaged in the mining and real estate business with his brother, Frank, at Prescott. Frank Murphy was one of the really big business men of Northern Arizona during territorial days, and is a former president of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix railway.

In 1889, N. O. Murphy was appointed Secretary of the Territory of Arizona, under Gov. Tritle. Two years later—May 11, 1892—he was appointed governor, and served until April 13, 1893. His second term dated from October 1, 1898, to July 1, 1902. In June, 1892, he was a delegate from Arizona to the National Republican Convention in Minneapolis. In November,



C. M. ZULICK
Seventh Territorial Governor.



LEWIS WOLFLEY
Eighth Territorial Governor

1894, he was elected territorial delegate to Congress. Arizona's State Capitol Building was dedicated during Governor Murphy's second term of office. He was an outstanding political character in Arizona for a quarter of a century. His death occurred at Coronado, California, on August 22, 1908, and he was buried in the Masonic cemetery in that city.

LOUIS C. HUGHES. Eleventh territorial governor. Born near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, May 15, 1842. Was left an orphan at the age of two, and placed in a Presbyterian orphanage where he remained until he was ten, then placed with a Calvinistic farmer family. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was attending an academy near Allegheny, Pennsylvania. He served in this war for two years, being honorably discharged for general disability. He entered a government machine shop and became a machinist, and in the meantime he had been studying law. His health broke and he came to Arizona in 1871 and began the practice of law. Later, in turn, he was appointed probate judge, and ex-officio county superintendent of schools. Was elected district attorney for two terms; attorney general, United States Court Commission; member of the board of World's Fair Commissioners to Chicago from Arizona, and was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in 1884 and 1892.

In 1878 he established the Arizona Daily Star at Tucson, and was its editor and publisher for thirty years. He was the first president of the Arizona Press Association, organized in 1892.

In his management of the Star, Mr. Hughes was most ably assisted by his wife, Josephine Brawley Hughes, who was bookkeeper, business manager and cashier. From the start, the Star was a progressive and determined newspaper. It was the foe of all evil influences—the saloon and gambling houses—and the friend of the churches and early day organizations for the progress and uplift of Arizona. Mrs. Hughes has been called "The Mother of Arizona," and is the only woman who has had a tablet placed to her memory in the State Capitol of Arizona.

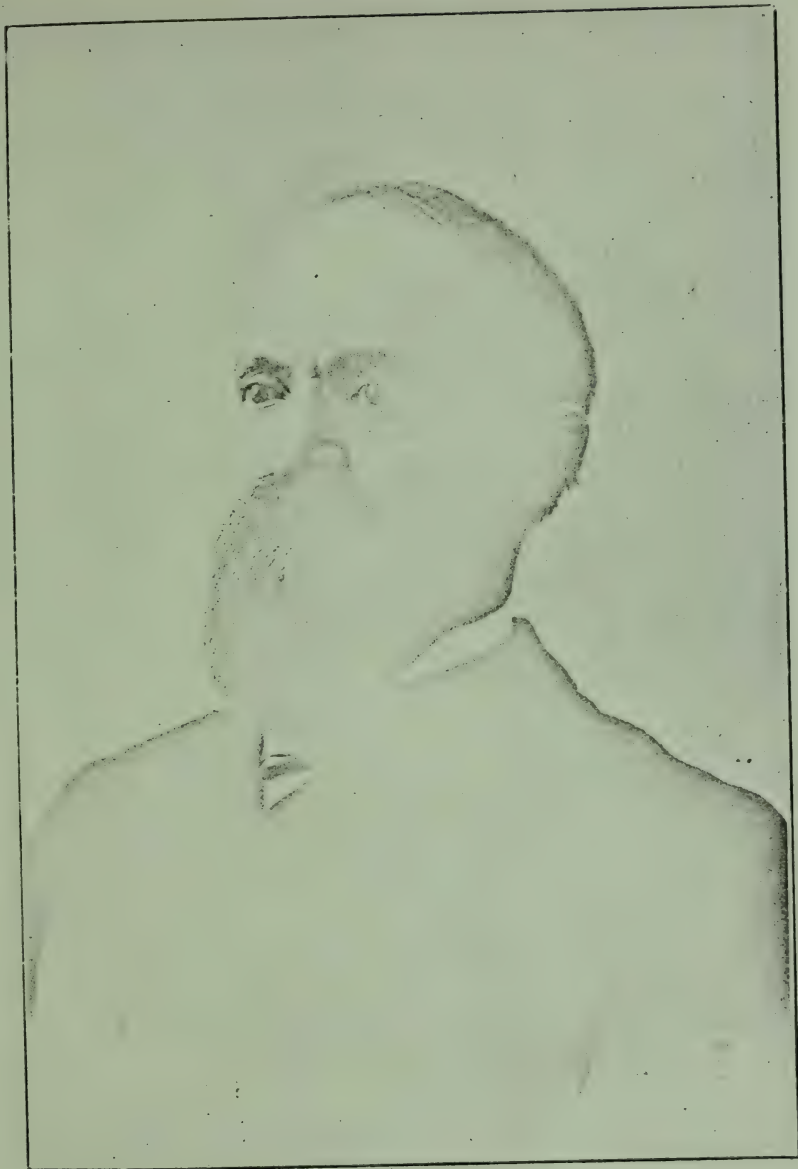
Mr. Hughes was appointed Governor of Arizona by President Cleveland on April 1, 1893, and served exactly three years, being removed from office because of his antagonistic policy to the national administration in regard to the disposition of land which had been granted Arizona by Congress for educational purposes.

He died in Tucson on November 24, 1915, and is buried there.

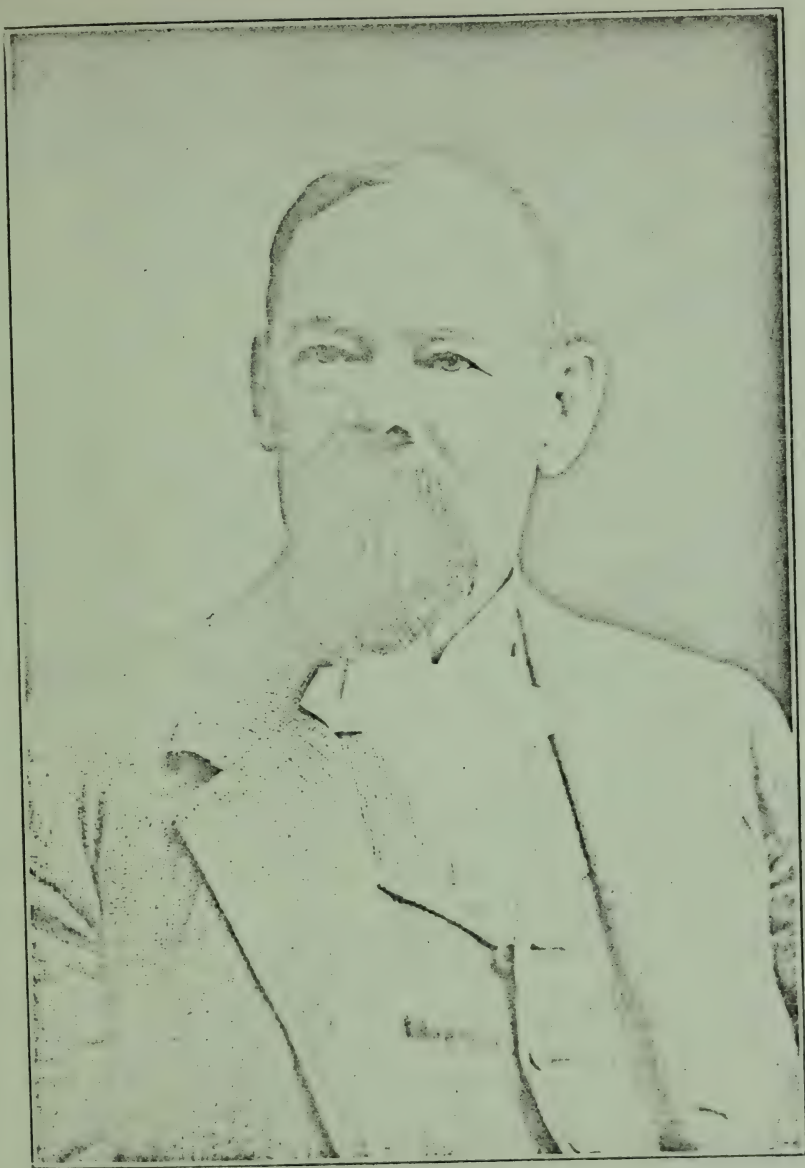
BENJAMIN JOSEPH FRANKLIN. Twelfth territorial governor, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Born in Maysville, Kentucky, in October, 1839. Attended public school as a youngster, then Bethany College, West Virginia, from which he graduated. Opened a law office in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1869. His law partner was David J. Brewster, an associate justice of the Missouri Supreme Court, afterward an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Franklin served six years as prosecuting attorney of Jackson County, Missouri. Elected to Congress in 1874 from Fifth Missouri District, and served four years. Appointed United States Consul to China in 1885, and this post he held for five years. Came to Phoenix, Arizona, in 1891. Appointed governor on March 30, 1896, by President Cleveland to succeed Gov. Hughes. Served until July, 1897.

Gov. Franklin died May 18, 1898, in Phoenix and is buried in that city. A son, Alfred Franklin, survives and is a resident of Phoenix. During territorial days Alfred Franklin was elected Chief Justice of the Territory of Arizona, the only man who has had or ever will have this distinction.

MYRON H. McCORD. Thirteenth territorial governor, was born in Ceres, McKean County, Pennsylvania, November 26, 1840. Received his education in the public schools and an academy at Richberg, New York. Went to Shawano County, Wisconsin, in 1854. Member of the Wisconsin State Senate 1873-74. Delegate to Republican National Convention at Cincinnati in 1874. Elected to Congress from Wisconsin 1889-91. Came to Arizona in 1893 and was interested in various business enterprises for several years after his arrival. At one time was one of the owners of the Phoenix Gazette. Appointed Governor of Arizona by President McKinley in 1897. There was a great deal of opposition to his appointment, as he had incurred the ill-will of some of his own party, but as a representative from Wisconsin his seat was next that of William McKinley; they had become friends, therefore, the appointment was his, practically, for the asking. In 1898 he organized the First Regiment Territorial Volunteers, of which he was commissioned colonel. Resigned as governor to take command of the regiment. While not a military man, he was intensely patriotic, but confined himself largely to administrative work. He served as United



LOUIS C. HUGHES
Eleventh Territorial Governor



MYRON H. McCORD
Thirteenth Territorial Governor

States Marshal, by appointment of President McKinley, from 1901 to 1905. He was active in public life almost from the time he entered it in Wisconsin in 1873. At the time of his death in Phoenix on April 27, 1908, he had been collector of customs at the port of Nogales for two years. Buried at Merrill, Wisconsin.

ALEXANDER OSWALD BRODIE. Fifteenth territorial governor, was born November 13, 1849, at Edwards, St. Lawrence County, New York. Came to Arizona at the age of 21. Had graduated from West Point and joined the First United States Cavalry as a second lieutenant. Assisted General Crook in his campaign against the Apaches. Was specially mentioned by the post commander at Camp Apache for gallantry in action against Apaches, June 24, 1871, and was recommended for brevet for his services under General Crook during his winter campaign—1872-1873. Became first lieutenant, First Cavalry, May 25, 1875. In the cattle business in Kansas from 1878 to 1883. In mining in Dakota and Arizona from 1883 to 1887; chief engineer Water Storage Commission, Walnut Grove, Arizona, from 1887 to 1890, and its chief engineer and superintendent. Civil and mining engineer, Prescott, Arizona, 1889-1890. County recorder of Yavapai County during 1893-1894. Member Technical Society, Pacific Coast. Member Association Civil Engineers, California; Vice-president Association Civil Engineers, Arizona; Vice-president Historical Society, Arizona Pioneers. Was Republican party candidate for delegate to Congress from Arizona in 1898, but was defeated.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Brodie was the leader in organizing several troops of the First Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders), and commanded the first squadron of that regiment as a major, rendering distinguished service in organization and in action. He was wounded at Las Guasimas on June 24, 1898, and shortly afterward he became lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, on the promotion of Colonel Roosevelt.

Col. Brodie was appointed Governor of Arizona on July 1, 1902, to succeed Governor Murphy, who was serving his second term, and who wished to retire from the office and devote his time to his mining interests. Brodie was a military man and carried no party prejudices into the office. One of his outstanding accomplishments as governor was his support of what is known as the Cowan Bill, which came out of his recommendation to the legislature that the fees retained by the secretary of state (republican) be retained by the state. The bill passed and meant a saving of approximately \$50,000 yearly to the state.

Brodie personally governed the work of the Arizona Rangers in ridding the territory of outlaws.

The democratic legislature presented him with a saber on his retirement in 1906, when he was appointed by President Roosevelt to the Ordnance Department of the U. S. Army. Retired with rank of colonel in 1913. Died at his home at Haddonfield, New Jersey, May 10, 1918.

JOSEPH HENRY KIBBEY. Sixteenth governor. Born March 4, 1853, at Centerville, Indiana. Attended private school and Earlham College, a Quaker institution. Was deputy clerk of the circuit court of the county in which he lived. Taught school in Arkansas in 1870. Studied law with his father, John F. Kibbey, who was on the bench continuously for more than twenty years, and young Kibbey was admitted to practice in 1875. Was register in bankruptcy in Indiana until the repeal of that law. Served the City of Richmond for two years as city attorney. Active in the practice of law in Indiana for thirteen years. Came to Arizona in May, 1887, and was attorney for the Florence Canal Company until his appointment in 1889 as Associate Justice of the Territory of Arizona by President Harrison. Served four years. In this capacity he rendered what is known as the Kibbey decision, which held that land and water were inseparable, and this has been the basis of all irrigation law. He was probably the greatest authority on irrigation law in the United States. He had the record of having had fewer reversals while on the bench than any other judge. Judge Kibbey was elected to the council of the Twenty-second Legislature in 1902. Served twice as chairman of the territorial central committee. Appointed Attorney General of Arizona in 1904. Delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1904. Appointed Governor of Arizona by President Roosevelt in 1905. Served four years, returning to the practice of law at the end of his term. He was a member of the firm of Chalmers, Bennett & Kibbey.

Judge Kibbey died in Phoenix on June 14, 1924, and is buried here. A daughter, Mrs. Joseph S. Jenckes, lives at 1219 North Twelfth Street, Phoenix.

RICHARD ELIHU SLOAN. Seventeenth and last territorial Governor of Arizona, and the only surviving one, was born on a farm in Preble County, Ohio, June 22, 1857. Attended public and private schools, and graduated from Monmouth College, Illinois. Taught in a private school for a year after



ALEXANDER OSWALD BRODIE
Fifteenth Territorial Governor



R. E. SLOAN
Seventeenth Territorial Governor

graduating from college. Spent four years in Colorado doing newspaper work, meanwhile continuing the study of law. Graduated from the Cincinnati Law School in 1884, and admitted to bar in the State of Ohio, same year. Came to Phoenix the same year, forming a law partnership with a classmate, L. H. Chalmers. Moved to Pinal County in 1886, where he was elected to the office of district attorney. Elected to the Fifteenth Territorial Council from Pinal County in 1888. Appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, with headquarters in Tucson, by President Harrison in 1889. Member of the Code Commission, by appointment of Governor Murphy, in 1890. Returned to the practice of law in Prescott in 1894. In 1897 he was again appointed a member of the supreme court of the territory by President McKinley; reappointed in 1902 and 1906. Delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1908, and was instrumental in securing the adoption of the statehood plank by the committee on resolutions, of which he was a member, and by the convention. Appointed governor in 1909 by President Taft. It was a case of a man having an honor thrust upon him, for Judge Sloan did not seek the appointment. He served until statehood. Resumed the practice of law in 1913 in Phoenix, where he now resides. His daughter, Mary, is the wife of Dr. Blake C. Wilbur, son of the president of Stanford University, and who is also Secretary of the Interior.

ARIZONA STATE GOVERNORS

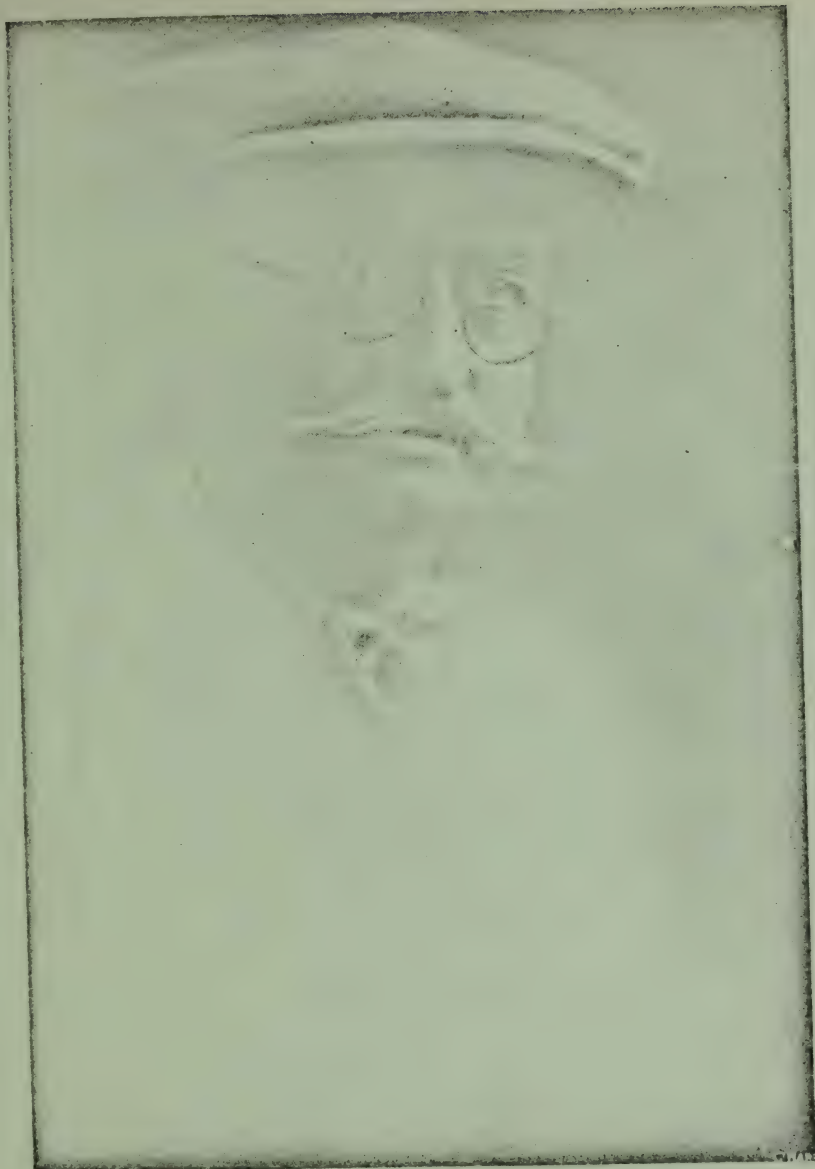
GEORGE WYLIE PAUL HUNT, first, second, third, sixth, seventh and eighth Governor of the State of Arizona, and at the time of this writing the nominee of the Democratic party for governor for the eighth time. The only man in the United States who has the distinction of having been elected governor for more than four terms. Born in Huntsville, Missouri, November 1, 1859. Received about eight years education in public and private schools. Went to Colorado in 1878 where he prospected for two years. Came to Globe, Arizona, penniless, in July, 1881. Waited tables in a restaurant for two years, worked in the mines, drove a delivery wagon for the Old Dominion Commercial Company Store, of which ten years later he was president. Ranched for years on the Salt River. Became first mayor of Globe when that town was incorporated. Served as County Treasurer of Gila County for one year by appointment. Served continuously in the legislature from Gila County from 1892 to 1900; twice in the

House and twice in the Council. One of Arizona's delegates to the Democratic National Convention. Served as immigration commissioner under Governors Hughes, Franklin, McCord and Murphy. Elected to the territorial council in 1904, 1906 and 1908, being president of the twenty-third and twenty-fifth councils. The latter was the last session of the Arizona Territorial Legislatures. Active in securing the final passage of the Arizona Statehood Bill. Delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and elected as its president. Served as first, second and one year of the term as third governor of the state. Tom Campbell was de-facto governor for the year 1917, having been given the certificate of election, following a close battle for the office. In a contest, the Arizona Supreme Court awarded the office to Hunt, who did not seek re-election in 1918. Appointed United States Minister to Siam by President Woodrow Wilson in 1920. Resigned in October, 1921, returning to the states in 1922. Beginning with that year he was elected successively sixth, seventh and eighth Governor of Arizona. Nominated by his party in 1928, he was defeated by John C. Phillips, the present incumbent, who will be his opponent again on November 4.

Ex-Governor and Mrs. Hunt make their home on East McDowell Road, Phoenix. They have one child, a daughter.

THOMAS EDWARD CAMPBELL, fourth and fifth (de facto third) state governor. Born in Prescott, Arizona, January 18, 1878. The only native born Arizonan to be governor of the state. Educated in the public schools, and attended St. Mary's College, Oakland, California, one year. At one time assistant postmaster at Prescott and postmaster at Jerome. Active in politics in Yavapai County, serving that county for eight years as county assessor. Elected to the twenty-first legislature, the first native of the state to be elected to that body. Served two terms. Made president of the Prescott Improvement Company in 1905. Elected state tax commissioner in 1914, the only republican elected to state office that year. Served five years as Governor of the State of Arizona—1917, and 1918 to 1922, being defeated in that year by Geo. W. P. Hunt. During the World War he offered his services to the U. S. Government and served under Hoover in the food administration at Washington, and in the treasury department under McAdoo. Appointed by President Coolidge in 1926 as Commissioner General of the United States to the International Exposition at Seville.

After leaving the office of governor in 1923, Mr. Campbell was named on a special commission of the government to look



GEO. W. P. HUNT
First, Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Governor
of the State of Arizona.



THOMAS E. CAMPBELL
Fourth and Fifth (de facto Third) Governor of Arizona.



JOHN C. PHILLIPS
Ninth Governor of the State of Arizona.

closely into the various reclamation projects created by the government, called the Fact Finding Commission.

Mr. Campbell is now President of the U. S. Civil Service Commission, having received the appointment by President Hoover this summer. After he was called to take this new post the Sevillians, who had previously officially conferred on Mr. Campbell the title of "son," made the adoption legal. With Mrs. Campbell he is now making his home in Washington, D. C. They have two sons.

JOHN C. PHILLIPS. Ninth Governor of the State of Arizona. Born on a farm in Fulton County, Illinois. Attended public schools and graduated from Hedding College, Abingdon, Illinois. Admitted to the bar in Mt. Vernon, Illinois, and practiced law for a time in Vermont, Illinois. Arrived in Phoenix, Arizona, November 17, 1898, with a wife and young son, and almost without funds. Worked as a carpenter's assistant on the capitol building, then in course of construction. His spare time was spent in furthering his legal education, and in 1899 he opened a law office in the Steinegger Building. His beginning was humble, but his rise was rapid. In 1902 he was elected Probate Judge of Maricopa County, and was re-elected the succeeding four terms. When Arizona became a state, Judge Phillips became Superior Court Judge of Maricopa County. At the end of his term he formed a law partnership with Lysander Cassidy in Phoenix. As boys, they lived on neighboring farms in Illinois. When Mr. Cassidy removed to Berkeley, California, in 1916, Judge Phillips formed a partnership with W. S. Norviel. When the latter was appointed to a state office in 1919, Judge Phillips and his son, Ralph Phillips, formed a partnership. In addition to his other activities, Judge Phillips was elected three terms to the legislature; two terms in the lower house and one term in the upper house. This was in 1918, 1922 and 1924.

Judge Phillips was elected Governor of Arizona November, 1928, and is again the republican party's choice for that office in the coming general election on November 4, 1930.

The Phillips' family home is on McDowell Road, Phoenix. They have a son and daughter.

I am indebted to the various histories and historical data of Arizona for much of the information contained in this article, and to A. L. Hoyt, Seattle, Washington; Mrs. Geo. F. Kitt, Sec-

retary Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson; Ignacio Bonillas, Nogales; H. R. Tritle, Phoenix, and Geo. H. Smalley, Tucson, for photographs of some of the governors. Mr. Smalley, who was private secretary to Gov. Brodie during his entire term of office, also gave me a complete biographical sketch of that governor.

I am particularly grateful to the Rev. Eugene E. Williams, Rose Lane and Fifth Street, Phoenix, who has spent years in collecting data on Arizona's history, and who has a much more detailed work on its governors than is contained in this article. He furnished me with a great deal of data that I should otherwise have been unable to obtain.

THE SAN CARLOS APACHE POLICE

(By JOHN P. CLUM, Copyright 1930.)

Referring to my official proposal in 1877, to assume responsibility for the conduct and control of all Apaches in Arizona, provided I was furnished with two companies of special Apache Police, and that then the troops might be removed from the territory, it seems desirable that some additional facts should be presented in support of my assertion that this proposal was not only sane and feasible, but that it offered the only sensible, practical and effective solution of the Apache problem at that time.

If this proposition had been accepted it was my purpose to assign the command of one of these special companies to Captain Beauford, who was then serving as chief of police at San Carlos, and to tender the command of the other special company to Al Sieber, the well known scout and guide then in the employ of the military. The removal of the troops would have released Sieber and there is no doubt that I could have secured his services. No better men ever commanded Indian police or scouts than Beauford and Sieber. They were energetic, courageous, just and sympathetic. These qualities won for them the confidence and esteem of the Indians and the citizens alike. Of course, each of these two special companies would be equipped with a suitable pack train for use on extended scouting trips. With my Special Apache Police Force thus organized I would have established a mutual confidence at the very onset of this important undertaking that would have marked a definite and gratifying advance toward the goal of success with our first official stride.

General August V. Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona, submitted an elaborate annual report under date of Prescott, Arizona, August 15, 1877, which was prodigal in its hostile references to me and to my job, but inasmuch as we are presenting the events of the period as they were officially recorded at the time we may be pardoned for quoting several paragraphs from this report of General Kautz. It begins thus:

"The Apache is a savage of the lowest type. He held high carnival in this land until my predecessor availed himself of his savage nature in order to control him. He used Apache against Apache. He can be bought for a small figure to kill his father or his mother or any of his relations, and there is no difficulty in enlisting allies in one band to fight another.

"This is the principal means by which peace is preserved in the territory at the present time. No agent would remain at the San Carlos Reservation without troops if the Indians were all harmonious among themselves."

Although unfriendly to me, it may be noted that General Kautz asserts that the use of "Apache against Apache" is "the principal means by which peace is preserved in the territory at the present time". No more cordial endorsement of my plan could be desired. Although there had been no troops on the reservation for nearly two years, a general condition of peace prevailed throughout the territory, and the San Carlos Apache Police Force represented "the principal means" by which this peace was preserved.

Furthermore, my plan insisted upon justice for, and sympathy with the Apache, and denied that he was "a savage of the lowest type". In passing it should be stated that no one harboring the violent prejudices against the general character of the Apaches as officially expressed by General Kautz, ever should have been permitted any voice in their management or control. General Chaffee declared that the Apache Police were alert, trustworthy and obedient, and that it is only in the discharge of their duties under orders that "they know neither family nor friend". No higher commendation can be given a guardian of the peace. General Chaffee lived among the Apaches and wrote his endorsement while he was acting agent at San Carlos. General Kautz recorded his prejudices at department headquarters.

General Kautz's assertion that "no agent would remain at the San Carlos Reservation without troops if the Indians were all harmonious among themselves" is another long distance bit of fiction and absolutely absurd. In my annual report for 1875, referring to the development of the agency police force, I said: "On July 31, after the removal of the White Mountain Indians, I increased the number to twenty-five. They were carefully chosen from the various tribes and bands, armed with needle-guns and fixed ammunition, and placed under the command of Mr. Clay Beauford". It is obvious that the San Carlos Apache Police Force never would have achieved its splendid record for efficiency and dependability if its members had been on fighting terms among themselves. It was because each tribe and band desired to express its appreciation of, and loyalty to our near-self-government plan, and to share in the honor and emoluments of the service, that they sought representation on the reservation police force, and this situation made the selection of the several members of this force a matter of diplomatic importance.

If the conditions suggested by General Kautz had actually prevailed; if a fierce and deadly enmity had existed among tribes of savages "of the lowest type", THEN no agent would have been able to "remain at San Carlos without troops". When Indian Inspector Daniels returned from the reservation to Tucson late in 1874, he told of "Agent Clum and his 'happy family' at San Carlos". In the summer of 1875 Mr. Davis and Mr. Gaby, removed with their families from Colorado Springs, Colo., to San Carlos. Mr. Davis was employed as head farmer, and Mr. Gaby as carpenter. Mr. Davis brought with him his wife and youngest daughter, a bright, attractive girl about fifteen years of age, and Mr. Gaby was accompanied by his wife. I had been acquainted with Mr. Davis' family for several years, and, assuredly, would not have consented to the bringing of Mrs. Davis and daughter and Mrs. Gaby to San Carlos if I had felt there was any danger of violence from the several bands of Apaches then on the reservation. Mr. Davis and Mr. Gaby remained with their families at San Carlos for nearly a year, and then left—not from fear of the Apaches—but because they desired to locate in California.

I was married in Ohio on November 9, 1876, and arrived at San Carlos with my bride the last week in December, 1876. This young bride was a lady who had known something of the better home life and better social conditions of such communities as Cincinnati and Columbus, Ohio, and Washington, D. C., and she had lived in the latter city several years immediately preceding our marriage. I purchased a suitable conveyance at San Francisco, which was shipped on the steamer with us to San Diego, where I acquired four horses. We drove through to San Carlos—"camping out" most of the way. Assuredly we were in the "Apache country" during the 200-mile drive from Tucson to San Carlos. I knew there were 4500 "wild" Apaches at large upon the reservation with no restraint except that exerted by the San Carlos Apache police, as all troops had been removed from San Carlos more than a year previous. And yet, without hesitation, or fear of harm, or thought of an escort, this young city-bred girl and I proceeded with our four-horse outfit over the regular stage road to Cienega, San Pedro and Point-of-Mountain, and thence via Sulphur Springs Valley and along the Gila River to San Carlos. I admit that I carried a six-shooter, but it is obvious that I was not anticipating an attack by marauding hostile Apaches. For several weeks this young bride was the only white woman on the reservation with those 4500 unrestrained Apaches—but not a single soldier.

In February, 1877, when I took the company of 60 Apaches to Tucson for enrollment as Territorial Militia, my wife remained at the agency during my absence of eight or ten days—unalarmed. In the latter part of March, 1877, when I was arranging for my trip into New Mexico on the trail of Geronimo and his band of renegades, I took my wife to Tucson where she remained during my absence—anxious, but composed—as the guest of Mrs. C. H. Lord. And this same young bride had expected to resume her residence at San Carlos immediately upon my return from New Mexico, and would have done so had I not retired from my position as agent—not from any apprehensions as to the Apaches—but because of the disastrous consequences certain to follow the proposed deadly mixture of civil-military rule on the reservation.

Dr. Chapin, the agency physician, brought his bride to San Carlos in February, 1877, and they remained there until some time after the end of my administration. These simple facts speak volumes in denial of the assumption that in that period San Carlos was an unsafe place of residence—even for ladies. Mrs. Chapin is now living in Washington, D. C., where she has resided for many years. Mrs. Davis and her daughter, Mrs. Gaby, Mrs. Chapin and my wife were the only white women who came upon the reservation during my entire administration.

Another thing. In July, 1876, I arranged to take a group of twenty Apaches on a trip to "the states," the details of which may appear later. This group included representatives from the several identical tribes, or bands, which, a year later, were declared by General Kautz to be inharmonious, hostile and antagonistic among themselves. Tah-zay, the older of the sons of Cochise, and Cullah were Chiricahuas. Diablo was chief of the Coyotereros. Captain Jim, of the agency police, Es-kim-in-zin and Casadora represented the Pinals and Arivaipas. and Sagully was chief of the Yumas. Es-kim-in-zin, Casadora, Sagully and Captain Jim took their wives with them, and Diablo was brave enough to take with him his little son—a sturdy kid six or seven years of age.

This group was absent from the reservation about three months. We were about a month driving from San Carlos to the railroad depot at El Moro, Colorado. Our visit in "the states" occupied about a month, and another month was consumed in the return trip to the reservation. Everyone knows that a long trail trip is one of the very best means for determining whether the members of any group are inharmonious, hostile

and antagonistic. The dramatic stampede along the trails to the Klondike left a tragic record of much wrangling among parties of friends—and even between brothers of the pale-face race. Occasionally the feud became so bitter that when the parties finally separated they even sawed their boat in two.

When our group arrived in Saint Louis we forthwith organized ourselves into a Wild West Show. Without hesitation or delay we appeared in first class theaters in Saint Louis and Cincinnati. At each entertainment we shot and cut and killed each other (on the stage). We gave a good show. It was a thriller, all right. But when we found we were going on the rocks, financially, we quit the show business and went to Washington (where Tah-zay died), and to the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia,—and then returned to Arizona.

We saw many things and did many things, but in all the vicissitudes of that memorable trip there was no wrangling among the members of our group. In fact, I have always regarded it as most remarkable that we were able to make that long, tedious trek by team; to take those Indians so far from their homeland to meet conditions new and strange to them, without developing a single instance that would indicate that any members of the group were inharmonious, hostile or antagonistic among themselves.

A little later in this same report General Kautz, inadvertently, gave generous commendation to my administration and to the efficiency of the San Carlos Apache Police in enforcing order and discipline among the 5000 Indians on the reservation when he wrote: "With the exception of some depredations in the extreme southeastern portion of the territory, peace has prevailed in this department, and the country has advanced materially in its mining, agricultural and stock-raising interests. The population has received a considerable increase in the past year by immigration."

Particular attention is invited to the quality of the peace which then prevailed in Arizona. The term did not mean a mere cessation of hostilities, but it represented a condition of confidence and security that encouraged immigration and enabled the citizens to go about their business in the wide open spaces unhindered and unafraid, with the result that the chief industries of the country "advanced materially".

In this connection it will be of interest to read the following editorial comment published in the Arizona Citizen on April 15, 1876, to wit:

"The outbreak of the Chiricahua Apaches is a serious blow to Southwestern Arizona. We had enjoyed peace so long the people were off their guard and were scattered over the country in small parties, prospecting, stock-raising and farming, and in many instances were poorly armed."

This editorial refers to the outbreak of April 6, led by Pi-on-se-nay, who was arrested on June 9 by the San Carlos Apache Police at the time of the removal of the Chiricahuas to San Carlos. It is a simple statement of facts. The Chiricahuas had not indulged in hostilities in American territory since the treaty made with Cochise by General Howard in 1872. The troops had been removed from San Carlos and the agency police were maintaining order and discipline on that reservation. The people "had enjoyed peace so long" they were "off their guard". They were going about their business of prospecting, stockraising and farming, giving little heed to the matter of arms. The "peace" the people were enjoying meant "a condition of confidence and security".

On the same date (April 15, 1876,) the Citizen published the following item:

"Agent John P. Clum, who has lately been in town on a short visit, rode out on Wednesday afternoon to go to San Carlos, traveling by way of the trail. He didn't go there from any fear of trouble with his Indians, as whatever might happen he had perfect reliance in Mr. Sweeney, whom he had left in charge. But he wished to be on hand in event of the least possible emergency, and if allowed he would like to lead a few hundred of his tried and trusted Indians against the Chiricahua fiends. The public opinion seems to be that if Agent Clum were just permitted to take 200 of the San Carlos Apaches, and furnished with their small needs, they would in a short time effectually clean the Chiricahua dish and leave nothing but the bones—with the aid of the coyotes."

This is probably the first editorial comment suggesting that the jurisdiction of the San Carlos Apache Police under my direction be extended to include all Apaches within the Territory of Arizona.

The following are additional excerpts from General Kautz's report:

"He (the agent) has been particularly careful to avoid anything that seemed like dependence on the military service.

"He (the agent) recently made public a telegram to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, offering, if his salary would be increased and two companies of Indian Police given him, to be responsible for the conduct of the Indians, and the troops in Arizona could be withdrawn from the territory.

The reason why I avoided "dependence on the military service" in Arizona was because that service was unfriendly—was hostile toward me and my administration. General Kautz devoted pages of his report to the presentation of his reasons why the military should have absolute control of all the Apaches, both on and off the reservation. He regarded the Apache as "a savage of the lowest type", and he had difficulty in finding words and phrases that would adequately express his estimate of the depravity of the agent.

Fortunately, within the limits of the reservation I had no need to place any "dependence on the military service". When I was ordered to remove the Chiricahua Indians from Apache Pass to San Carlos I took with me a company of fifty-four special Apache Police, and, therefore, personally, I was relieved of the necessity of placing any "dependence on the military service". But I felt that some troops should be sent to positions in the field where they would be conveniently available in an emergency for the protection of citizens and the punishment of hostiles. In these circumstances I asked General Kautz, officially, how many troops he could send to the vicinity of the Chiricahua reservation. In reply the general informed me, officially, that he could not send any troops to cooperate with me in the proposed removal of the Chiricahuas. He persisted in his refusal until ordered to cooperate. In his report the general comments on this incident as follows:

"He (Governor Safford) was mainly instrumental in securing the order for the removal of the Chiricahua Indians last year. The heaviest portion of the expense of this removal fell upon the War Department, which was not consulted in regard to it. I have heretofore given my opinion against concentrating large numbers of hostile and antagonistic Indians on one reservation. I was not disposed, therefore, to aid in a movement the consequences of which could not be foreseen, without the instructions of the War Department in the matter. I had the impression also that there was an ulterior motive in bringing about this removal."

General Kautz has supplied a concise and forceful illustration of some of the reasons why I avoided "dependence on the

military service" in his department, and why I was willing to assume full responsibility for the conduct and control of all Apaches in Arizona, provided I was given a free hand with an extended Apache Police Force.

In connection with my narrative of the removal of the Chiricahuas, and the comments of General Kautz on the same subject, it will be entertaining to read General Carter's reminiscences of this campaign as recorded by him in his "Life of Lieutenant General Chaffee," to wit:

"In the spring of 1876 conditions had become so bad along the Mexican border of Arizona and New Mexico, owing to the proximity of the Warm Springs and Chiricahua Apache reservations, that a removal of the Indians to San Carlos was determined upon. The troops of the regiment were promptly put on the march for the rendezvous in southeastern Arizona.

"Upon arrival of all the troops several expeditions were organized. Captain Chaffee's troop accompanied the squadron sent into the San Simon Valley, on the eastern side of the Chiricahua Reservation, and when it reached Horse Shoe Canyon, on the east side of the Chiricahua Mountains, the trail of a large part of the tribe was found leading toward Mexico. The trail was followed, but the Indians had already crossed the line."

"The Chiricahuas consisted of four bands, that of Natchez (Nah-chee), son of the famous Cochise, the other three under Ju (Hoo,) Geronimo and Nolgee. Of the four, that of Natchez was the only one which moved to the San Carlos Reservation; the others escaped into Sonora, and from the inaccessible fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains began a series of raids which lasted ten years and involved the loss of hundreds of lives. Upon the completion of the movement of Natchez' band the several expeditions were abandoned."

General Carter recalls that in the spring of 1876 conditions were so bad along the Mexican border that a removal of the Chiricahua Indians to San Carlos was determined upon; that the troops were promptly put on the march; that upon their arrival in Southeastern Arizona "several expeditions were organized" (the purposes of which are not stated); that the squadron to which Captain Chaffee's troop was attached followed an Indian trail from Horse Shoe Canyon to the Mexican line (about

25 or 30 miles) and observed that the band led by Geronimo, Ju (Hoo) and Nolgee had escaped into Mexico, and that as soon as the Chiricahuas under Nah-chee left for San Carlos "the several expeditions were abandoned" (but no reason is given for this summary action).

From this record the reader is compelled to the conclusion that the only active service performed by the regiment in this campaign was the march of Captain Chaffee's squadron on the Indian trail from Horse Shoe Canyon to the Mexican line—and this was true. However, having ignored the actual circumstances that had brought the Sixth Cavalry into Southeastern Arizona at this time, General Carter found it necessary to substitute some excuse for the movement, and so he mingled a bit of fog with the facts by his reference to several mysterious "expeditions" which were so blythely "organized" and so unceremoniously "abandoned."

The fact that depredations had been committed in Southeastern Arizona, and that the Indians who fled into Mexico were known to be of a renegade character who had been raiding in Mexico and along the border for years, demanded that this area should be patiently and persistently patrolled by the troops as a protection to citizens against these marauders. But this was not done. Not only were the mythical "expeditions" summarily abandoned, but, likewise, the exposed areas were left unguarded and the troops ordered back to their several posts.

Complete details of the removal of the Chiricahuas were published in the Review for July, 1928, in connection with the story of Geronimo. From a brief review of the facts as presented by General Kautz, General Carter and myself, we shall find that General Kautz was strongly opposed to the removal. He also feared "an ulterior motive". The troops of the regiment were not "promptly put on the march". Not a soldier was moved until positive orders to that effect had been received from the War Department. When General Kautz arrived in Tucson he sent his adjutant, Colonel Martin, to me for suggestions as to the placing of the troops in the field, thus shifting all responsibility to the Secretary of War and myself. I escorted the colonel of the regiment through Apache Pass with my special company of San Carlos Apache Police. A detachment of this police force arrested the murderer Pi-on-se-nay on June 9, and at the same time discovered that Geronimo had abandoned his camp and fled toward Mexico. I immediately

furnished this information to General Kautz at Fort Bowie, and asked that troops be sent in pursuit of the fleeing Indians. General Kautz ordered the squadron under the command of Major Morrow, which had been stationed in the San Simon Valley, to take up the trail of Geronimo and his band. Major Morrow followed the trail to the Mexican line, but inasmuch as Geronimo had moved a day in advance of the troops, and the distance to the Mexican line was only about 25 or 30 miles, Major Morrow's command did not see any Indians. The Chiricahuas formerly under Cochise, then under his sons Tah-zay and Nah-chee, were removed to the San Carlos Reservation entirely under my direction, and were escorted only by the special company of fifty-four San Carlos Apache Police that had accompanied me to Apache Pass. The murderer, Pi-on-se-nay, was conveyed by Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee of the Apache Police and myself from Apache Pass to Point-of-Mountain stage station, where the dangerous prisoner was delivered into the custody of two deputies sheriff of Pima County.

It was upon my request that the troops were ordered to positions in the field where they would be available in an emergency. The only "emergency" that developed calling for active service by the troops was the flight of Geronimo and his band to Mexico, and the squadron to which Captain Chaffee's troop was attached "reached Horse Shoe Canyon" and "found" the trail "leading toward Mexico" several hours—probably a full day—after that trail had been discovered by the San Carlos Apache Police and this information had been conveyed through me and General Kautz to the commander of said squadron.

It will be of special interest to present here the exact facts as they were recorded at the time and place in the following letter from me to General Kautz.

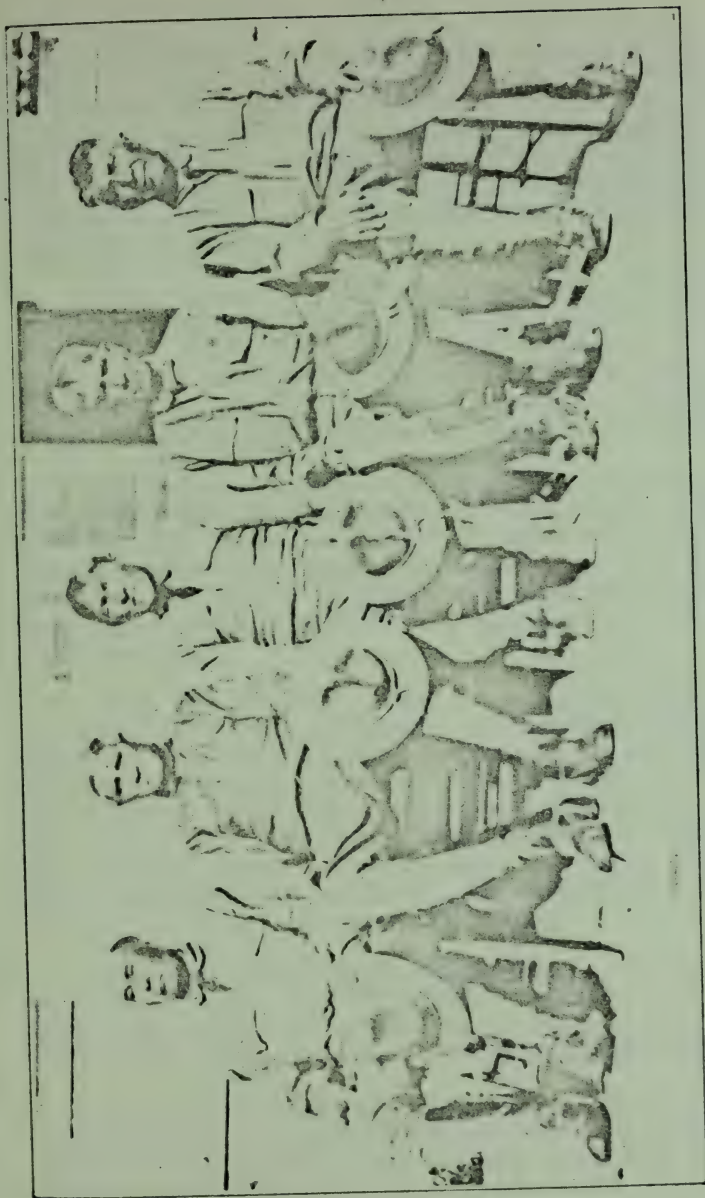
(Note. This letter was published in full in the Arizona Citizen on July 29, 1876. See copy of said paper on file in the Library of Congress.)

"Office of U. S. Indian Agent,
Chiricahua Agency, June 9, 1876.

General August V. Kautz.
Commanding Department of Arizona,
Fort Bowie, Arizona.

Sir:

"I have the honor to inform you that yesterday about noon, three principal men of the Southern Chiricahua Apache Indians came in and had a talk with me regarding their removal to the



APACHE OLD-TIMERS at FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA.

From left to right: Dekly, 23 years, 3 months service; Charles Bones, 26 years, 6 months; Chow Big, 29 years, 11 months; Ekiplygojo, 26 years, 5 months; Thomas Syle, 24 years, 1 month. (The faces and records of these veteran scouts do not indicate that the Apache is a savage of the lowest type). Photograph by Captain Hawley, December, 1928.

San Carlos Reservation. After I had explained to them the nature of my orders and the conditions of the transfer, they all consented to go, but asked for twelve days to bring in their families. I considered four days ample time for them to gather such of their people as might be scattered about the reservation, and accordingly gave them a pass for four days to bring in their respective bands. They were named E-ron-e-mo, Hoo and Nolgee, respectively.

"This morning I learned that Pi-on-se-nay, the murderer of Messrs Rogers and Spence, was camping within ten miles of the agency. I accordingly sent out a detachment of Indian police to bring in the outlaw and such others as might be in his camp. This party have just returned, bringing with them Pi-on-se-nay and thirty-eight others, mostly women and children.

"My Indians inform me that they found the camp where Hoo, E-ron-e-mo and Nolgee had their families while they were in to talk with me yesterday; that the camp had been deserted some time yesterday evening; that camp-kettles, axes, hatchets, cowhides, corn, dead dogs, horses, etc., were strewn about the camp, and a large trail leads from the camp in the direction of the Sonora line.

"From this it is evident that the Indians above named do not intend to return to the agency, and that they desired a pass for twelve days, not to bring in their people, but to enable them to place their families beyond the reach of the troops. The killing of their dogs that they might not be betrayed by their bark, and the fact that they left such camp equipage as was unnecessary or cumbersome, and killed their old horses and threw away corn and other provisions,—all indicate their intention to make a secret and hasty move into Sonora.

"I, therefore, respectfully request that you pursue them at once with troops, and if possible overtake and punish them. The limits of the reservation, or the pass given to Hoo, shall not in any manner interfere with your movement.

"It is my opinion that all friendly Indians are within ten miles of the agency, hence, should you desire to scout the reservation outside of those limits you may issue such orders at once.

"I further wish to inform you that after June 13 I shall leave the reservation entirely under your supervision, and such

Indians as remain on the reservation after that date are to be considered hostile, and you are respectfully requested to treat them as such.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) JOHN P. CLUM,

U. S. Indian Agent."

Here we have the major facts concisely and officially set forth. The only service performed by the troops was the march along the Indian trail from Horse Shoe Canyon to the Mexican line. The only force exerted by the Apache police was in connection with the arrest and careful guarding of the murderer Pi-on-se-nay.

It is obvious, therefore, that if my proposed plan had been in operation at that time the removal of the Chiricahuas would have been accomplished effectively with the San Carlos Apache Police Force, and the military would not have been disturbed. General Kautz would not have been compelled to cooperate against his will and his conscience, and General Carter would have been relieved of the necessity of organizing and abandoning "several" imaginary "expeditions". The whole situation would have been immensely simplified, and if the Apache Police had been impressed with the fact that they were responsible for the conduct of all Apaches in Arizona, it is more than probable that their careful observation of everything occurring on the reservation would have enabled them to pick up the trail from Horse Shoe Canyon to the Mexican line in time to have captured a goodly number of Geronimo's followers.

Very recently my attention was drawn to the following comments published in the Arizona Citizen on July 8, 1876, to wit:

"If Agent Clum had more arms and a little more cash to pay Indian scouts, he could safely engage to guarantee no trouble from any and all straggling Indians off reservations, and to fully take care of those on them. No officer that ever handled Indians in Arizona begins to equal him in managing them."

This item is of peculiar interest for the reason that it establishes the fact that the proposition to extend the jurisdiction and services of the San Carlos Apache Police to include all Apaches in Arizona was being favorably discussed in 1876, just before and immediately following the removal of the Chiricahuas. In fact, the proposition met with the most cordial

popular endorsement until my telegram of June 7, 1877, included the suggestion that the troops might be removed. That suggestion precipitated a near-panic in Arizona business circles. The Apaches might be controlled without the troops, but the plump military contracts were vital to the business interests of the territory. My proposal might mean the true solution of the Apache problem and the actual and permanent development and prosperity of the territory, but the military contracts meant much real money—immediately available. The military contracts won.

If I had omitted reference to the removal of the troops I would have received substantial support from my many friends, but my plan made the withdrawal of the troops inevitable in order to avoid that deadly mixture of joint civil and military authority and responsibility, the anticipation of which was even then driving me from my position at San Carlos.

I am tempted to indulge in just one more quotation from the report of General Kautz for 1877. It is this:

“Whatever credit, if any, is due the management of the San Carlos Indians, it cannot justly be awarded the late agent, as he was habitually absent from the agency during the past year. There have been employed at the agency several men of great personal influence among the Indians, who have had far more to do with their control than the agent.”

This paragraph was intended as a deadly slam, but I choose to accept it as a very high compliment. An essential qualification of a successful executive is the ability to select an efficient cabinet, and I imagine that even in the army it often happens that the general who plans and directs a great battle does not do all of the fighting himself. It is true that there were “employed at the agency several men of great personal influence among the Indians”. These men had been selected and appointed by me for the reason that they seemed well qualified to perform the respective duties assigned them in line with the plan of my administration, and these same men soon gained that “great personal influence among the Indians” because their actions were just and their manner sympathetic and they displayed a keen interest in the welfare and progress of the Indians. I had employed these men because I believed their conduct would win the confidence of the Indians. My policy was to advance the Apaches gradually to a condition of self-support and self-control through friendly advice and sympathetic en-

couragement and expressions of confidence in their willingness to cooperate.

In the development of this policy I was very much in need of the services of such men as Sweeney, Beauford, Hoag, Pangborn, Ming and others, among whom special mention must be made of that fine Mexican character and faithful interpreter—Marijildo Grijalba. And I admit that I was hoping to secure the services of at least one other man, of “great personal influence among the Indians”—and that man was Al Sieber. Mr. Sweeney and Captain Beauford occupied the positions of greatest responsibility and most vital importance and I did not fail to acknowledge their faithful, efficient and loyal services in my annual reports and in the columns of the territorial press.

It was inevitable that insubordinate manifestations and occasional desperate characters would develop at intervals among a population of 5,000, or more, Indians that could be controlled only by the strong arm of force—and that force was willingly and promptly and effectively exerted through the medium of the San Carlos Apache Police Force.

There was peace on the San Carlos Reservation because the great mass of the Apaches living thereon knew what was being done and realized that everything was intended for their best interests. They were very anxious that those conditions should continue, and therefore they were eager to cooperate in suppressing every act of insubordination and in apprehending every criminal within the limits of the reservation.

As a matter of fact, we had actually established a system of self-government. The Apaches were enforcing discipline and order within the limits of their reservation. There were only about a dozen pale-face employes at the agency, and it is obvious that these could have been swept away in an instant if that great body of Apaches had been hostile. But each day these Indians were realizing more fully the benefits of the conditions they were enjoying. I had delivered them from the persistent aggression and oppression and depression of the military menace by causing all troops to be removed from the reservation. Instead of being threatened and harassed they were being consulted and encouraged and assisted. They were invited to sit in the councils of their government, and impressed with their personal responsibility in the matter of the proper functioning of that government to the end that order might be maintained and peace perpetuated. The sincere and persistent efforts to carry out this policy of common sense and common decency in

the management of the affairs of the Apaches was daily being more fully comprehended by them, and it was this fact—and this fact alone—that gave to me and to several of my employes “great personal influence among the Indians,” and made San Carlos as safe a place of residence for ourselves and our families as could be found anywhere in Arizona.

It is true that I was absent from San Carlos while directing the removal of the Chiricahuas in the summer of 1876, and again in the spring of 1877 while leading the campaign into New Mexico which resulted in the capture of Geronimo and the removal of the Warm Springs Apaches—and that's that. Also, I had submitted my resignation before I left with the group of Apaches for a trip to “the states.” Anyhow, I knew that the Apaches on the reservation had already arrived at a condition of very-near-self-government; that there were “employed at the agency several men of great personal influence among the Indians” who would faithfully carry on my common sense policy; that there were no troops stationed there to create a disturbance, and therefore I did not hesitate to leave the affairs of the reservation in charge of my loyal employes. And events proved that my judgment in this matter was not faulty.

In fearful contrast with my policy of mutual confidence and peace and progress, the military mind believed that these “wild Indians” could be held in check only by a display of troops in their midst in sufficient force to fill their savage souls with “awe”, and to impress upon their untutored minds the futility of opposing the armed forces of the United States. And the sad record tells us that upon my retirement from the service my common sense policy was gradually consigned to the scrap heap, and it was not so long thereafter until the military idea prevailed and the military arm was set in motion and the Indians were duly “awed” and the SEVEN YEARS OF PEACE WAS BROKEN and the welfare and progress of the Apaches were “held in check” for a quarter of a century.

As heretofore stated, the San Carlos Apache Police Force was established in August, 1874, with the installation of its original BIG FOUR members, and the United States Indian Police Force was organized under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved May 27, 1878. Within four years this national Indian police system had been put in operation at 40 of the larger agencies, with a grand total of 848 members. Five years still later, Commissioner of Indian Affairs J. D. C. Atkins, in his annual report dated Washington, D. C., September 21,

1887, in commenting upon the efficient services of this Indian police force, as a whole, submitted the following unqualified commendation:

"Experience has demonstrated that the Indian Police Force will compare favorably as to fidelity, courage, loyalty and honor with any similar body, even though composed of men who boast of a higher civilization. During the year there have been a few discharges on account of neglect of duty, but it is a fact worthy of note that dismissals for cowardice are almost unknown, the Indian policemen being willing to face any danger, and, as has been the case several times during the past year, to sacrifice life itself in obeying orders and faithfully discharging duty."

There is no doubt that the records at the forty, or more, agencies throughout the United States where the Indian police system was in operation, fully justified the splendid tribute paid to the force by Commissioner Atkins, and we are sure that no unit was more deserving of this high commendation than that which served at the San Carlos Agency.

The decision of my own department to re-introduce a mixed civil-military administration at San Carlos drove me from the reservation in 1877, and the same deadly mixture finally succeeded in driving the Chiricahuas from the reservation on September 30, 1881, as we may read in a later chapter.

Captain Adna R. Chaffee was acting agent at San Carlos from July 19, 1879, until June 1, 1880. The troops were recalled for police duty within the reservation in August, 1881, and Captain Emmet Crawford was placed in charge of the San Carlos Agency Police on July 24, 1883. This last action was taken under the agreement arrived at on July 7, 1883, at Washington, D. C., between the Interior Department and the War Department, by which General Crook was entrusted with the entire police control of all Indians within the San Carlos Reservation. This was the inauguration of a military regime at San Carlos which became supreme when Captain F. E. Pierce assumed charge of that agency on September 1, 1885. This absolute military administration was continuous until February 5, 1901, in the meantime six army officers succeeded Captain Pierce as acting agent.

In June, 1890, Special Agent Stephen Whited of the Census Bureau, visited San Carlos for the purpose of obtaining certain data covering general conditions among the Indians on that

reservation to be included in the official report of the Eleventh Census. Among other things, Agent Whited found that on June 1, 1890, there were five companies of troops and sixty Indian scouts stationed at San Carlos; four companies of troops stationed at Fort Apache, and two companies of troops stationed at Fort Thomas. This means that there were nine companies of troops stationed within the reservation, and two companies stationed about five miles east of the eastern line of the reservation.

A strange but most interesting array of facts are presented by the official record. From 1875 until 1881 there were no troops on the San Carlos Reservation, and during my administration the agency police force never exceeded twenty-five members. In 1879, when Captain Chaffee was the acting agent at San Carlos, he reported that the agency police force then consisted of "one lieutenant, seven sergeants and thirty-one privates". But in 1890, fifteen years after Lieutenant Carter led the two troops of the Sixth Cavalry away from San Carlos and abandoned that military camp, the military administration deemed it necessary to have five companies of troops and sixty Indian scouts stationed at the agency.

And the record presents the further astounding fact that this extraordinary and extravagant military regime was permitted to continue eleven years longer—until February 5, 1901. In 1877 a plan of administration promising the true solution of the Apache problem, and which meant peace for all and the progress and uplift of the Indians, was pitted against a sordid lust for plump military contracts—and "the military contracts won." It is obvious that for twenty-four years—nearly a full quarter of a century thereafter, the same sordid lust after plump military contracts prevailed over a just and honorable consideration for the true interests and progress of the Apaches.

With this record fresh in our minds we shall read with peculiar interest an excerpt from the report of Special Agent Whited, published on page 154 of the Census Bureau's report on "Indians Taxed and Indians Not Taxed" in 1890, to wit:

"As to army control, I venture the suggestion that 200 mounted Indian scouts, officered by efficient white men, would preserve order among the Apache tribe much better and vastly cheaper than the garrisons that are maintained there at this time. If they are to remain, however, I would move them just outside the reservation. On the other hand, the present garrisons are great consumers of food and produce, and the camps

furnish a ready market for many things produced by the Indians, but I believe the day is past when a large force of soldiers should be maintained on reservations."

When the San Carlos Reservation passed under military rule the famous San Carlos Apache Police Force was practically merged with the military scouts. And we shall not forget that the Apache military scouts—enrolled from the same heroic tribes—have left a record that is quite as loyal, efficient and honorable as that of the San Carlos Apache Police. When General Crook led his campaign into Mexico in 1883 the most important unit of his force consisted of 193 Apache scouts under the command of Captain Emmet Crawford. When Geronimo and Nah-chee led their followers from the reservation again in May, 1885, we learn that a telegram from Washington under date of June 9 "authorized the enlistment of 200 additional Indian Scouts". Between 300 and 400 Indian scouts participated in this campaign against Geronimo.

Surgeon (later General) Leonard Wood, who accompanied Captain Lawton's command in this campaign, has left the following sincere testimonial to the willing and effective services and tireless devotion to duty of the Apache scouts:

"The Indian scouts were very efficient and hard workers and constantly in the advance; always willing and ready, and physically equal to the hostiles. The greatest good feeling existed between the scouts and the soldiers, and I can say from my own experience, that they are obedient and kind to their officers."

During the campaign against Victorio in New Mexico an application for permission to enlist scouts had been disapproved, whereupon Colonel Hatch, commanding the troops in the field, sent the following telegram to Department Headquarters under date of Fort Craig, New Mexico, May 26, 1880:

"Refusal to allow Indian scouts will postpone settling Indian troubles. Experience certainly advises obtaining them in some manner. Troops cannot find Apaches in the mountains without incurring great risk and exposure. To be successful they must be pursued in the Indian way, keeping the troops off the trail, and Indians are best adapted for this service."

Singly and in groups the Apache scouts have performed a service that cannot be overestimated. Always they were in the advance of every column to follow the trails and to give timely warning that would save the white troopers from the perils of

ambush. Too little has been said in praise of their fidelity and tireless devotion to duty. Right now the War Department is doing a fine thing in connection with the sole surviving regular army unit made up of Indians. The conditions out of which the enrollment of Indian Scouts grew have disappeared, and their military importance in an era of tanks and bombing airplanes and high power artillery barrages has dwindled to a mere shadow, but for sentimental reasons; because of the invaluable services rendered by the Indian scouts in the winning of the West; because this conquest has depended so much on their loyalty and tireless devotion to duty, this last detachment of veteran Apache Scouts are retained in the service of Uncle Sam and are stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, and were, until recently, under the command of Captain Donald C. Hawley, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A.

During the closing weeks of 1928 Captain Hawley, with marked courtesy, furnished me with two photographs of members of this detachment and some exceedingly interesting information regarding their status, employment, etc. Captain Hawley stated that at that time (Dec. 1928) the detachment consisted of 1 sergeant, 2 corporals and 16 privates. These scouts are enlisted exactly like any other soldier, for a term of three years, with the privilege of re-enlisting on completion of each enlistment. The plan of the War Department is to permit these scouts to continue in the service until each shall have a full term of 30 years to his credit, when each will be retired with the rank and pay of a sergeant. This, of course, means that all who complete thirty years of service will be carried on the army payroll as long as they live. It also means that this sole surviving unit of Indian scouts will be gradually reduced in numbers and will completely "fade out" when its last member is placed on the retired list.

The following exact details are quoted from Captain Hawley's statement: "Sergeant Chow Big, a veteran of the Geronimo campaign, several minor Indian campaigns, and the Mexican Punitive Expedition of 1916, will retire on completion of 30 years service in January, 1929. Eskipbygojo, Tom Sye, Charles Bones and Deklay are all veterans of the Indian Wars and the Punitive Expedition; they have around 27 years service in, and will retire about 1931. Of course they will retire as sergeants. Those are the only real old-timers; several others have 15 to 20 years service and were with the Punitive Expedition. There are only two or three young ones, one of whom is the son of a scout who retired a couple of years ago.

"The scouts draw the same pay and have exactly the same privileges and rights as any soldier, with two exceptions; first, they are required to provide their own mounts and horse equipment, and receive forty cents a day for doing so, in addition to which the government furnishes forage for the horse. Second, they are allowed to live with their families in a tepee (wicki-up) village near the post and to draw the value of their rations, amounting to about \$17 per month, in cash.

"They are not armed except in time of war—or when on maneuvers, and do not drill or do any guard duty. They are employed at the present time in various capacities about the post; one as assistant to the carpenter; one as assistant to the plumber; three running the post ice plant; two running the saw in the wood yard; two patrolling the reservation for stray cattle and horses—and similar jobs.

"Their health is good, and they seem happy and contented, except that some of the younger ones think they should have houses to live in instead of the tepees (wicki-ups). I am planning to get them out from time to time for some real scouting work—to keep them in practice; and if the Tenth Cavalry goes to Texas next spring, as seems probable, I hope to take a part of them along. However, I am afraid they will not be as valuable in maneuvers as in actual war."

I have been deeply impressed with the kindly mental attitude evinced by Captain Hawley toward these veteran Apache scouts. His genuine interest and sympathetic enthusiasm in his command are refreshing and inspiring, and I am sure that if he could have joined me during my administration at San Carlos, and we had been allowed to direct the destinies of the Apaches since that time through the medium of the Apache Police—then I would have the pleasure of writing a very different story.

The members of the famous San Carlos Apache Police Force have been less fortunate than the military scouts in the matter of obtaining any substantial or definite recognition of their long years of efficient service. The civil system under which they were employed did not provide either pensions or retirement with pay. An ungrateful public and a soulless government have never done anything to recognize or reward the distinguished services of even the most deserving members of that splendid organization. Some, in ill health and poverty, have appealed in vain for a pittance that might in some degree alleviate their distress and sufferings. All were glad to have the protection their services afforded when they were young

and strong and faithful guardians of the peace, but when they grow old and decrepit they were easily and quite completely forgotten. Some day a noble saga will be written that will honor and perpetuate the memory of their sterling qualities and worthy deeds. But it is now forever too late to minister to their temporal needs. Wearied with the strife and sorrows of their unequal struggle under adverse conditions imposed upon them by their pale-faced brothers(?) they have gradually resigned themselves to their inevitable fate. One by one they have unresistingly responded to the call of the Grim Reaper, and very soon the last of those fine old guards will follow along the well-worn trail that leads all mortals

“To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter.”

SUPPLEMENT

Al Sieber is the man I had in mind to assist me in directing the activities of the San Carlos Apache Police in 1877, if the Indian Bureau had extended my authority and jurisdiction as suggested in my telegram of June 7 to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

My personal acquaintance with Sieber was limited, but his personality and reputation convinced me that he would make an ideal leader of Indian Police, and his subsequent record proves that my judgment was not faulty in this matter. He rendered many years of invaluable service as a civil employe of the “military arm” in connection with the Apaches. His final employment was at San Carlos, where he was discharged and ordered to leave the reservation because of his expressed sympathy with the Apaches who were being oppressed and maltreated by the unjust and tyrannical military authorities then in charge of the reservation.

Some time previous, while in line of duty, Sieber was shot in the ankle. The wound never healed and resulted in a serious disability. None will ever know how keenly Sieber felt the injustice he and the Apaches suffered at the hands of the military, but as there seemed to be no one to whom he might appeal for redress he was compelled to submit to the cruel order which ruthlessly separated him from the honorable position he had ably filled for so many years.

And thus it happened that the old scout gathered up his few personal effects, bid his Apache friends good-bye, and, with a heavy heart, hobbled his way thirty miles over the trail to Globe. There he faced the perplexing problem of making a new start in life. His long service as a scout, his age and his shattered ankle seriously handicapped his chances for success in the industrial world. But Sieber always had a brave heart. For several years he did odd jobs about the mining camp, or went on prospecting trips whenever he could obtain a grub-stake. Finally he was employed under the Roosevelt Reclamation Project in the construction of a wagon road from the Roosevelt Dam to Payson. Immediately he organized a small group of Apaches to assist him with this work.

And now we approach the last act in the sorry drama, and which afforded this veteran of many thrilling adventures a final opportunity to display the genuine nobility of his character. One day he and his little band of Indians were endeavoring to remove an immense boulder from the right-of-way of the new road. The earth was being removed from the lower side of the boulder, when, suddenly the great rock started to roll into the excavation. Sieber realized the danger instantly—and his first thoughts were for the safety of his Apache helpers. He shouted a warning and assisted them to escape—refusing to seek safety for himself until the last of the Apaches were beyond danger. Then it was too late. His maimed ankle responded too slowly, and the worn and crippled body of the faithful, unselfish old scout was caught and crushed beneath the massive rock. Thus was the valiant soul of Al Sieber set free. He died for his friends. None can do more.

Associates of Sieber, mechanics employed at the dam—laborers like himself—hewed a neat monument of stone to which was nailed a bronze tablet reciting some details of the tragic death of their departed friend. This monument was placed on the spot where Sieber's wearied life was crushed out—and there it is standing today.

Sieber's mangled remains were buried in the cemetery at Globe, and his grave is marked by a rough granite boulder, appropriately inscribed, which was authorized and paid for by a special act of the Legislature of Arizona.

These two monuments memorialize the life story of a man who was truly great. The hero they recall was not one of those who possessed great riches, or high position with vast authority and power. Often a single monument is erected to a man of that

class. Sieber has two monuments, and yet he was a plain man who held an humble and subordinate position during the years he was rendering invaluable service. His discharge from that service had implied humiliation and disgrace. His last years were spent in a broken-hearted struggle against the unkindly Fates—and then, in a twinkling, his life was snapped out.

A lone, obscure, weary, crippled old man had been accidentally killed while working with some Indians in the midst of the rugged waste places of the Tonto Basin. Why should mechanics employed on the Roosevelt Dam carve a monument to mark the spot where he met the Grim Reaper—unflinching and unafraid? Why did the Legislature of Arizona by special act provide a monument to mark the grave of this man who, in his declining years, had been permitted to feel the stings of poverty, obscurity and neglect? Al Sieber's reward was posthumous. His true worth was not recognized until he had crossed the Great Divide, and we may not doubt that the proud saga of his brave and unselfish deeds will continue to be sung long after his two granite monuments have crumbled into dust.

I am greatly pleased to know that a biography of Al Sieber is now in course of preparation by Dan R. Williamson, the esteemed State Historian of Arizona, who was a former intimate friend of the deceased, and who is well qualified and equipped to give the grand old scout that honorable and enduring place in the official archives of the State of Arizona to which his character and achievements so justly entitle him.

Clay Beauford---Welford C. Bridwell

Soldier Under Two Flags; Captain of Apache Police;
Arizona Legislator

By H. E. DUNLAP

If President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers early in 1861 stirred the North to patriotic fervor, its reaction upon the people dwelling south of Mason and Dixon's line was even greater. Men in whose minds the sacred doctrine of state rights had been instilled from their childhood, and who had positive assurance from the pulpit that holding in servitude the sons of Ham was sanctioned by the Bible, were not in a frame of mind to tolerate outside meddling with what they considered their own personal affairs.

In Virginia, the Old Dominion, land of the high-born cavaliers, at the first call from their state authorities, men flocked to their cities and court towns to enlist for service under their idolized military leader, Robert E. Lee. Among the many applying at a recruiting station in Richmond was an athletic, clear-eyed boy from a neighboring tobacco plantation that was duly equipped with slave labor. His parents had refused him permission to enlist, but he felt that he must go or be forever disgraced.

To guard against being reclaimed by his father, he gave a fictitious name, Clay Beauford, instead of his real name, Welford Chapman Bridwell.

"Too young for the hardships of soldier life," was the terse comment of the recruiting officer after sizing the boy up. "How old are you?"

"Goin' on fifteen." "Uh-huh, worse than I thought." Then, noting the look of anguished disappointment on the boy's face, he relented. "If you're so keen to go and have fighting nerve, we might use you as a drummer boy. Can you beat march time and the long roll?" He could and was forthwith mustered in. If his father, the tobacco planter, sought to reclaim his truant son, his efforts proved vain; for the roster showed no such name as Welford C. Bridwell.

Time heals many ills and disappointments. In a year young Beauford had exchanged his drumsticks for a musket and assumed the coveted place in the ranks. By 1863 he was a

trained and seasoned soldier,—one of the forty-five hundred devoted youths of Pickett's Division who made the memorable charge at Gettysburg in that critical battle of July 3. Across an open valley they swept, facing a terrific barrage of artillery and rifle fire from the Federal forces intrenched behind stone walls on a ridge. A gallant remnant of the division took the first wall and made a brave but vain attempt to gain the second barrier; but lack of reinforcements and adequate artillery support rendered their sacrifice ineffective. Soon they were checked by superior numbers.

To paraphrase a couplet of Tennyson—

“Then they went back, but not
Forty-five hundred.”

Only around eleven hundred of them regained the Confederate lines. Pettigrew's Division, of about equal strength, which had paralleled their advance part way, but for some reason had veered to the left before reaching its objective, fared almost as bad, although a greater percentage of its loss was in prisoners.

This fiery baptism was but one of many experienced by Clay Beauford in the four years of his service. In three battles he sustained wounds, one bullet striking his knee-cap, another his left hand and a third penetrating his body near the stomach. When his hand was disabled he returned home to recuperate; but as soon as his injury had healed, he reported back to his regiment for duty.

After Appomattox the quiet routine of the tobacco plantation appeared to have lost its charm, and in time became irksome to this veteran soldier of nineteen. However, he more than made good to his parents for the time he had taken out for war service. It would seem that four years of such fierce fighting as characterized the conflict in Virginia would have proved ample for one of any age; but whatever the explanation, early in 1870 the United States Cavalry gained a new recruit in the person of this same Clay Beauford. He was assigned to Company B, Fifth Cavalry, then engaged in scouting for hostile Indians in Kansas.

His previous military experience, fine physique, strict attention to duty and his qualities of leadership soon brought him promotion to top sergeant of the company, which place he held throughout the term of his enlistment. After arduous service in Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming, the Fifth Cavalry

was moved from Fort D. A. Russell, near Cheyenne, to Arizona for service under General Crook in subduing the several tribes and bands of Apaches and locating them permanently on the vast reservation set apart for them.

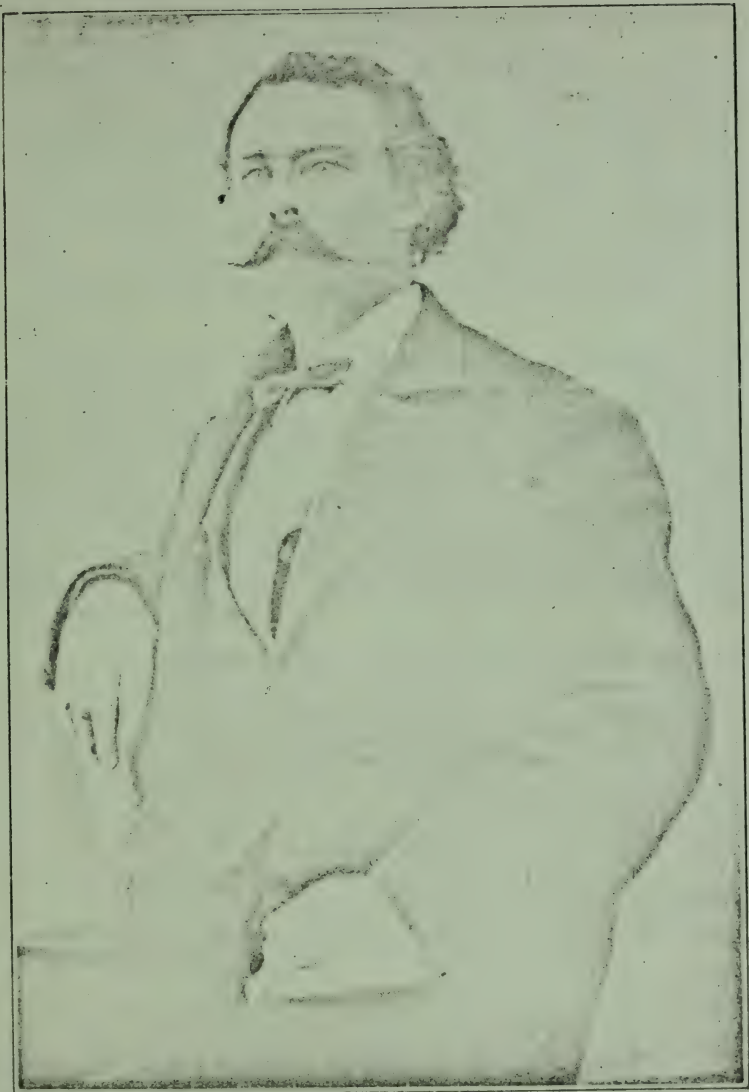
Company B, commanded by Captain (afterward general) Eugene A. Carr, was at first stationed at Fort M'Dowell, situated on the Verde River, between thirty and forty miles north of Phoenix, but was soon ordered out in pursuit of renegade Apaches, meaning those who refused to give up their nomadic life and settle down within the limits of the reservation assigned to them, the agency, or seat of authority, being located at San Carlos, at the confluence of the San Carlos with the Gila River.

The Aravaipa Apaches, unwilling to relinquish their fine hunting grounds, which embraced the Aravaipa and San Pedro valleys and adjacent mountains, and extended from Globe southward almost to the Southern Pacific Railroad, resisted the efforts of the military to locate them permanently in the vicinity of San Carlos. When a military detachment approached their camp, they dispersed in the mountains in small bands or single families.

The troopers of the Fifth Cavalry, accustomed to fighting the plains Indians, found that they must learn new tactics. Unlike the Sioux, the Apaches almost never fought in the open, but always stalked their victims, shooting from ambush, then vanishing into some safe retreat. When attacked, they scattered in the brush or timber, like so many quail in the chaparral.

When these rebellious Apaches for greater advantage in eluding their pursuers split up into small bands, the cavalry companies were also cut into detachments of fifteen or twenty men, each detail led by a lieutenant or a sergeant, who, with a few Indian scouts to serve as guides and trailers, sought to keep the hostiles continually on the move until worn down to the point of submission. Occasionally they surprised the fugitives in camp and killed a few by way of moral suasion.

Beauford afterward declared that the last year of his service in the cavalry was the hardest in his life. With his company or with a detail of troopers and Indian scouts, he was constantly pursuing or fighting the renegade Apaches. No sooner did they capture and deliver at San Carlos one band of hostiles than they were ordered out on the trail of another group. Nor was it ordinary field campaigning; for, of course, the revolting Indians, thoroughly familiar with their native haunts, fled to the roughest and most inaccessible fastnesses of the mountains.



CLAY BEAUFORD
From a tintype made in the '70's

These Indians regarded the box canyon of the Aravaipa Creek as their impregnable stronghold. In the upper half of its course this stream is subterranean with an odd propensity for keeping out of sight, coming to the surface but once in three to five miles. The remaining half of its tortuous channel has been eroded through the massive barrier of the Galiuro range of mountains, whose almost perpendicular rock walls are from a hundred to a thousand or more feet in height. For several miles in its middle course the chasm through which the stream flows is so narrow and choked with huge boulders as to be impassable even for a man on horseback, and here the travelers must needs follow an old Indian trail over a shoulder of the mountain.

Even in the upper reaches of the box canyon there are deep lateral branches, vertical gashes in the rock walls, perhaps with their entrances screened by trees and brush, and in these cut walls are cliff dwellings once occupied by a prehistoric race. A shelving point marking the head of the box and the middle point of the stream was a favorite camping spot for the Aravaipa Apaches. From it they could command a view up the valley for several miles. If surprised or threatened, they had a succession of hiding places extending almost twenty-five miles back into the mountain.

On this lookout point Beauford and his small command captured Chief Toga-da-chuz and his family, one member of which was a young boy later renowned as "The Apache Kid." Now Sergeant Beauford possessed the magic faculty of defeating and capturing Apaches and, yet, almost immediately gaining their good will and confidence. At times, if a few of his Indian scouts were disabled from any cause, he would enlist newly captured warriors to fill the vacancies. Toga-da-chuz became his friend, and as for the Kid, there was no getting rid of him. He haunted Beauford's camp at the agency and proved himself so eager and so willing to learn American ways that he was finally adopted by the outfit as a super and mascot.

There came a time, even before the Kid had reached manhood, when Beauford found it necessary to disarm one of his scouts for some offense. Calling the boy, he inquired if the latter would like to be a soldier. Proudly the Kid shouldered his "long Tom" and made good, becoming one of the most efficient scouts in the service. His subsequent outbreak, many years later was due to the failure of the Indian agent, Captain Pearce, and Al Sieber, chief of scouts, to make allowance for the

conflict between the Kid's duty as sergeant of scouts and his responsibility as chief of his band.

The Kid's father, Toga-de-chuz, while asleep in his own camp after a social dance at which tis-win had been free as water, had been treacherously slain by an assassin. An Indian named Rip, who was known to have nursed a grudge against the chief for forty years and who had come a long distance to the fiesta and was missing the next morning, was suspected of the crime. The tribal law of the Apaches, which carried with it the mandate of a religious duty, required the Kid to avenge his father. His rank as chief, in succession to his deceased father, made the act of vengeance absolutely obligatory.

In the temporary absence of Indian Agent Pearce, an army captain, and of Al Sieber, chief of scouts, the Kid took with him half a dozen young braves of his band, some of them enlisted scouts, rode twenty miles to Rip's camp on the lower Aravaipa and took life for life. When threatened with punishment, he and ten of his followers revolted and opened fire on Sieber, leaving him with a broken leg. The story of Kid's subsequent career is too long for recital here.

Sergeant Beauford soon gained a sufficient knowledge of the Apache tongue to enable him to handle his Indian scouts without an interpreter. Constantly proving his own courage under fire, he won their admiration; and by treating them with tact and fairness he gained their confidence and loyalty, which counts tremendously for effective scouting. From the scouts serving under him and through study of the hostiles' methods he learned Apache tactics, and in time was able to beat them at their own game.

So marked was his success in this "hide and seek" mode of warfare, that, on receiving his honorable discharge from the army at the close of his enlistment period, he was immediately employed as civilian guide and scout for the military. During the ensuing two years his duties were similar to what they had been, except that he and his Indian scouts were usually far in the lead of the soldiers.

Beauford had received his honorable discharge from the army in July, 1873. In the ensuing two years he gained additional prestige, and, through constant association with his scouts had acquired a good working knowledge of the Apache language, one that is very difficult because of the variations in meaning conveyed by different inflections and peculiar nasal sounds.

By 1875 the Aravaipa Apaches had been fairly well located on the reservation in the vicinity of San Carlos. They then numbered about a thousand and were subsequently known as the San Carlos Apaches, probably the most tractable and law-abiding of all the Apaches.

Now began the concentration of all the Apache tribes on the great San Carlos Reservation. In the spring of 1875 fourteen-hundred Apaches were moved thither from the Verde Reservation, and soon afterward eighteen-hundred Coytero Apaches were brought down by Agent Clum from the mountain region adjacent to Fort Apache and settled along the Gila River above San Carlos.

This sagacious young Indian agent, John P. Clum, who had assumed control at the agency in August, 1874, had organized a small force of Indian police to assist him in maintaining order among the natives in his charge. He now increased the number of policemen to twenty-five and employed Clay Beauford as captain of the force. The members of this command were hand-picked from among the most courageous and reliable warriors of the several bands.

This native constabulary, commanded by Captain Beauford and under direction of Agent Clum, was responsible for the control of above four-thousand restless, not to say turbulent Apaches, on a reservation larger than some of the eastern states. It is therefore evident that the task of the captain and his Indian police was no sinecure. Two or three examples of their work are related by Mr. Clum in his recent article on "The San Carlos Apache Police," published in the *Arizona Historical Review* for July, 1930.

The first of several incidents mentioned was the pursuit and capture of a band of Yuma Apaches, who, without leave, had gone on a visit to the Pima Indian villages, situated on the Gila south of Phoenix. In three days the alert captain returned with the entire band of twenty-seven Indians as subjects for the guard-house.

In December of the same year a young chief named Disalin, whose squaw had left him because of too frequent and severe beatings and whose appeal to Agent Clum and Captain Beauford to compel her return to his lodge had been denied, undertook the ambitious project of exterminating the three white men exercising authority at the agency. Chance visitors in Agent Clum's private office at the moment of Dis-a-lin's entrance prevented any hostile demonstration. Passing into the

adjoining office, occupied by Chief Clerk Sweeney, the savage plotter fired twice at the accountant, but the first shot missed and the second was not swift enough to overtake Mr. Sweeney in his flying exit through the door.

Not discouraged, Dis-a-lin rushed from the agency building toward the quarters of Captain Beauford, near the guard-house, and from behind a rick of cordwood aimed a shot at the captain just as the latter emerged from his room to learn the occasion for the firing. Having in his haste left his gun behind, Beauford was not in a position to return the compliment, but his police were promptly on the job, and the one-man revolution came to a sudden and inglorious end. Two bullets struck him at the same moment, either of which would have caused death; and one of them had been aimed by that prince of Apaches, Sergeant Tau-el-cly-ee, later commonly known as Talk-a-lai. Dis-a-lin was his chief and blood brother, but when he sought to kill Agent Clum and his subordinates, Talk-a-lai knew his duty and did it.

Under a written order from Agent Clum, Captain Beauford in the following February, with fifteen police, went in quest of a band of renegade Apaches reported to be prowling along the western border of the reservation. In seventeen days the detail returned with twenty-one captive women and children, having killed sixteen outlaws.

By an act passed by the Territorial Legislature of Arizona, in session at Tucson, February 8, 1877, the governor was authorized to enroll sixty territorial militia for protection of the settlers from marauding Indians. Governor Safford had in the preceding year sent the fifty Apache police led by Agent Clum to the Fort Bowie agency for the purpose of removing the Chiricahua Apaches to the San Carlos Reservation. These police had been drilled in the manual of arms, the commands being given in English; and the people of Tucson had been so impressed by an exhibition drill that they donated uniforms for the Apache soldiers.

The governor promptly sent a wire to Agent Clum, requesting him to furnish the required number of militia men. Mr. Clum announced his readiness to do so, on condition that Captain Clay Beauford be placed in command. This condition having been accepted, the selection of suitable Apaches for this responsible service began and in twelve days from the passage of the act Captain Beauford reported to Governor Safford in

Tucson with fifty-four Apache volunteers for enrollment in service of the Territory.

After their formal enlistment Captain Beauford and his command were ordered to scout for hostile Indians in South-eastern Arizona, the locale of recent outrages. However, the renegades responsible for these depredations—outlaw bands of the Chiricahua tribe under Ju (Hoo), Geronimo and Nol-gee—made a practice of retreating after each raid to safety in Mexico or to the Warm Spring Agency at Ojo Caliente, in New Mexico, where they were allowed to draw rations. They were developing a flourishing business in horses, which they stole in Southern Arizona and sold to farmers on the Rio Grande, in New Mexico.

Not long after the territorial militia had taken the field, an army officer, who had served in Arizona, chanced to see Geronimo and a few of his followers in Palomas, New Mexico. This fact was promptly reported to General Kautz, commanding the Department of Arizona. Messages flew back and forth between his headquarters and Washington, and presently Agent Clum, who had won prestige in the preceding year through his successful removal of the main body of Chiricahua Apaches from the Bowie agency to San Carlos, received orders to proceed to Ojo Caliente (Warm Spring) Agency in New Mexico, and, if possible, apprehend Geronimo and certain other renegade Apaches.

For an Indian agent this was a stiff order, and one calling for the services of Captain Beauford and his territorial militia. Since the force was now needed for an attempt to capture the identical hostiles for whom it had been searching in Arizona, Governor Safford readily consented to the transfer of Beauford's command back to the service of the Interior Department. The captain was therefore directed to take his force to Silver City and await the arrival of Agent Clum with reinforcements.

Knowing the treacherous nature of Geronimo, and having heard that the Warm Spring Apaches were disposed to be insubordinate, Agent Clum sent through the proper channel a request that an adequate military force be dispatched to Ojo Caliente by a certain date to prevent a possible uprising, and also that other detachments be placed at advantageous points adjacent, for protection of the settlers in case of an outbreak. After having enlisted a sufficient number of special police to bring the entire enrollment to one hundred, covering the distance from San Carlos to Silver City, transferring Captain Beauford and his territorial militia back to the service of the

Interior Department, and conducting the combined force to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, Agent Clum received information that Major J. F. Wade (afterward General Wade) with three troops of cavalry, would reach Ojo Caliente Agency April 21, and that other detachments would be stationed at strategic points adjacent.

In the afternoon of April 20 Mr. Clum, with twenty-three mounted police, reached the agency, having instructed Captain Beauford to camp at a spring about ten miles out and bring in the remainder of the command early the following morning. These Apache police were on foot.

From Mr. Sweeney, his chief clerk, whom he had sent thither in advance to size up the situation, the agent learned that Geronimo and his band of outlaws had drawn rations there that very day, but had withdrawn to their camp about ten miles distant. He was also informed that the local Warm Spring Apaches were insubordinate and were running the agency about as they pleased, having intimidated the agent in charge to such a degree that he had asked and obtained a body-guard of soldiers to protect his life.

What was still more disturbing was a telegram from Major Wade, stating that, owing to unavoidable delay, he would be unable to reach Ojo Caliente until April 22. This precipitated an awkward dilemma. While the coming of Agent Clum with his small escort of mounted police had aroused no apprehension among the local Indians of the Warm Springs tribe, and was as yet not known to Geronimo, the arrival of Captain Beauford with the main command the following forenoon would be quickly reported to Geronimo by his friends of the Warm Spring band. The old war-chief would have no need to inquire the purpose of this expedition. Always playing safe, he would promptly stage a miraculous disappearance of his followers.

Under the existing arrangement Agent Clum was to co-operate with the military, but should he await the arrival of the troops, the birds of prey which he sought to entrap would have taken alarm and flown. If he should act on his own initiative and fail, thereby possibly causing a general outbreak, his would be the responsibility and resulting disgrace. However, he felt that the situation demanded instant action.

Captain Beauford, having been advised of the situation by courier as soon as darkness had fallen, brought in his police force in the wee small hours of the night and in utter silence had

concealed his braves in a large commissary building which stood conveniently near the agency headquarters.

At a very early hour of the succeeding day, April 21, a message was sent to Geronimo, requesting him to come with his people to the agency for a conference. Promptly they came, not exactly in peaceful guise, but painted and armed as for battle. They assembled in loose order in front of the agency porch, on which stood Agent Clum with five or six of his policemen, the remainder of his escort being strung out in a sort of skirmish line in both directions from the platform.

The agency building faced the east. The huge commissary warehouse stood about fifty yards south, and beyond it were smaller buildings used as employee's quarters. In front of the agency lay a parade ground of ample size, bounded on the north and east by a deep gorge. This left the south side and part of the west side open.

Geronimo and several of the most defiant of his warriors had pressed to the front, which admirably suited the plan of action. With a view to a clear understanding at the start, Agent Clum informed Geronimo and his attendant braves that, if they listened respectfully and conducted themselves with discretion, they need fear no harm. He got no farther, for Geronimo, evidently interpreting this as a reflection on his dignity, broke in with an angry retort, which implied that the speaker might do well to use caution in his address.

This was a plain challenge. Soft words would avail nothing. The signal for action passed from Agent Clum to Captain Beauford, stationed midway between the agency building and the commissary storehouse which concealed the main body of police. The captain as quickly relayed the gesture to the watching sergeant of police within the improvised barracks. As if by magic, the wide door flew open, and the alert sergeant, with loaded rifle in hand, sped across the parade ground, followed by his men in single file, a few feet apart, and each with his thumb on the hammer of his rifle in readiness for instant action.

At this unexpected demonstration Geronimo's people were evidently alarmed, and some of those on the outskirts of the throng began to move away. Captain Beauford shouted to them to stop; then, as the command was ignored, raised his rifle as if to fire. Before he could take aim and thereby discourage the movement to disperse, a big, muscular squaw, who possibly had

taken her position by design, tackled him from the rear, throwing her arms about him and dragging down his hands and weapon

With an expression of utter disgust and a mighty thrust of his great right arm, the athletic captain threw the would-be Amazon to the ground at a safe distance and aimed his rifle at the leader of the group bent on taking French leave. The rifles of several of the policemen near him clicked in unison, as the hammers were drawn back for firing the moment his piece should give the signal.

This bit of by-play, while humiliating to Captain Beauford, served a good purpose through distracting the attention of Geronimo and his leading warriors from the growing line of police emerging at top speed from their place of concealment. A sufficient number of the sprinting police had by this time gained positions from which they threatened the massed Chiricahua warriors with an enfilading fire from the south and west.

Grasping the significance of the situation, Geronimo recalled the stragglers and consented to resume the interrupted conference, but as a precaution, he and several of his leading sub-chiefs were disarmed. Agent Clum then reminded the war-chief of his breach of faith in June of the preceding year. After having promised to bring his people in from the mountains to the agency near Fort Bowie and to accompany the other and main branch of the Chiricahua Apaches under Tah-say and Nah-chee to San Carlos, he had ridden to his camp, ten miles distant, ordered his followers to kill all their dogs and unserviceable horses, abandon all weighty equipment and surplus provisions and make a swift dash for the Mexican border.

Unable to make any satisfactory defense, Geronimo was then informed that he and his followers were to be taken to San Carlos agency in Arizona. Agent Clum then directed him to go under a guard of police to the local blacksmith shop to be fettered.

The war-chief, sitting cross-legged on the edge of the agency porch, remained immobile.

"You must go now," exclaimed the agent in no uncertain tone.

What? Was he, Geronimo, great war-chief of the fierce Chiricahuas, to be so humiliated? Impossible. He sprang to his feet, eyes blazing and features contorted with rage.

It was a critical moment. Would he, though armed only with his knife, which had been concealed in his shirt, lead a hand-to-hand conflict with his captors? Since the majority of his braves still had their guns, the struggle might have been a bloody one, had Geronimo given the order to fight.

Again the hammers of a dozen rifles clicked, as Beauford and the nearest police aimed their pieces directly at Geronimo and his sub-chiefs. For a few moments he stood irresolute, the personification of outraged pride, then, his better judgment prevailing, his features relaxed, and he uttered the single word, "In-ju" (all right). The crisis had passed.

Geronimo and a few of his sub-chiefs, together with two or three of the Warm Spring Apaches who had led horse-stealing raids, were then placed in leg-irons and committed to the agency guard-house until such time as transportation could be provided for them and a few sick and infirm members of the band. Deprived of their leaders, those of the tribe remaining at liberty accepted the situation with stoicism. Hence, when Major Wad and his command arrived on the following day, all danger of an outbreak had passed.

Since the local agent of the Warm Spring Apaches reported about forty of the Chiricahuas, under Chiefs Ju (Hoo) and Nolgee, to be absent on a raiding trip, probably in Arizona or Northern Mexico, Captain Beauford was sent with part of the police force to scout through the mountains between Lordsburg and Dos Cabezas in the hope of striking the trail of these renegades.

Before Agent Clum had completed arrangements for the return trip to San Carlos, he received from Washington another startling order. If it should be found practicable, he was to remove the entire tribe of Warm Spring Apaches from Ojo Caliente to the San Carlos Reservation. From his success in handling over four thousand Apaches on that reservation, in removing thither the main band of Chiricahuas from the Bowie agency in 1876, and now in his bloodless conquest of Geronimo and his hundred followers, the authorities at Washington appeared to have formed the belief that Agent Clum, with his intrepid police under Captain Beauford, could perform any task that might be assigned him.

However, Mr. Clum's reputation for fair treatment and for allowing his wards a measure of self-government had evidently preceded him. The loyalty and good spirits of the police

may also have had its effect. At all events, he had no difficulty in persuading Victorio and other lesser chiefs of the tribe to approve of the move.

Accordingly, on May 1, 1877, the members of the two allied bands, numbering in all four hundred and fifty-three individuals, set out on the long march to San Carlos—a distance of about four hundred miles for those traveling on foot, who followed the trail over the mountains, and close to five hundred miles for the shackled prisoners and the sick and infirm, who necessarily traveled by wagon.

Since Captain Beauford and the main body of police had already departed on their quest before the order for removal of the Warm Spring Apaches had been received, Mr. Clum requested and obtained as escort for the migrating body of natives a troop of cavalry. A single troop would avail but little in restraining four hundred and fifty Apaches strung out in a line of march several miles in length, if they were unwilling captives, but its value was mainly as an assurance to travelers and settlers along the route that the movement was under authority of the U. S. Government. Likewise, such an escort relieved the individual travelers from apprehension of danger from sniping by embittered settlers along their trail.

Captain Beauford and his command joined the migrating throng about the time it gained the Gila River, and the expedition reached the San Carlos Reservation May 20, 1877. Geronimo was confined in the guard-house for three months, with the expectation that the civil authorities at Tucson would indict him and put him on trial for murder; but it was found impossible to obtain actual proof of his participation in the killings charged to him and his braves.

This, it is claimed, was the first and only *bona fide* capture of Geronimo. On several subsequent occasions, when weary of pursuit, he capitulated, but in each instance he maneuvered so skillfully as to have the military officers conducting the negotiations entirely in his power, and he was thereby able to dictate favorable terms.

Mr. Clum resigned the office of Indian agent July 1, 1877—soon after his return from the Warm Spring Agency, but the police force, under Captain Beauford, continued to function effectively. Although Mr. Hart, successor to Agent Clum, was absolutely inexperienced, and changes are always disturbing, no serious trouble arose and the established order was maintained.

Of course, there were minor violations of law and police regulations, calling for vigorous discipline, but since sentence was usually pronounced by the offender's own people and executed by the native police, its justice was seldom questioned. Captain Beauford continued in the service until 1880. Under civilian agents directed by the Department of the Interior, he rated as Captain of Apache Police. Under military officers appointed as acting Indian agents, he was Chief of Indian Scouts, the latter being regularly enlisted for terms of six months. But whatever their name or the source of their authority, this native constabulary under Captain Beauford went steadily about its business of ferreting out offenders and maintaining order on the great reservation.

Beauford personally knew all the chief men and most of the untitled braves on the reservation. First he had won their admiration through his courage and endurance. Later through his unflinching tact, fairness and wise counsel he gained their friendship and confidence. Because of this confidence and the fact that he could speak their language, the chiefs sought his society and advice. Even Geronimo, who had once ordered the captain's death, sent to him years later from a federal prison a hand-carved walking cane, the product of his own skill and labor. It was the tribute of one outstanding warrior to another.

In the early days of his scouting, when with a detachment of cavalry Beauford was engaged in rounding up the scattered Apaches and locating them at San Carlos, he had camped at a fine perennial spring that rippled from the foot of a point at the western margin of the little valley, about eight miles above the head of the Aravaipa box canyon. A grove of giant cottonwoods covering a tract of several acres bordered and overshadowed the fountain, while immediately below lay a level open area of fine sandy soil all ready for the plow and irrigation canal.

That, thought Sergeant Beauford, would be a fine place for a home and a cattle ranch, whenever he should be ready to quit soldiering and settle down. He was then in quest of a fugitive band of Aravaipa Apaches and not long afterward had a running fight with them down in the box canyon, killing several and capturing others. Evidently the time for establishing a home on Rio Aravaipa had not yet arrived.

A few years later, when the Aravaipa Apaches had been successfully located in the vicinity of San Carlos Agency, and

when prospectors were beginning to scour the hills in quest of precious metals, Captain Beauford, then serving as Chief of Indian scouts at San Carlos, had an acquaintance establish a residence at the spring, erect a cabin, fence the arable ground and plant a garden, thereby gaining a squatter's right.

In January, 1879, he had his name legally changed to Welford Chapman Bridwell, a cognomen rightfully his. Possibly a little earlier than this he had made the acquaintance of an attractive young lady from Indianapolis, Miss Cedonia Alexander, who was visiting relatives in Fort Thomas, and their friendship culminated in marriage the following September.

By May of the next year, after having purchased his partner's interest in Spring Garden Ranch and adding a room or two to the cabin, the young benedict resigned his position as Chief of Indian scouts at San Carlos, and with his bride began life on his Aravaipa claim. As soon as the land was surveyed, he made his homestead filing and in due time acquired a government patent.

If, however, Mr. Bridwell thought that because he had left the federal service and assumed the dignity of a married man he had done with scouting, he was greatly in error. So much had depended on his influence with the Indians that when any serious trouble arose among the Apaches on the reservation the civilian Indian agent promptly wired to regimental headquarters at Fort Grant an S O S call for troops, his message uniformly closing with the urgent request, "Bring Beauford!"

The direct trail from Fort Grant to San Carlos followed the Aravaipa to the beginning of the box canyon, passing Beauford's ranch en route. Always obliging and naturally interested in maintaining on the reservation the peace which he had helped to establish, the ex-captain invariably responded to the summons. No presentiment warned him that in continuing to aid the military he was challenging the fates, but it almost led to his undoing.

Just over the mountain to the northeast at the sub-agency, situated on the Gila River about midway between San Carlos and Fort Thomas, dwelt the Chiricahua Apaches and Warm Spring Indians, drawing their government rations from Ezra Hoag, assistant agent. Late in the afternoon of September 30, 1881, just a month after the Cibicu fight, more than two hundred Chiricahuas, under Geronimo, Nah-chee and others, abandoned their encampment and started on the war-path, heading



Col. W. C. Bridwell, off for a prospecting trip. From a photo, taken about 1881.
Note carbine under his knee.

in the direction of Mexico by way of Cedar Springs Pass and Sulphur Springs Valley.

Remembering that in similar emergencies the military authorities had recalled Beauford to serve as guide and chief of Indian scouts, the wily war-chief conceived a diabolic plot to forestall such cooperation against him and his followers. Early on October 2, from his night camp between Black Rock and Cedar Springs road-station, he sent four trusted warriors with peremptory orders to ride around the southern shoulder of the Santa Teresa range, fifteen to twenty miles, and waylay Beauford at his ranch.

However, when the death squad was crossing the divide between the two valleys and was still eight or ten miles from their destination, they heard a fusilade of shots from the south. Knowing, doubtless, that troops from Fort Thomas were in pursuit and also anticipating interference from Fort Grant, toward which past they were traveling, the four Apache horsemen jumped to the conclusion that the rifle shots heard by them indicated an attack on the long, straggling column of Chiricahua women, children and other non-combatants moving with difficulty toward the Mexican border. Their own families were somewhere in that endangered line of fugitives.

There was no hesitation or debate. They were needed at the scene of conflict and Beauford's case could wait. On the instant they wheeled about and dashed at furious speed in the direction from which came the distant reports. Their conjecture proved to be erroneous. The main body of Apache nomads had not yet been attacked. The reports heard by the four riders had sounded the death knell of half a dozen hapless Mexicans convoying a train of freight wagons belonging to Sr. M. G. Samaniego, wholesale merchant of Tucson, and laden with dry-goods and general merchandise consigned to an Indian trader at San Carlos.

Geronimo's advance guard had descried the white-topped wagons far out on the ridge road leading from Aravaipa Valley to the pass, and after a stealthy approach had killed or disabled almost the entire crew at the first volley. After completing their bloody work, they took from their victims their guns and cartridges, looted the wagons of such desired articles as they could conveniently carry, and driving the team animals before them, returned to the main column, each rider gripping under his free arm a bolt or two of gay-colored calico for his squaw.

The expected attack occurred about the middle of the afternoon at Graham Canyon, a deep gorge coming down from Mount Graham, midway between Cedar Springs station and Fort Grant. In the mouth of this canyon, where it debouched on the upland rolling plain stood a round hummock or butte, and behind this vantage ground Geronimo placed his warriors in ambush. There he successfully held off the soldiers until nine o'clock at night, when signal fires from the foothills of the Galiuro range opposite gave notice that the squaws, children and other non-combatants, sent by him in small parties across the open valley, had reached a place of safety.

Up to the close of this skirmish the Chiricahuas had killed fifteen men, including a cavalry sergeant and two troopers, four signal service men, sent out to repair the line, Samaniego's freight crew and two or three cowboys. Fortunately Beauford's name was not in the list of dead.

When the major part of these same hostiles capitulated to General Crook less than two years later and were being escorted by troops to San Carlos, one of the four composing the execution squad informed Beauford of their mission and of the slight incident which had caused them to abandon their murderous errand. The savage regarded it as a good joke, but Beauford, realizing what might have been the fate of his wife and infant daughter, failed to see the humor of it.

The following year Colonel Bridwell—for by this time admiring friends had bestowed on him this honorary title—erected a neat and substantial residence. By industry and thrift the young couple converted their frontier claim into one of the most attractive ranches in the entire region. Friendly and hospitable, they made their neighbors and acquaintances welcome; and, living after the manner of thrifty eastern farmers, they set a pattern for later settlers to follow.

In what seemed an incredibly short time they had bearing fruit trees. With an abundance of fresh produce from their prolific garden, the yield of cows and poultry, and an occasional deer, which fell to the ex-scout's unerring aim, they lived in plenty, though not extravagantly, on their little principality. The Colonel, as he was affectionately called, had a gift in the way of growing the finest of watermelons and in season usually had one or two samples of this luscious fruit thoroughly chilled in the cold spring near his house for the delectation of his family and chance visitors on warm afternoons.

The garden, however, was a side line, his main occupation being the care of his cattle. He had early invested his savings in cows and in ten years was owner of a herd of gratifying size. Mounted on his favorite "Speedy," whose grace and bearing denoted a proud ancestry, he again roamed the foothills, but instead of the deadly rifle he carried at the horn of his saddle the indispensable lasso or rawhide reata, always ready to hand for the capture of an unbranded calf or yearling. Of course, he required and employed vaqueros, but always took the lead in his range work.

Prospecting at odd times when not occupied on his ranch, he discovered and partially developed the "Arizona Mine" in Aravaipa Mining district, a promising claim, which, when afterward sold in a group with prospects of other owners to New York capitalists, netted him a neat sum. As a leading citizen he was elected to represent Graham county (then including Greenlee Co.) in the upper house of the territorial legislature of 1885. Notwithstanding the uncomplimentary epithets applied by critics to that particular body of solons, it has since been credited with more constructive legislation than any other territorial legislature before or after. Colonel Bridwell was compelled to discipline only two calumniators, who, it was believed, deserved worse than they got, and the honor of the "Gentleman from Graham County" emerged unsullied.

One of the two aggrieved men, an offensively aggressive member of the "Third House," or lobby, went so far as to challenge the ex-scout to mortal combat, but when Colonel Bridwell, exercising the right of the challenged party, chose forty-five six-shooters, the incensed lobbyist suddenly lost his thirst for blood, and the affair was called off.

However, Geronimo, Nah-chee and Chihuahua, with their respective followings, broke out again in the month of May in that year, and with one raid succeeding another, one could never know where the renegades would stage their next orgy of slaughter. Hence, Colonel Bridwell preferred to stay very close to his family and ranch. There he remained until the time came when his children required better educational advantages than the frontier afforded. He then sold his ranch and cattle and removed with his family to Los Angeles, the haven of so many Arizona pioneers who had made their stake.

The Apache name for Beauford was Klatch-u-way, in allusion to his broad shoulders and hips. In person he was tall, erect, well proportioned and of commanding mien; yet, save in

the line of duty, he was not stern or dominating. On the contrary, he was much addicted to jesting and familiar badinage. He was bright, witty and quick at repartee; could sing a ballad to his own accompaniment on the banjo, and saw to it that his son became proficient on the violin and his daughter on the mandolin and piano.

A native of Virginia, he naturally inherited southern sympathies and prejudices, but the latter he had largely outgrown, and he was most considerate of the feelings of others. This may have been an acquired trait and due to his long association with men of all sections and beliefs in the U. S. Army and the polyglot population of the Southwest. Likewise he developed admirable control of a naturally quick and violent temper.

The writer enjoyed a friendly acquaintance with him from 1882 to the year of his death. Neighbors for several years, the two occasionally discussed events of the Civil War and problems of the Reconstruction Period,—some of which problems were never satisfactorily settled. One looked at matters from the southern point of view, and the other from the northern, yet not the slightest animus or show of temper ever marred their converse. Each respected the other's right to his own belief.

Although his schooling had been cut short by the War of the Sixties, Colonel Bridwell was intelligent and well informed on current events and questions of the time. He read not only the territorial press, but leading newspapers from the East, including, of course, Marse Henry's Louisville Courier-Journal. Such books as were available were not neglected. He even borrowed and read the writer's copy of Judge Tourgee's work, "A Fool's Errand," a story of Tourgee's experience as a carpet-bag judge in a southern state during the Ku-Klux-Klan era.

There is little doubt that the presence of Beauford in the Aravaipa Valley during the eighties and early nineties afforded a certain degree of protection to the scattered settlers and cattlemen living there. Geronimo's evil design against his life in 1881 failed—perhaps overruled by Divine Providence, and the old plotter never again invaded the valley. The Apache Kid crossed the little valley both going and returning from his initial raid, but did it under cover of night and committed no atrocities until he had passed the summit to the San Pedro slope of the Galiuro range. This is the more remarkable from the fact that the Aravaipa basin was his native heath and hunting ground.

A few years later, when the Apache Kid was an embittered and desperate outlaw, with every man's hand against him and troops in frequent pursuit, he once sought sanctuary in a secluded retreat not far from Colonel Bridwell's ranch. Knowing that he could not long escape discovery by the eagle-eyed scout, the Kid sent his squaw to Bridwell's home with a request that his former commander would refrain from molesting him and his small band, since he, the Kid, would not like to kill his old-time friend and captain, but would be compelled to do so, if the ex-scout came against him, and the Kid should see him first.

Although deeply sorry for his former ward and pupil, Colonel Bridwell could not expose himself to the charge of harboring an outlaw—one who while a sergeant in military service, had mutinied and shot his superior officer; he therefore directed the squaw to tell the Kid that he, Beauford, was coming after him and would see him first. Colonel Bridwell learned later from an Indian who had been with the party that, as soon as his squaw delivered the message, the Kid packed up and, with his family left the locality.

Many natural objects in the Aravaipa valley and canyon reminded the ex-scout of adventures or incidents in his earlier days of service afield. At Squaw Spring, not more than a mile from his later place of residence, he had once surprised a squaw and through her captured a fugitive band of Apaches. On what was later the Jones and Ming ranch, at the bend in the canyon where almost perpendicular walls hemmed in the channel, he had attacked a band of hostiles who showed fight, and had killed a goodly percentage of them. The bleached bones of some of the victims, who, after receiving fatal wounds, had crawled up on narrow shelves of the rock wall in an effort to escape, lay there for many years as tokens of the encounter.

Interested in caves as possible sites for archaeological study, the writer once asked Colonel Bridwell if he had ever explored a certain cavern not far distant from his mine.

"Yes," said he, "I have reasons for remembering that cave. While I was serving as guide and scout for the military, I had left my command in camp in Stowe's Gulch and started on a little reconnoitering trip over the hills toward Deer Creek, looking for signs of Indians. From behind a ridge I saw several Apache warriors coming on foot directly toward me. Unable to retreat toward camp without being discovered, I hastily scrambled down the hill to that cave, which I had previously noticed. It is a shallow opening, not high enough to let a man sit up

straight, but, with my rifle, I crawled in as far as possible, in order to be out of sight. Watching the opening, in order to be ready in case the Indians happened to cross my trail and follow me up, I was annoyed to see a big rattlesnake gliding in. I dared not shoot him, and there wasn't even a pebble in sight to throw at him—nothing but fine dust and small twigs and shreds of grass blown in by the wind. I shuffled my feet and threw a handful of dust toward him, but he seemed both blind and deaf and kept coming.

"I finally had to fend him off with my gun, but as often as I shoved him back, he started for me again. Probably I was between him and the small cavity in the back wall which he had pre-empted as his den. After several attempts, by a quick thrust I caught him by the middle on the muzzle of my rifle and tossed him to one side of the cave, where he coiled up in readiness to strike. Then I had to do double guard duty, watch the rattler and the opening. When I thought the Apaches had time enough to pass out of sight, I crawled out very quietly and, taking advantage of all available cover, slipped back over the ridge to camp. These Indians were the last of a bunch who refused to surrender and had to be hunted down. I gave them an hour or two to get water at the next creek and then put my buckskins on the trail."

Even the many attractions of Los Angeles failed to alienate Colonel Bridwell from his beloved Arizona. In the years subsequent to his removal to California, about 1895, he frequently returned to the territory for a prospecting trip or to renew acquaintances with his many old-time friends. Occasionally he spent a few weeks at Indian Hot Springs, near Fort Thomas, for relief from an insidious stomach trouble that finally caused his death.

Probably no other Arizona pioneer was more widely known or had a larger circle of friends, and it is particularly unfortunate that none of these had the forethought to obtain from him directly the main details of his eventful life. An adequate biography of him would be found as thrilling and colorful as that of any of the lauded heroes of the northwest, with this qualification—he never killed a white man (save in battle in the Civil War) and he kept no account of Indians. He never wore fringed buckskin or long curls, although he might easily have affected both, buckskin being plentiful and his hair naturally wavy and abundant.

Some of the hostiles defeated by Beauford declared that he bore a charmed life, since they had fired at him point blank without result. He handled Indian scouts for about eight years and survived for a quarter of a century thereafter. His successor as chief of Indian Scouts at San Carlos, Albert Sterling, likewise a man of great courage, was killed while trying to prevent an outbreak of Chiricahua and Warm Spring Apaches in the spring of 1882. Charlie Colvig (Cibieu Charlie), who followed Sterling in office, met his death at the hands of Nadiski's outlaw braves at the twelve-mile pole north of San Carlos, whither he had gone with two Indian scouts to distribute ration tickets to the Apaches dwelling thereabouts.

These disaffected Indians were believed to have been implicated in the Cibieu trouble of the preceding year. After killing Colvig and his escort they fled northward, but were overtaken by troops at Cheylon's Fork and almost annihilated. Sterling lasted only about two years as chief of Indian scouts, and Colvig but two or three months.

In common with most other men whose duties or business required close association with Apache chiefs and warriors, Beauford conceived a deep sympathy for them. In practically every instance Apaches who took to the war-path had suffered injustice at the hands of some white man or men. Even after having been subdued by force most of them accepted their fate and responded to fair treatment. Their loyalty in service was extraordinary,—at times even pathetic, as in the case of Sergeant Talk-a-lai, when, in defense of Indian Agent John P. Clum, he killed his chief and half-brother, Dis-a-lin.

Beauford always counselled the Apaches under his supervision to adopt the white men's manner of life and mode of gaining a living. To an Indian brave, taught from youth to regard all manual labor as degrading and fit for squaws or slaves, such a change of attitude would be revolutionary and almost miraculous; yet in the passage of years the miracle is being wrought. The majority of Apaches are now industrious, self-supporting and rapidly advancing in the ways of civilization.

Mrs. Bridwell, widow of the lamented Colonel, still survives, a resident of Los Angeles. Their only son, Walter, a promising young banker, died in early manhood. Their daughter, Nina B. Maisch, wife of the eminent physician, Dr. Arthur F. Maisch of Los Angeles, is a leader in social and musical circles and identified with organizations for uplift work.

Welford Chapman Bridwell, born in Virginia September 27, 1846; died February 1, 1905, in Los Angeles, California. Between these dates was compressed a life of stirring and devoted service—first to his native state, next to our united nation, and lastly to the sorely distressed settlers of the southwest. His peace-time services, while less spectacular, were worthy of note.

Mark, in conclusion, a few successive stages in his eventful career—at fourteen a drummer boy in Lee's army of Virginia; at sixteen a seasoned soldier, charging with Pickett's Division into the jaws of death at Gettysburg; from 1870 to 1873 a dashing trooper, First Sergeant of Company B, Fifth U. S. Cavalry, fighting Indians in the northwest and in Arizona; from '73 to '75 guide and chief of Indian scouts for the military, engaged in locating the Apaches on the San Carlos Indian Reservation; from '75 to '80 Captain of San Carlos Apache police, captain of territorial militia and again Chief of Indian scouts; from 1880 cattleman, miner, legislator, distinguished citizen of Arizona and later of California. Who can match his record?

Had he died in Arizona, a monument would certainly have been erected to his memory, as was done by this territory in Gila County in honor of Al Sieber. In the absence of a man-made memorial the writer suggests that the tall spire in Aravaipa Canyon, several hundred feet in height, known as "Chimney rock," near which occurred one of his early battles with the Apaches, be christened in his honor "Beauford's Spire" or "Beauford's Monument."

Note: Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to John P. Clum, first Indian agent at San Carlos, Arizona, for part of the photographs used with this article and for certain details and dates pertaining to the capture of Geronimo. The writer heard this story, identical in all essentials, from Beauford's own lips in 1883. Mr. Clum now resides in Los Angeles.

HIGHLIGHTS ON ARIZONA'S FIRST PRINTING PRESS

By WM. HATTICH

At Tucson, Arizona, in the rooms of the Arizona Pioneer Society among the revered and cherished archives and exhibits of pioneer history, is a printing press, one of Arizona's most notable relics, since it is the first printing press that came to her borders.

A GLANCE BACKWARD

Into an Apache infested land of constant lurking dangers and desert privation, at a time when Arizona was still a part of New Mexico; when—because of isolation and lack of transportation—a semblance of government authority was barely evident, came a powerful symbol of civilization's standard bearer, a printing press. It was destined by a favoring Fate to help mould the colorful history and future potentialities of a great state. This was in the year 1858, five years before Arizona was organized as a territory and separated from New Mexico.

ARIZONA'S PIONEER JOURNALIST

Ownership of the venture, although credited to the Salaro Mining Co., it appears to have been generally implied that the bringing of the press was sponsored by Lieut. Sylvester Mowry, a West Pointer. He was a tireless, intrepid spirit in whom surged all the elements that characterized a real pioneer outrider of progress. Lieut. Mowry was a mining operator at Tubac. Combined with rare literary attainments and scholarly knowledge, he possessed a personality of force and aggressive daring that brooked no interference. This trait many times engendered lasting enmity, but the saving grace of a far sighted vision of the great mining possibilities and future of a vast unwatered empire, of which he was an integral part, stamped him as a sincere leader. What better tribute to such an outstanding vision can be offered than the silent testimonial of the first printing press brought to Arizona. He thus deservedly achieves the distinction of being Arizona's pioneer journalist.

EMBEDDED SERIAL NUMBER

The old press stands majestically among the historic exhibits as a maturely modest but grandly eloquent expression of the "power of the press." It is a Washington hand press of the old Archimedian lever vintage. It bears a serial number, being the 25th in line as a product of the Central Type Foundry, long since out of existence. Barring the "track" upon which the press bed runs, which was substituted some 20 years after the original had been wrecked—itsself dated 1875—the parts are nearly all intact as brought to Arizona in the year 1858.

LAUNCHING OF FIRST NATIVE CHAMPION

The press was brought by the Wrightson Brothers, from Ohio, around the Horn to the Port of Guaymas, Mexico, and thence hauled by tedious oxcart route to Tubac, a settlement of about 400, mostly Mexican and Papago Indian population, and one of the few settlements of Arizona at that period. The "Arizonian" was duly established in February, 1859, with Editor Edward Cross at the helm, the justification of an extra "i" in the name being based on historical and local usage.

HAZARDOUS SIDE OCCUPATION

From the outset "The Arizonian" had a turbulent career. The publication was small in size but fully made up in vigorous policy. Among its hazards was the securing of competent help. Railroads were unheard of and traversing the desert reaches did not appear alluring or even remotely attractive to the itinerant typo. Two local printers with a smattering knowledge of the intricacies of typesetting were part of the "force." Doubtless imbued with that super-journalistic acumen that strives for sensational local color in real news at first hand, the two were accused of "holding up" a stage. One of the amateurs was killed while resisting arrest, the other was completely exonerated and permitted to continue in the more important work of issuing the paper. The latter, however, suffered an untimely end some time later in the unsuccessful defense of a dispute, which, be it said to the lasting credit of the newspaper craft, concerned matters entirely outside the pale of recognized newspaperial procedure.

THE DESERT VOICE APPEALS

"The Arizonian" continued to extol the claims of its native land, hewing vigorously to the editorial line with frantic appeals to the government for effective military protection from renegade Indians and recognition of some form of territorial

government. Uncle Sam moved slow. The distant western appeals fell on deaf ears and the faithful at home indeed fought an uphill fight. Twice in local convention Mowry was elected Delegate to Congress but was not seated because Arizona was not yet officially recognized. As intermediary, however, he was accorded respectful attention at Washington and forcefully championed the urgent needs of Arizona.

A BLOODLESS DUEL

Meanwhile politics waxed warm and engendered hostility within the home ranks. A duel between Editor Cross and Lieut. Mowry in 1860 was one of the noted results of aggressive journalism. The fiery lieutenant defended his position at all points while the fearless editor was equally unyielding. Friends on the field of honor intervened and the dramatic event proved a bloodless affair. Following this, with the rumblings of the Civil War found Mowry charged with lending aid to the Confederacy. His denouncement of his accusers was scathing and vitriolic. "The Arizonian" could not survive this turbulent period and went into eclipse, since the Indians manifested a woeful lack of interest in matters editorial.

TO NEW FIELDS

Tubac as a journalistic center ceased and the press and equipment were transported to Tucson. Hon. Wm. Oury, another of Arizona's first delegates to Congress, became owner and with Editor Price astride the editorial tripod, reestablished "The Arizonian" in 1866. Editor Johnson followed Price but succumbed to the tremendous mental strain of conducting the moulder of public opinion, and "The Arizonian" again retired.

EMERGING FROM CUSTOM

Southern Arizona was without a newspaper champion for a time and the long felt want was revived by Col. Sidney De Long, a loyal pioneer of Tucson. The press and "The Arizonian" were again restored to service in 1868, with torrid references to political abuses and its resultant inefficiency. When Editor Dunn followed in charge he precipitated heated arguments and general furor by dropping the second "i" from the name, leaving it "The Arizonan." Despite the protest, the loss of the extra "i" has been generally adopted and by popular consent and authority of custom the citizenry of the state are no longer required to dot an extra "i." Dunn also aligned the political

destinies of the new "Arizonan" on the side of the Democratic party and proceeded to "let the chips fall where they may." Its pathway was not all roses and suspension followed. The final issue of "The Arizonan" was Feb. 25, 1871, with F. W. Donner as editor, succumbing after a brave and intermittent struggle and varied ownership of 12 years.

WORTHY SUCCESSORS

The old press however was not destined to enjoy a protracted rest. The initial issue of "The Tucson Citizen," with John Wasson as editor, was printed on the historic press and is its oldest survivor—continuing as a fitting force and able influential factor in Arizona's progress.

"The Tucson Star," the journalistic luminary so long edited by the veteran, L. C. Hughes, also still shines brilliantly and scintillatingly in the reflected glory of the product of Arizona's first press; "The Bulletin," its predecessor, having been established in 1877 and merged with "The Star."

RALLY TO THE CAUSE

On several occasions, in response to political promptings, the seasoned old press inducted into vibrant life the newspaperial efforts of ambitious editors at Tucson only to witness them subside and be consigned to the journalistic boneyard, the founders being temperamentally unfitted for the strenuous life.

ON HEELS OF ADVENTURE

The battle scarred press was to witness more exciting adventures in a new field. In January, 1880, Carlos Tully and A. E. Fay, two seasoned newspapermen acquired the press and transported it to Tombstone, at that time in Pima County, establishing the first paper of that peerless hectic mining metropolis, christening it "The Tombstone Nugget."

GIVING THE "DEVIL" HIS DUE

In May of the same year, "The Tombstone Epitaph" blossomed forth with John P. Clum, Chas. Reppy and Thos. Sorin, as sponsors. The first named of this trio is the genius who conferred with such expressive grim humor the title of the newspaper that made it so famous in journalistic nomenclature. And just here we might digress to pardonably state that the writer, having previously served as office boy and printer's "devil"

here, many years later acquired the enviable position of publisher of "The Tombstone Epitaph." Emerging from an ink besmeared apprenticeship, with a confidence and monumental nerve that only the combination of printer's ink and lofty ambition of youth could produce, he proceeded to change the political center of gravity. A dissemination of rare intelligence followed that must have relatively contributed to the improvement and higher ethics of all international, social and domestic life. One might also readily surmise that the profits could not possibly be commensurate with such service. Nearly twenty years of active and continuous ownership of the same "sheet" has brought an humble acknowledgment that at times much less spectacular and far reaching efforts are more effective. "The Epitaph," with an enviable record of nearly 50 years uninterrupted publication, still continues to exemplify the passionate loyalty to its native state that characterized its inception.

A NOTABLE ARIZONA INCIDENT

In the heyday of its prosperity Tombstone attracted other newspaper ventures. In 1882 a particularly hot political campaign drew a barrage of editorial crossfire among three noted Tombstone editors, Pat Hamilton, Sam Purdy and John Dunbar. A wordy battle bristled with fierceness and personal intensity and assumed such sizzling proportions that it culminated in an historic episode. Hamilton challenged the forceful Purdy to a duel—the second within its history in which the old pioneer press was an indirect and contributing participant. The two principals, their seconds and a formidable array of artillery, repaired to the field of honor. At this critical period the seconds could not agree as to the style of weapon to be used. This disagreement was so positive it threatened to involve the entire duel party in a "free for all." Cooler heads prevailed and the affair of honor was declared off; thus the bloodless duel became a part of Arizona history and the famous fiasco a butt of humor in the press of the territory.

A RESPONSIVE URGE

The old press was replaced by more modern equipment but in the spring when the first bleatings of politics rumbled and embryo statesmen resented the irksome collar of the opposition, an "organ" was forthcoming. Like magic the old faithful Washington always responded to the "call." In succession the old press witnessed the maiden literary hopes of each shattered in defunct and suspended publications.

END OF TRAIL

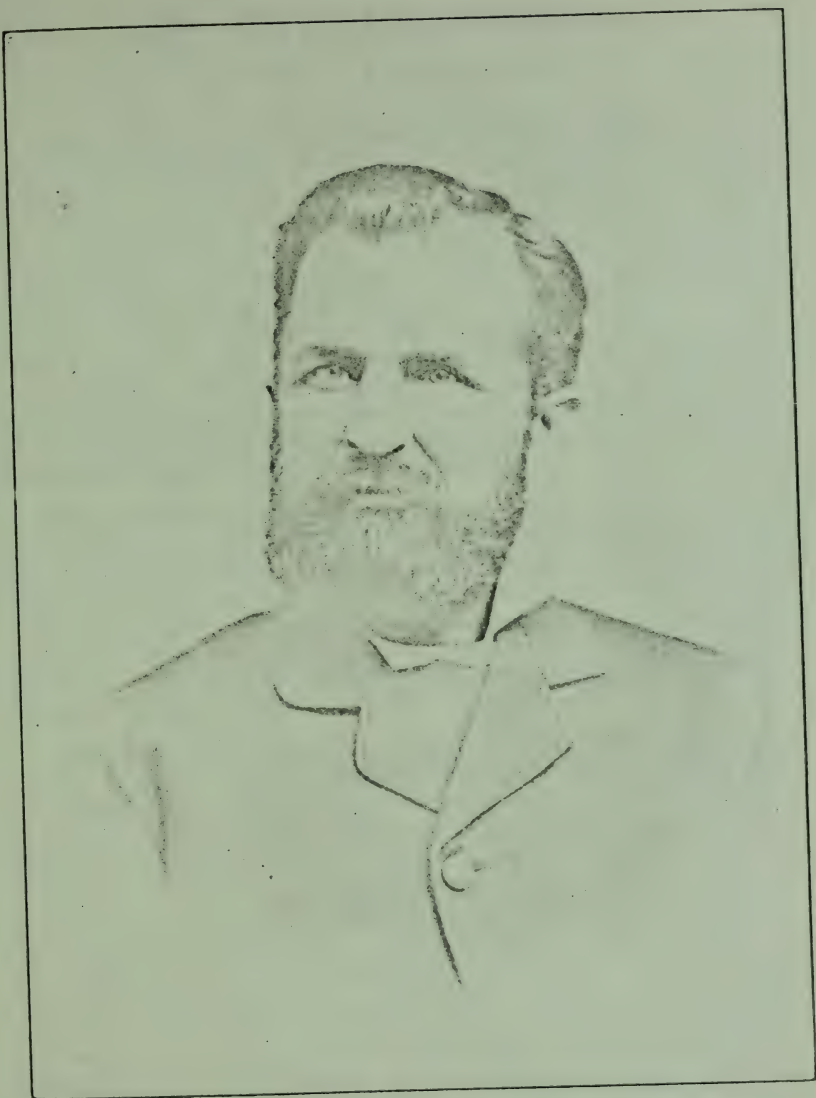
For 30 years the ever willing and uncomplaining press has been shifted about, but always true to its mission and allegiance of battling unceasingly for Arizona, of which it was truly a part. It now deservedly occupies a hallowed niche as a worthy, self-sacrificing and distinguished notable of Arizona pioneer history.

DEVOTION OF ARIZONA NEWSPAPERS

Gazing at the venerable old press and its first newspaper issue, one cannot but be impressed with the long line of successors in the Arizona journalistic field embracing the intervening span of 70 years. Each worthy successor within her borders is consecrated and unselfishly devoted to the task of proclaiming the glories and future of Greater Arizona. It is indeed a labor of love and a tribute to the heroism, loyalty and sincerity of both the pioneer and modern-day Arizona newspaper.

(NOTE—William H. Hattich, author of the above, became the owner of the historical relic when he acquired the only remaining newspapers in Tombstone, in the late nineties. Of some six earlier newspaper ventures in Tombstone all had passed away and what printing material had not been worn out or shipped away had been consolidated by Mr. Hattich, who had learned the printers' trade in Tombstone and became the only surviving owner. When he sold his newspaper interests in Tombstone, he shipped the historic printing press to Tucson and presented it to the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society.

—(Editor Arizona Historical Review.)



AN EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSEPHUS PHY

JOE PHY---GLADIATOR

By JOHN A. ROCKFELLOW

In reading Con P. Cronin's interesting account in the July issue of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW of the Pete Gabriel-Joe Phy duel at Florence in 1888, I have been reminded of a humorous incident which was very characteristic of Joe Phy. I knew Joe intimately in Tucson during the years of 1881-1882-1883. At that time he was supplying the town with water, getting it from the spring at the gardens in the southern part of town. He had large tank wagons for delivery at so much per bucket; he also sprinkled the streets with a regulation tank sprinkler. He was prosperous and also very generous; he had warm friends and some, also, of course, who took advantage of his generosity. In spite of his congenial disposition, he had a combative bump that was perhaps his undoing.

The introduction of the city water system put an end to his business. He claimed that the company had agreed to pay him for his equipment, that he had furnished them water free during the progress of their work, but that they had dropped him when they were ready to sell water. Phy told me this himself; I have only his statement, but I always had faith in his word. This business coupled with other misfortunes broke him and left him morose and with a grievance.

Joe spent some months with Walter Servoss and me at the old N. Y. Ranch, in the Sulphur Springs Valley, during the spring and summer of 1885. He enjoyed helping with the ranch work, but would become gloomy when unoccupied, and I really think his mental machinery slipped a cog. Among our cattle was a cow which had been shipped from Mexico, and she always seemed to see red. We had named her Old Broncho because she was always on the prod. I saw her once, without apparent provocation run at a horse and horn him in the ribs, knocking him clear over on his side. The rider was pinned down and would have felt Old Broncho's horns in another instant had it not been for a rope thrown deftly around her leg by another mounted rider. We thought the old fighter was too mean to bring a calf, but at the time of this particular incident we had found her with a calf, away from her usual range. They moved her to the ranch, and I put her in a large corral. Joe had occasion to cross the corral, and was paying no attention to the scrappy cow. She made a dash and nearly caught him. He

lost no time getting to the top of the fence; then with a look of defiance said: "You old hell-cat; do you think you can bluff me?" Going to the woodpile he got a club three or four feet long and larger than a man's wrist. Coming back into the corral and taking a position about the center, he did not have long to wait. As the old fiend charged, Joe side-stepped and gave her a blow on the top of the skull that nearly finished her. Lining up again, the cow came at him groggily. Joe beat her on the head until she was licked; she turned tail and ran but Joe was close behind beating her at every jump. Thoroughly exhausted, Joe stopped, and when he had regained his breath conceived a new idea. "Old Sweetheart," he said, "I'm going to milk you." He got his rope and tie her to a post, secured her hind legs, got a cup and actually squeezed a few drops from the unwilling creature. By this time the calf had been branded and the cow was released. She limped off through the open gates, keeping her weather eye on Joe and his big stick. Shame and humiliation were new emotions to her, and she disappeared, and in so far as we knew no one who knew Old Broncho ever caught sight of her again—she must have left the United States.

Phy went direct from our ranch to Florence, expecting to line up with Gabriel, whom he regarded as a very particular friend. I have never heard a reasonable explanation for the break, neither have I ever heard a friend of either man question the bravery of the other, nor was it believed for a minute that either of them would take unfair advantage of an enemy.

Joe's savage slash at Gibson was due to the fact that he despised an assassin, which Joe strongly suspected Gibson of being on account of the latter's part in the killing of Levy, who was killed in the door of the Palace Hotel in Tucson by gunfire from hidden foes.

After the tragedy in Florence, when Pete Gabriel had been brought back to life, I met him. However, we met as we always had, and through a short and pleasant conversation not a word was said about Joe or the fight. Pete was a good sport.

A GOOD INDIAN

By DR. JOHN HOLT LACY

In almost every community there is someone who has established a reputation as the champion liar of the district.

Forty years ago Clifton did not differ in this respect from the surrounding towns.

There was a man there (his residence was wherever his roll of blankets, his broncho and two pack-mules happened to be) who excelled so greatly that whatever he said had to be taken "cum grano salis." No one would believe him under oath. In fact, the higher the stack of Bibles he swore upon, the less credence was given him.

His name was Montgomery, and he was a man of small stature, with long hair falling over his shoulders and he wore a buck-skin suit.

He made a good living by selling to the Mexicans jerked venison, of which they were very fond. In season he did a good deal of trapping, and many a load of deer, bear, beaver, mountain lion, fox and coyotes' pelts he brought in for sale.

His pockets were usually filled with pieces of quartz, showing gold, silver, or lead, so that he was also something of a prospector. He rarely remained in one locality more than a few days and spent most of his time roaming over the White and Blue mountains, where game at that time was very plentiful.

A few days before this incident happened of which we relate he had been camped up on the Blue with William Sparks, a former well known resident of the district now deceased. Sparks had an ordinary yellow cur which followed him as long as there was anything to eat, while Montgomery owned a dog which he called "Ring," that was supposed to be the best bear dog in the whole southwest.

On morning while Montgomery was eating his breakfast, Ring sneaked up to the rope upon which the venison jerky was drying and pulled it down. Hastily leaving his plate beside the fire, he drove the dog away. In the meantime Sparks' yellow cur came and ate up everything on the plate and was quietly licking it when Montgomery turned. This so incensed Montgomery that he said he would not camp with a man who owned a dog with so little manners. He divided the grub and pulled

out. A few days later he drifted into Clifton and stopped in front of my residence. Knowing him very well and expecting to hear of some of his wild, hair-breadth escapes from the Apaches, I asked him if he had seen any Indians. At that time they were constantly on the war-path.

"Yes, yes," he carelessly replied, "I had a little brush with them over on Stray Horse Divide between the Blue and Eagle creek. It had been raining and I saw some fresh moccasin tracks. About this time Ring began to bristle up and get behind me. Just then out stepped an Indian from behind a pine, fifty yards in front of me and fired at me point blank. In my excitement and desire to get out of range I stumbled and fell flat on my back. The Indian evidently thought that he had got me and stopped to pick out an empty shell which had gotten stuck in his gun. At that moment I grabbed my gun and put a bullet through his head."

I listened to this yarn with amused indifference and thought that this was perhaps the biggest one I had ever heard him tell. Continuing, Montgomery said, "I thought you fellows would think I was lying, so I brought in the proof."

With that he turned to his broncho which stood behind him, untied a grimy sack and rolled out of it the head of an Indian. The hair was long and black and clotted with blood, the eyes were wide open and the lips were drawn back from the white glistening teeth. Altogether it was a most ghastly spectacle of what had been the head of a human being. A bullet had entered under the left ear and had come out through the right temple.

Montgomery took the scalp over to Silver City and tried to collect the reward of \$500 which had been offered by the board of supervisors for the scalp of any hostile Apache. He was unsuccessful as the reward only applied to Grant County, New Mexico, while the Indian had been killed in Arizona. However, the citizens of Silver City took up a collection which netted him \$250 in cash.

Returning to Clifton he sold the scalp to S. W. Pomeroy for \$10.00. Pomeroy sent it to Dan Williamson, state historian, who was then railway agent at Bowie, and Williamson sent it to Miss Carrie Halstead of San Francisco, who had often requested him to send her a scalp if he could possibly obtain one. Frank Barnum took possession of the skull, buried it in the

sand on the river bank and when the flesh had fallen away, cleaned it up and it was afterwards one of the curiosities of the Blue Goose Saloon.

General Miles sent Lieutenant Whipple to Clifton to investigate the killing of this Indian and it was a mooted question as to who fired the first shot. It was decided by a "Kangaroo Court," which heard the matter, that the Indian was at fault and that Montgomery was entirely justified in killing him. The probability is that they met unexpectedly on the trail and that both fired at the same time. At any rate no one can deny that Montgomery had a hand in the making of a "Good Indian," as the phrase was used in those days.

STORY OF OSKAY DE NO TAH

"The Flying Fighter"

A noted Tonto Apache Indian Scout who rendered splendid service for our government during the Indian troubles between the years 1873 and 1884, inclusive, and served one year after that in the San Carlos Indian Police force.

I was enlisted as one of twenty Indian Scouts at Camp Verde in 1873 by General Crook, who came from Prescott for that purpose. Previous to this I had been a renegade and a broncho, but after this enlistment I kept faith with the government in every way. At that time the San Carlos Reservation was being established, with Camp San Carlos as headquarters, and a big drive was on in an attempt to put and keep the Tontos, the people, the Mojaves and the Yumas on the reserve.

Previous to this time these Indians had roamed and raided wherever they pleased, and they resisted removal as long as possible.

Al Sieber was our Chief of Scouts, and Captain Chaffee, Sixth Cavalry, was in command of the post at Camp Verde.

Captain Chaffee and his "Gray Horse Troop" were famous, and Chaffee afterwards became a general in the Spanish-American War.

Of the twenty scouts enlisted, nearly sixty years ago, only two besides myself are living now—HOSKA-ETAH-CZE, ("Always standing by a fighter"), living at Gisela, and TE-PAY-NA-GA, (Carrying the sheep), now blind, living in Pleasant Valley. We were constantly in the field rounding up small bands and killing many.

Chief Del-Shay and his band of Tontos who lived in the beautiful Del-Shay Basin, a nook in the Sierra Anchas, fought us to a finish until practically every warrior and many of their women were killed. While fighting Del-Shay, Sieber discovered and located some promising gold claims in this basin which he held and worked until his death in 1907. Across Tonto Creek, on the Four Peaks side, in what is known as the MADAZEL Mountains, Charley Pan with a large band of Tontos surrendered after we had repeatedly jumped them, killing a

number each time. We were soon reinforced by forty more scouts, recruited from all tribes at San Carlos, and with the aid of these, as well as occasional companies of infantry and an occasional troop of cavalry, we rapidly swept up the country of the hostiles. All scouting those days and up into 1887 was done on foot, and on one occasion in the spring of '74 we jumped a band, killing twenty, capturing none. In retaliation they killed one of our scouts, Rock Squirrel, (or Thazza-CUZZY), and wounded another. We then went after them again, killing thirty men, women and children, and soon after captured two squaws who said they were the only surviving members of this band. Shortly afterwards we were sent into the hills after a troublesome band of Tontos who scattered like quail into ones and twos when pursued, and after a long hard chase we succeeded in capturing two, a buck and a squaw. About that time Captain Townsend rode out and ordered our outfit, under Chief of Scouts Sieber, back into the post with instructions to let the prisoners ride. As we had a march of forty miles to make, without a drop of water enroute, it rather peeved the outfit to have to walk and at the same time furnish a ride for our prisoners, but orders were orders, so Sieber went to Chief Packer, Long Jim Cook, and told him to furnish a mount for the prisoners from among his pack mules. Cook being full of devilment told Sieber to bring his two prisoners, and choosing a wild young Missouri mule, the prisoners were well rolled in heavy canvass to protect them from the pack ropes and were placed up on the mule, one on either side; the ropes were tightened, and when all was in readiness, Cook jerked the blind from the pack mule's eyes and with a loud yell slapped the mule over the tail with his sombrero. The mule, terrified by its strange surroundings, the smell of the Indians and their grunts, started away on the dead run. No particular attention was paid to this as it was always customary for pack mules to return to the train, but this mule was the exception; it did not return, and after waiting a reasonable time Sieber sent some trailers out after it. They returned and reported that it was continuing directly away from them at a high rate of speed and was in a very rough country. As I said before, the scout detachment was obliged to march over a forty-mile waterless desert waste, and they had no time for further search and turned toward camp all feeling bad over what was intended as a harmless prank. Neither the mule nor Indians were ever heard of again and it is presumed that the mule in its mad flight fell or jumped over some precipice with its living load.

Soon afterward we were marched a long way past Prescott to the Colorado River, and Captain Chaffee with his gray horse troop and Al Sieber were along. On reaching the Colorado River we were all loaded on a steamer and taken a long way down stream and finally unloaded on the California side. Sieber told us that the CHEMEHUEVI Indians had killed some white men, and while we had brought the troop of cavalry along it would be useless in that arid country and he hoped to get the Indians by strategy. An Apache-Mojave runner was found and sent to their camp, a hard three-day trip, with a message to their chief to send in the guilty men. On the sixth day this runner returned with a curt reply of "Come and get us" from the chief.

Another courier was immediately sent with a little stronger message, and on the following sixth day he returned with practically the same reply. Two more runners were used, the last one carrying an ultimatum that unless the chief brought in the murderers the whole tribe would be considered as murderers and treated accordingly. This had the desired effect for on the sixth day after the message was dispatched the chief appeared in our camp with the three guilty men. These three Indians were turned over to the California authorities and Chaffee's troop and we scouts were again loaded on the steamer, taken up stream, unloaded and marched back to Verde. We were soon returned to San Carlos and mustered out, most of us re-enlisting in a company of forty more scouts which Sieber marched back to Verde.

Shortly after this enlistment the Battle of the CIBICU took place wherein Captain Hentig, Sixth Cavalry, and about seven of his troopers were killed. This was in the summer of 1881. This trouble was caused by a "Messiah" or Medicine Man who was going to recall the dead and expel the whites. In this engagement Indian Scouts joined the fray against the troops and three of them were hung at Ft. Grant, and others imprisoned for their mutiny. We made a rapid march from the Verde to the scene of this trouble but a company of Wallapai Scouts was there ahead of us. We scouted around that locality for seven days, but the Indians had scattered in all directions in small bands, one band going down Upper Cherry Creek where they attacked the Middleton ranch, killing two men, Turner and Moody. During our scouting around there we captured a troop pack mule fully loaded with thousands of rounds of rifle ammunition. Had this fallen into the hands of the hostiles it would have cost many white lives.

In this Cibien fight the cause of all of the trouble, the medicine man, was killed by a cavalryman at the opening of hostilities. Word came to us that the Chiricahua Apaches, under their war chiefs, Geronimo, Chihuahua and Natches, had again gone on the war-path; Chief of Scouts Sterling had been killed at San Carlos, together with his trusty Scout Sagotel. Up thru the Gila Bonita they went, killing ten or eleven Mexicans there. Near Morenci, six Americans were killed. We trailed them down to near Solomonville, and on an upward swing to near Ft. Bayard, New Mexico, where we were joined by a troop of Cavalry, then farther north where we came to the Gila River in flood, where all of the scouts and the pack-mules were crossed by a wire tramway. Then on to a railroad station where Scouts and pack-mules were loaded on cars and taken to El Paso, where we camped ten days awaiting orders. We were then ordered to Deming by train where our party, consisting of one troop of Cavalry, forty Indian Scouts, forty pack-mules, eight packers and our Chief of Scouts Al Sieber, crossed the International line into Mexico. We passed a point where American soldiers had recently fought the hostiles, and we camped for two days near the Mexican town of Bavispe, then scouted down the canyon a few miles and over the range to a point known to the scouts as Oyata, then scouted for ten days thru a wilderness without finding any sign of the hostiles. We returned to Oyata near which town some Mexican wood choppers fired on us killing one of our White Mountain scouts.

From Oyata we went to a point directly across from where Douglas now stands, and we found a lot of our soldiers and learned that the hostiles had passed along the night before, but a heavy rain had totally obliterated their trail. The next day we came to where eight head of cattle had been killed by the hostiles whom we were able to see thru our field glasses.

The notorious Chief Chatto, who was so often a renegade himself, was then one of our leading scouts and choosing five Indians to accompany him, crept around the hostiles, opened fire on them driving them down our way where we killed three of their number. In this melee one of Chatto's Scouts was wounded in the arm. From this point we trailed the band into the Sierra Madre Mountains, where another bunch of us, under Chief By-lass, engaged them, killing at least one whose body we found. At this point the hostiles scattered, and leaving the main body of the command and taking only five pack mules loaded with flour we went on until we came to a big river at

the foot of the Sierra Madres. Finding no Indian sign there we crossed the stream, and after scouting several days without results we made camp and shot a beef.

Without knowing it we were in the immediate vicinity of the hostiles, who had killed nine head of cattle a few days before and were in camp resting up. On hearing our shots they abandoned camp and fled to the high points leaving everything behind. We trailed them and found they had only one horse, which they killed the next day, and then they scattered.

Returning to the camp where we had left our main command, we found that the Mexican soldiers had captured it, throwing the lieutenant, first sergeant, six scouts and four packers in jail, but they were all released on our demand. We then went back to where we had left the trail of the hostiles and found that they had killed some Mexican shearers.

The next day we came to the canyon in which Chief Victoria and his band had been ambushed and destroyed by Mexican soldiers some time before.

Shortly afterward we came to a boiling spring.

During the latter part of this trip we had been short of food, and as our pack mules were getting very weak and emaciated by the hard service they had been put to, we were obliged to abandon them all here and go on without them. Our shoes and clothes were worn out as well. We headed for El Paso and were obliged to hike for two days before reaching that point, during which hike we were entirely without food. Sam Hill, an old prospector now living at Payson, Arizona, was one of our packers on this trip.

Reaching El Paso nearly starved we were given rations and a five day's rest, and then entrained for Ft. Bowie. From Ft. Bowie we went to San Carlos where I was mustered out, and then I joined and served on the San Carlos Agency Police force for one year.

When my year as a policeman was up Al Sieber tried to get me to re-enlist as a scout, but I felt that I had done my duty and I wanted a rest; besides, I now had five wives to manage, which was a man's job.

During my twelve enlistments as an Indian scout I have served the United States faithfully and have actually killed eight renegades and wounded many more. Now that I am old,

feeble and dependent I ask the government to give me the pension I was promised and have so well earned.

(signed) Oskay-de-notah,
(The flying fighter)

Oct. 8, 1926.

(Told to and translated by Dan R. Williamson, now state historian. Judge Williamson was an employe of the government continuously from 1888 to 1894, and has a good working knowledge of the Apache language.)

TOPOGRAPHY OF ARIZONA

MRS. C. RODNEY MACDONALD

During the time that this section of country belonged to Mexico it bore the name of Arizonac, meaning small quantities of springs—Ari—small, and zunac—spring.

The Gadsden purchase, Dec. 20, 1853, gave this land to the United States of America. The years between 1853 and 1860 mark the time when Arizona was taking shape, setting boundary lines in order and choosing a name. The general topography played a part in the naming of this territory "small quantities of springs." The boundary lines included 113,916 square miles of mountains and deserts, rich in gold and lure. For many years the mountains and cliffs, deserts and rivers were prospected for gold.

It has been said that from every point in Arizona mountains fringe the horizon. Mount Flagstaff is a great triple-peaked volcanic cone 14,000 feet high. One of the few natural lakes lies nearby—St. Mary's Lake.

Mount Picacho is a huge splintered battleax shaped peak of red sand stone, an old landmark on the trail from Tucson to the Mexican border.

Then there are the great, giant, granite peaks which formed a refuge for the Apache chieftain, Cochise, in his last desperate struggle.

In the upper Verde Valley are the rich tinted cliffs and walls of red rock; then the San Francisco Peaks, and, farther to the south, the Mongollon (Much-e-ones) ranges. To-day we may travel by rail two hundred miles thru scenic grandeur builded because the early prospectors, by a series of stairways and zigzag trails, penetrated into the alluring Bradshaw Range and were rewarded with gold. And the railroad followed the prospector.

In 1863 the old Vulture Mine began to give up her treasure to the persisting endeavors of Mr. Wickenburg. We may say of Arizona that: "Mighty rocks and little grains of sand, made the wrinkled mountains and the desert land."

Today science has unlocked many grand old silent places and we may trek over the old trails and peer into the wonderful array of canon, cliff, desert and mountain in comfort. "We

may cross the wide, low washes, where the strange sand rivers flow, or mount to the rim of the canon, and see the waters dash a mile below."

The Grand Canyon is one of the greatest educators of the world. If you never thought deeply of the Creator, climb to the rim of the canyon, or stand on the edge of the high mesa at sunrise, and you will understand why the Indian mother carried her baby there at dawn and looked full into the face of the rising sun, as the grandmother named the new-born child.

The Petrified Forest also is a part of the formation of our land; these grand old trees, grown a million or more years ago, must have delighted the Creator, and former civilizations with their grandeur as they flung their trunks high into the golden sunlight, or at night-time when they were flooded by the gentle rays of the moon. Then, after centuries of unalloyed glory, another shifting of the Earth floor; and these same old trees now become stone, caressed the earth and became a part of the earth. Perhaps at this very same shifting the floor parted or cracked and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado came into existence, as this rift grew.

Padre Francisco, in his search for souls, was forced to turn aside from this formidable barrier. He wrote the first record of this appalling chasm—less than two hundred years ago. We are young, so very young, when measured by the span of time and things.

Thus the baby state, with the challenge of youth, and sparkling with vivacity, and the conjuring spirit of endeavor takes the place among the older sister states, ever conscious of a great debt to the Creator who sprinkled gold nuggets in the Big Bug and Lynx creeks, and placed a crown of gold on Rich-hill.

Gold was the impelling urge that has transformed this rugged land into softer tones, with sheltered homes and where water, developed into artificial lakes has made inroads into the early topography. Many meteors have come to our land to rest and are now forming a part of it—shall we call them Star Dust? Are they just building material? Their landing must have made the world grow a little bit. Perhaps God did not make the world after all—He is just growing it.

Within the state there is a never-ending shifting of scenery. Valleys, mountains, rivers, deserts and cacti field, mingled with the fertile farms lovely with country homes, and thriving cities which makes the New Arizona even more entrancing than the old.

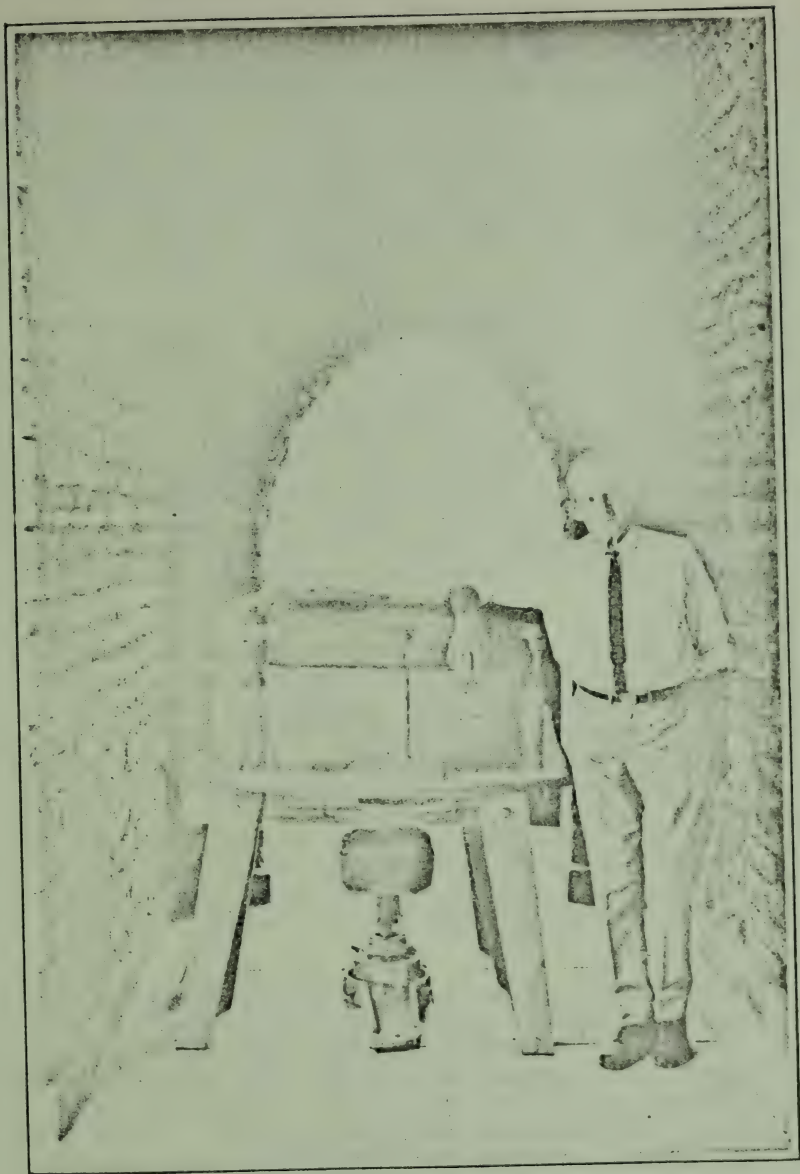
ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

The recent gift to the Arizona Museum in Phoenix of what remains of the first flouring mill in Phoenix, vividly recalls the Bichard Brothers and others who helped to supply the staff of life for the early settlers of the Salt River Valley.

The Bichard Brothers first located at Adamsville, in that day a little town some three and a half miles southwest of the present city of Florence, in Pinal County. Of their operations there, Farish says in his history of Arizona, Vol. 6: "After the departure of Mr. Adams, the founder of the place, who moved to the Salt River Valley, Adamsville became the headquarters of the Bichard Brothers, well known business men of the Gila Valley, who erected a modern flouring mill at the place. The Bichards were the first traders with the Pima Villages, and about 1865 became the owners of a primitive flouring mill at Casa Blanca (we remember Mrs. Jack Swilling saying that one of their chief sources of supplies, when they first came to the Salt River Valley, was Casa Blanca) which was destroyed in the winter of 1868 by one of the great floods which occasionally occurred in the Gila Valley. Before its destruction this mill was used to grind corn and grain furnished by the Pima Indians. The Bichards constructed a new mill at Adamsville in 1869, which was provided with the most improved machinery of that day, shipped in at great expense from the Pacific Coast, and it was called 'The Pioneer Flouring Mill.' This mill was the first modern flouring mill erected in the territory." All heavy machinery brought to Arizona at that time was shipped from San Francisco in a deep water vessel to the mouth of the Colorado River where it was transferred to a freight barge and towed up the stream to Yuma or some other point on the river, from which it was freighted overland by ox-teams to its destination.

According to James M. Barney, local historian, the City of Phoenix contracted to give the Bichard Brothers the whole of Block 64 of the original townsite on the condition that they erect a flour mill upon the property, work to be begun by May 1, 1871, and the machinery to be on the ground by July, 1872. (This block is bounded by Central Avenue on the east, Jefferson on the north, First Avenue on the west and Madison Street on the south; it is the site of the Luhrs Buildings today). The



The old Bichard Flour Mill, gift to the Arizona Museum,
and its donor, A. W. Gregg

mill seems to have been installed in record time for according to the Prescott Minor: "On July 4, 1871, the Bichard Flouring mill steamed up and made the first flour ever ground in the Salt River Valley."

Two months after the Bichard mill began to operate, it mysteriously caught fire and burned to the ground, causing a loss of about \$10,000 to the company. Although the brothers retained the city block, it could not have been worth more than a few hundred dollars at that time.

The construction of the Salt River Valley Flour Mill, better known as the Hellings Flour Mill, which was built in East Phoenix (the adobe ruins may still be seen just north of the Public Golf Course and east of the State Hospital on the Tempe Road) was begun before the Bichard Mill, but not completed until over three months after the latter had burned down. According to Farish, the large contract held by the Bichard Brothers for supplying the military posts north of the Gila including McDowell, Date Creek, Hualpai, Verde and Whipple with flour was, after the Bichard fire, awarded to Hellings and Company.

The third mill in the Salt River Valley was built at Hayden's Ferry, now Tempe, by Charles T. Hayden, father of Carl Hayden, our present U. S. Senator. Next came the John Y. T. Smith mill which was located at the corner of First and Jefferson Streets, where the Barrows Furniture Store now is. King Woolsey was associated with Mr. Smith in this enterprise.

The Crisman mill began operations about 1880. The John Gardiner mill between Second and Third Streets on Adams, was started in 1894. Later come the Phoenix Flour mill on Jackson and Ninth Streets, and the Viault Mill on East Van Buren Street.

In 1889, when George R. Williscroft came to Phoenix and started the first foundry in the valley, the old Bichard grinding mill was sold to him along with other old iron. He did not destroy it but kept it until 1902 when he sold it to A. W. Gregg to use for grinding lime at his lime kiln at the end of North Sixteenth Street. (The Arizona School of Music and many other buildings constructed before 1906 used lime ground by the old Bichard mill.) For the last 25 years the old mill has been stored in Mr. Gregg's back yard at 3502 North Central Avenue.

Although the hopper has been removed from the top of the mill and the legs have been taken off, the old French burs and other parts are still in good condition. Mr. Gregg says that some day he will attach an electric motor to the mill and demonstrate for those interested just how flour was produced in Phoenix sixty years ago.

During the summer months, the Arizona Museum kept its doors open to the public every morning as well as every afternoon, as in the winter. Miss Ruby Green, the curator, reported an average attendance of over seventy-five people each day. Many of these people were out-of-town visitors, but according to Miss Green a much larger percentage of home folks visit the museum in the summer than in the winter.

Beginning October first, Mrs. Ethel Clark will be curator at the museum, which will be open to the public from two to five each day excepting Mondays, when it will be closed. Mrs. Clark has been state historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution for nine years, during which time she has given much attention to Arizona history, having compiled a map showing over one hundred historic spots in the state. She has also collected data on the lives of more than one hundred pioneer women of the state.

Clubs and groups of any kind will be welcome to arrange for meetings at the museum, as in the past, provided the programs planned have as their subject Arizona history or archaeology or any other subject covered by the general purposes of the museum.

Louis Tisdale, a former student of anthropology, with special reference to southwest archaeology, under Dr. Byron C. Cummings of the University of Arizona, has been made curator of archaeology for the museum. In July, in company with the state historian, a field trip was made to a site near Gillespie Dam, where the discovery of a prehistoric burial ground had been reported to the historian.

It was indeed a fortunate day for Flagstaff when Dr. and Mrs. Harold S. Colton decided to make it their home. We do not know the exact date about twelve years ago, but it is easy for an interested observer to see what they now mean to that community. They are veritably the life and soul of the Northern Arizona Museum of Science and Art, located in that city.

The museum is at present housed by the Flagstaff Woman's Club, only a few blocks from the center of town, easily accessible to all tourists on Highway Number 66, which is the main east and west highway in Northern Arizona. The museum has set a definite task for itself and has gone about its accomplishment in a business like, scientific manner—archaeology, biology and geology (historic relics are preserved but not stressed) are the subjects covered in addition to art. By Northern Arizona is meant that portion of Arizona north of the Mogollon Rim including Apache, Navajo, Coconino, Yavapai and Mojave counties. Before coming to Arizona Dr. Colton, who is president and director as well as a benefactor of the institution, was Professor of Biology in the University of Pennsylvania, and all departments of the museum show the influence of a highly trained, scientific mind combined with just enough human understanding to make exhibits interesting to the ordinary layman.

So far, archaeology perhaps, has been given more attention than any other subject. Dr. Colton began an archaeological survey of the region in 1916 and has steadily and painstakingly kept up the work since that time. This past summer excavations were carried forward at two sites, the Wilson Ruin, twenty-five miles east of Flagstaff, and at Medicine Cave, twenty miles from Flagstaff, northeast of the San Francisco Peaks.

Mrs. Colton, who as Mary Russell F. Colton, is a nationally recognized artist, holds the official title of curator of art in the museum. She also is a very busy person. From July second to ninth her department conducted an expedition of Hopi Indian arts. This has become an annual event and will doubtless do much to restore the high standard of the native arts and crafts of the Northern Arizona Indians.

From July nineteenth to August ninth the second annual Arizona Artists Arts and Crafts Exhibition was held. It was a most creditable show attended by many Arizona artists in person.

In educational work the Northern Arizona Museum and the Northern Arizona Teachers College (Dr. Grady Gammage, president) have been of mutual assistance.

No one going to Flagstaff should fail to visit its museum, and to study its exhibits; they will give him an understanding of that section of Arizona which he would find it difficult to get in any other way.

CURRENT COMMENT

DAN R. WILLIAMSON

ANCIENT CANNON IS FOUND NEAR HIGHWAY BRIDGE

"Santa Fe, N. M., Aug. 30.—An old brass cannon dated '1853 Boston' was recently found in the Ladrone mountains near the Rio Salado bridge construction job, and its finding reported by T. S. Koeberle, the engineer on the job, who is a collector of firearms in his spare time.

"It is a piece of light mountain artillery stamped U. S. on the barrel," writes Mr. Koeberle to the highway bureau. "It is the kind sometimes carried on a pack saddle by some cavalry units and scouting parties.

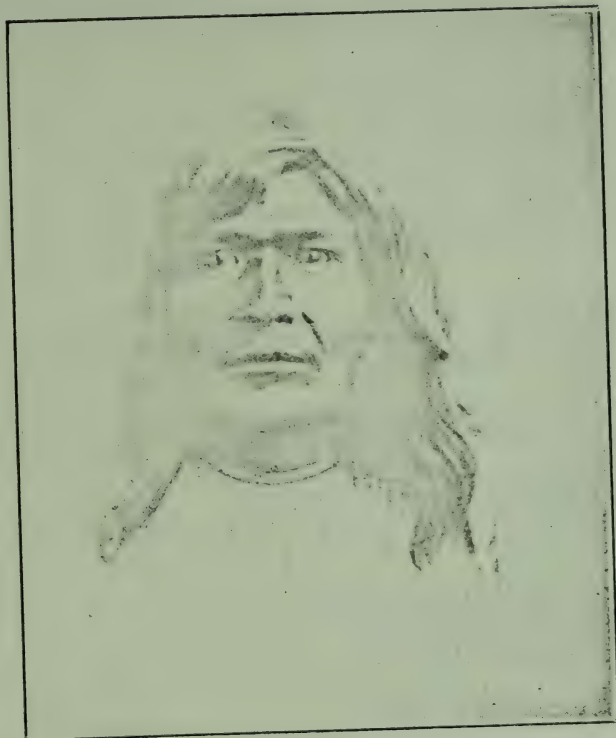
"I have learned that a small column of United States cavalry was surprised near this place some years ago by a band of Apache Indians, and a number of soldiers were killed in the engagement. Their graves are still here and can be seen."

Mr. Koeberle is now trying to ascertain whether or not this reported engagement is a subject on file or whether he has discovered something new to add to New Mexico's history."

The above clipping appeared in the Arizona Republican Sunday morning, August 31, 1930, and reminded me of a story told me by Josh, Tonto B. 10, an old Indian scout now living at San Carlos. This is his story as told to me:

"I enlisted as an Indian scout at San Carlos in 1877, and with a bunch of other scouts was marched to the vicinity of the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation in New Mexico by Chief of Scouts Sterling.

"Chief Victorio was making trouble in those days and our detachment of scouts were assigned to two troops of the Ninth Cavalry (colored) for duty. We did not have much service for a year or two and then things broke loose in great style. Victorio, with a large following took to the war trail and swept the country, murdering and plundering as they went. We followed their trail tenaciously over a large and rough scope of country,



VICTORIO

Famous Apache chief, successor to Mangus Colorado.

Made many thrilling and bloody raids during the late seventies. Mexico finally offered \$1,000 reward for his head. On October 16, 1880, General Terrazas ambushed his band of one hundred warriors and 400 women and children within 20 miles of the city of Chihuahua and killed or captured practically all of them.

up by the head of the Animas River one day and across in another range the next, the roughness of the country being all in their favor. Our two troops of cavalry had been reinforced, and had been furnished with some kind of a machine gun which was transported on a pack-mule on a specially prepared pack-saddle.

"We finally clashed with the hostiles and the machine gun was dismounted and brought into action, but the hostiles were so well protected behind great boulders that it did them little damage, and at the same time their warriors being so widely scattered were able to inflict serious damage, so much so that the sergeant handling the machine gun and one Indian scout, Nodi-che-gza, were killed.

"They then retreated through the worst country possible, we following closely and the next day we captured seven of their pack animals loaded with a lot of their equipment.

"Again, on the following or third day, we captured eight of their horses and two big mules, the hostiles scattering in all directions. On this day for what the officers termed gallant service I was promoted in rank from a private, to first sergeant of Indian scouts, which pleased me very much. This was in the fifth month of my fourth enlistment.

"On the fourth day the hostiles ambushed and killed a cavalry Lieutenant and cut out the seat of his trousers, taking the flesh with it; they also shot one of our Indian scouts, Loco Jim, thru the foot.

"Their retreat and our pursuit still continued and a day or two later in a severe battle they succeeded in killing eight of our troopers and one Indian scout named Es-kin-ta.

"After this battle Victorio and his band fled to Mexico and as my term of enlistment was expiring I returned to San Carlos with Chief of Scouts Sterling and was mustered out. I next joined the San Carlos Indian police force, where I served for some time. I re-enlisted in the scouts again in 1885, and with twenty-four other scouts was marched to the Mexican border and attached to two troops of the Tenth Cavalry engaged in scouting the line to prevent the hostiles from crossing. We were still stationed on the line on this duty when Captain Crawford, in charge of American forces in Mexico, was shot and killed by Mexican troops, and we remained on the line until the final surrender of Nachez and Geronimo with their bands to the

American forces; and the shipment of these notorious renegades to the Dry Tortugas of Florida. The Indian wars then being considered at an end, we were marched back to San Carlos and mustered out."

The above story of Josh is one of probably a hundred told me of their experiences by various Indian scouts, and his reference to the use of a machine gun in the mountains of New Mexico, leads me to the belief that this is the machine gun in question.

DEATHS OF PIONEERS

ALLAN C. BERNARD

Allan C. Bernard, born at Westport, Missouri, February 11, 1859, died at Phoenix July 4, three days after having been stricken with a heart attack. He had been a resident of Phoenix for two years, and was an employee of the Arizona Highway Department.

Mr. Bernard came to Tucson fifty-four years ago from Missouri, and was active in public life almost from the time of his arrival. He served Pima County as under-sheriff, under Sheriff M. F. Shaw. Following this he was deputy clerk of the United States Court. He took part in many of the Indian wars, and acted as interpreter during the Geronimo uprising. He was a member of the legislative assemblies of the twentieth and twenty-first territorial legislatures. After this he was a city councilman of Tucson, and during 1915 was acting mayor.

With Vic Hanny, now of Phoenix, Mr. Bernard founded the Tucson Lodge of Elks, and was one of the few surviving charter members.

During his long residence in Arizona Mr. Bernard was also connected with various business enterprises in the southern part of the state, including the cattle and mining business. He was at one time an associate of W. C. Green, famous copper king of Cannanea, Sonora.

Mr. Bernard is survived by two sons, Frederick Bernard, an attorney at Los Angeles, and Allan Bernard, Jr., a rancher in Mexico.

RALPH EVERETT ELLINWOOD

Death struck swiftly on August 30, and took the thirty-seven year old Ralph E. Ellinwood, native of Arizona, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Ellinwood of Phoenix. Mr. Ellinwood, editor and co-owner, with W. R. Mathews, of the Arizona Daily Star at Tucson, died at his home in Tucson from a heart attack. He was born at Flagstaff, Arizona, August 9, 1893. His early years were spent in the northern part of the state. Later the family moved to Bisbee, where they lived for some time before coming to Phoenix to make their home. Young Ellinwood attended various schools, and graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1918. He enlisted in the World War in the spring of 1917, and saw nearly two years of active service as a buck private. He was a captive of the Germans from May, 1918, to New Years Day, 1919. A brief account of his experiences as a prisoner is contained in his "Behind the German Lines," written after his return to the United States.

Mr. Ellinwood had expected to follow in his father's footsteps and become a lawyer, but following the war, chose journalism instead. He worked for awhile on the Bisbee Daily Review, then spent two years at the Columbia School of Journalism, from which he graduated. He worked for nearly a year on the Sacramento Union, and in 1924 formed a partnership with W. R. Mathews, business manager of the Santa Barbara Morning Press, in the purchase of the Arizona Daily Star, one of the leading pioneer newspapers of the state. While always a good paper, the Star has become markedly so under the leadership of these two men.

Mr. Ellinwood is survived by his wife and three children; his parents, who were in France at the time of his death, and a sister, Mrs. S. H. Morris, of Globe.

CHARLES F. SOLOMON

Charles F. Solomon, prominent in Arizona banking circles for many years, died at the Mayo Brothers Hospital, Rochester, Minn., on September 22. He had been in failing health for a year.

Mr. Solomon was born in Towanda, Penn., March 7, 1873, and came to Arizona as a small boy. His father, Isador Solomon, was the first settler of Solomonville, and its founder. He was a merchant in that place for many years.

Charles Solomon was one of the organizers of the Solomon Commercial Company, and the Gila Valley Bank and Trust Company. He moved to Tucson in January, 1913, and was elected president of the Arizona National Bank and continued as president of the Consolidated National Bank for several months. Several years ago he was active in the organization of the Arizona Southwest Bank, at Tucson, which has branches in Douglas, Casa Grande and Coolidge. He was an executive of that institution at the time of his death. He was at one time president of the Arizona Bankers' Association.

Mr. Solomon's ashes were buried in the family plot in San Francisco. Besides his parents, who now make their home in Los Angeles, Mr. Solomon is survived by his wife, Hattie Fernin Solomon, three sons, a daughter, four sisters and a brother, the latter five being residents of California.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

DR. JOHN H. LACY—Native of North Carolina. Physician and surgeon in United States Army in New Mexico in the eighties, in active field service against Geronimo, Victorio, Nana and other hostile Apache leaders. Mining practice for thirty-six of his forty-five years residence in Arizona. Present librarian in the Gila County Law Library, Globe.

JOHN A. ROCKFELLOW—Native of New York. Came to Arizona in 1878, joining the rush for the new "Helldorado," which brought into world-side prominence the Tombstone district. Prospector, surveyor, rancher, stock-raiser. Professor of mathematics, University of Arizona, 1895-6-7-8. Civil engineering office, Tombstone, from 1898 to 1929. Owns the famous Cochise Stronghold Ranch. Present address, Tombstone.

HORACE E. DUNLAP—Native of Ohio. Resident of Arizona since 1882. School teacher, banker, cattleman. Worked at Ft. Apache in 1885, and narrowly escaped death at the hands of

raiding hostile Chiricahuas. Mr. Dunlap is a land owner in Maricopa County, Arizona. Student of Arizona's history since his retirement from business. Present address is 1123 Sherman Street, Denver, Colorado.

JOHN P. CLUM—Native of New York. Came to Arizona in 1874 as United States Agent for Apache Indians, serving until 1877. Organizer of the famous Apache Indian Police Force. Globe-trotter, lecturer, writer, lawyer, newspaperman. Established Tombstone Epitaph and the Daily Arizona Citizen (Tucson), first daily newspaper in Arizona. Twice postmaster at Tombstone, and that city's first mayor. Inspector for the Post Office Department, and twice the Chief of Division of Post Office Inspectors, his service extending into Alaska. Official lecturer of the Southern Pacific Company in the United States and Western Canada. Honorary Mayor and honorary editor of the Epitaph at the first celebration of Tombstone's "Helldorado." Assisted in the dedication of the Coolidge Dam, March 4, 1930. Engaged in research work since his retirement. Present home—1958 W. 74th Street, Los Angeles.

DAN R. WILLIAMSON—Native of California. Came to Arizona in 1885. Employed for years by Southern Pacific and Wells Fargo Express Companies in California and Arizona. Employe of the military department of the United States Government on the San Carlos Reservation. Writer. Mining partner of the famous Indian scout, Al Sieber. Held various elective offices in Gila County during territorial and statehood days. Present Arizona State Historian. Family home, Globe.

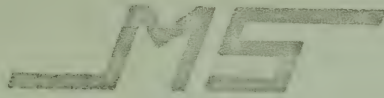
WILLIAM "BILL" HATTICH—Native of Kansas. When asked for a short biographical sketch of himself, Mr. Hattich sends us the following: "Three lines will suffice to state my arrival in Tombstone as a callow youth in 1881. Attended school with religious regularity, and probably showed an early aversion for work. Later plunged into the printer's trade and became a 'devil.' Subsequently acquired the DAILY PROSPECTOR, TOMBSTONE EPITAPH and ARIZONA KICKER, publishing all three for nearly twenty years, the meanwhile keeping out of political office and jail." We may add that while Mr. Hattich's present address is 162 South Highland

Avenue, Los Angeles, he owns property in Pima County, is a member of the Pioneers' Historical Society and still considers Arizona "home."

MRS. C. RODNEY MACDONALD—Born in Nebraska. Resident of Arizona nearly thirty years. Taught school in Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska. Corresponding secretary for a number of years of the Central District Women's Clubs. Prominent in women's organizations. Student of Arizona's history. Lives on a ranch west of Phoenix, on the Buckeye Road.

ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER (Mrs. E. E.)—Native of Missouri. Came to Arizona in 1893. Received her education at the old Central Avenue School (where the San Carlos Hotel now stands); the Phoenix Union High School; Throop Institute, Pasadena, and studied art in Los Angeles. Mrs. Oldaker was appointed in 1919 by the Maricopa Chapter D. A. R. as chairman of a committee to work for the preservation of Arizona's historic and prehistoric treasures. From this beginning, and with the cooperation of many other local organizations, grew the Arizona Museum of Phoenix. Mrs. Oldaker has always been actively interested in the work of the museum, and was its first president, serving in that capacity from 1923 to 1929. The Oldaker home is at 649 N. Third Avenue, Phoenix.

EFFIE R. KEEN—Native of Tennessee. Resident of Arizona thirty years. Reporter on Kelly newspapers; Cochise County, 1907-10; present secretary Arizona State Historian and assistant editor Arizona Historical Review.



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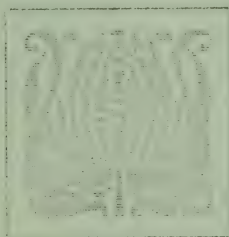
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CONTENTS

Nellie Cashman.....	9
<i>By John P. Clum</i>	
The Apaches' Last Stand in Arizona.....	36
<i>By Will C. Barnes</i>	
Al Sieber, Famous Scout.....	60
<i>By Dan R. Williamson</i>	
The Escape of the Apache Kid.....	77
<i>By Mertice Bruce Knox</i>	
The Fate of the Clevenger Family.....	88
<i>By John Roberts</i>	
Carnacion Tells Her Tale.....	97
<i>By Father Bonaventure Oblasser</i>	
Ancient Ceremonial Caves of Central Arizona	99
<i>By Frank Mitalsky</i>	
Arizona Museum Notes.....	106
<i>By Elizabeth S. Oldaker</i>	
In Memoriam.....	109
<i>By Dan R. Williamson</i>	

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Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the Territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States Congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Apache County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

Arizona's present state officers, most of whom took office January 5, are:

Geo. W. P. Hunt—Governor.

Scott White—Secretary of State.

Ana Frohmiller—Auditor.

Mitt Simms—Treasurer.

C. O. Case—Supt. of Public Instruction.

Chas. R. Howe, Amos A. Betts, Loren Vaughn, Corporation Commission members.

A. G. McAlister, Chief Justice, H. D. Ross, A. C. Lockwood, Associate Justices Supreme Court.

Thomas Foster—Mine Inspector.

M. A. Murphy, Frank Luke, E. A. Hughes, Tax Commission members.

DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Arizona, with its 113,956 square miles, ranks fifth in size of states—nearly as large as New England and New York combined.

Coconino County is the second largest county in the United States.

Arizona contains the longest unbroken stretch of yellow pine timber in the world.

Arizona contains the greatest variety of plant life, even including ferns, of any state in the Union.

Arizona is the greatest COPPER producing state, the 1929 production being around 833,626,000 pounds, with a value of about \$149,200,000, while the value of the five principal minerals—GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD and ZINC for 1929 is about \$158,433,300.

Arizona ranks first in the production of COPPER; first in the production of ASBESTOS; third in GOLD; fourth in SILVER, sixth in LEAD and very high in ZINC, TUNGSTEN, VANADIUM, QUICKSILVER and other minerals.

Arizona's mines normally employ 19,000 men and their payrolls amount to \$30,000,000 annually.

In the excellence of her public schools and school buildings Arizona ranks among the very highest.

Arizona's 1929 hay crop was worth \$12,222,000.

Arizona's 1929 grain crop was worth \$3,941,000.

Arizona's 1929 cotton crop was worth \$15,000,000.

Arizona ships more than 9,000 cars of lettuce annually.

Arizona ships more than 5,500 cars of cantaloupes annually.

Arizona's lumber production is worth about \$5,000,000 annually.

Arizona is the only state owning its own BUFFALO herd; this state having about 85 head running on the open range in House Rock Valley.

Arizona contains the largest number of DEER of any state in the Union; the Kaibab Forest alone containing about 30,000 head.

Arizona, in the Thompson Arboretum at Superior, has the only arid climate arboretum in the world.

Arizona has about 888,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$39,418,000.

Arizona has about 1,189,000 head of sheep, valued at about \$9,493,000.

Arizona's Indian population, around 33,000, is second largest in the United States.

Arizona is fast becoming famous for the excellence of its PECANS, DATES, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPE FRUIT, GRAPES and MANY OTHER FRUITS.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Arizona possesses one of the seven great wonders of the world.

In the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona has the finest example of early Spanish mission architecture on the North American Continent.

Arizona has within her borders some three hundred miles of sparkling trout streams.

Within the borders of Arizona there are undoubtedly 100,000 old ruins, the largest and most important being the "CASA GRANDE"

near Florence. Many well preserved cliff dwellings are tucked away in the mountains and canyons away from the haunts of man.

The present day great canal system of the SALT RIVER VALLEY, and the Casa Grande Valley as well, are built on the ruins of prehistoric canals built by a vanished people, and that these same prehistoric people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

Arizona leads in irrigation and contains the most comprehensive system of dams for irrigation and power purposes in the world

WITH ROOSEVELT DAM and ROOSEVELT LAKE,
HORSE MESA DAM and APACHE LAKE,
MORMON FLAT DAM and CANYON LAKE,
STEWART MOUNTAIN DAM AND LAKE,
CAVE CREEK DAM AND RESERVOIR,
GRANITE REEF DIVERSION DAM AND RESERVOIR,

COOLIDGE DAM and SAN CARLOS LAKE, Arizona contains many lakes of rare beauty which constitute the largest acreage of artificial reservoirs or lakes extant, with more dams to be built in the near future.

ARIZONA is full of beautiful wonders—LAKES, MOUNTAINS, GRAND CANYONS, VALLEYS, PAINTED DESERTS, PETRIFIED FORESTS, NATURAL BRIDGES, PREHISTORIC RUINS, CLIFF DWELLINGS, STREAMS, DESERTS, CACTUS, HIGHWAYS, SUNSETS, COLORINGS, as well as having the most invigorating and salubrious climate in the world.

The name "Arizona" is derived from the word "Arizonac" meaning "Little Spring" "Ari" small, and "Zonac" spring, from the language of the Papago and Pima Indians.

ARIZONA'S state flower is the delicate, white waxy flower of the Saguaro or Giant Cactus, *Cereus Giganteus*,

SAGUARO being the Spanish word for Sentinel.

This was adopted by the territorial legislature of 1901 on account of its being distinctly a native plant of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Flag is distinctive and beautiful and was adopted by the Legislature in 1917.

The flag represents the following: The setting sun, consisting of thirteen rays, alternated red and yellow, or red and gold, in the upper half of the flag.

The lower half being a plain blue field.

Superimposed upon the center of the flag. In the face of the setting sun is the copper colored star of Arizona. The flag in this way carries the state colors the old Spanish colors and the distinctive copper colors of Arizona.

ARIZONA'S State Seal. The Seal of the State shall be of the following design: In the background shall be a range of mountains, with the sun rising behind the peaks thereof, and at the right side of the range of mountains there shall be a storage reservoir and a dam, below which in the middle distance are irrigated fields and orchards reaching into the foreground, at the right of which are cattle grazing. To the left in the middle distance on a mountain side is a quartz mill in front of which and in the foreground is a miner standing with pick and shovel. Above this device shall be the motto: "Ditat Deus." In the circular band surrounding the whole device shall be inscribed:

"Great Seal of the State of Arizona" with the year of admission of the state into the Union. (The meaning of the motto "Ditat Deus" is God Enriches.)

ARIZONA'S State Anthem, "Arizona," words by Margaret Rowe Clifford, Copyright 1915, Music by Maurice Blumenthal, adopted 1919, Chapter 28, Session Laws.

Come to this land of sunshine,
To the land where life is young.
Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
The songs that will now be sung,
Where the golden sun is flaming
Into warm white shining day,
And the sons of men are blazing
Their priceless right of way.

Chorus:

Sing the song that's in your heart:
Sing of the great Southwest.
Thank God for Arizona,
In splendid sunshine dressed;
For thy beauty and thy grandeur,
For thy regal robes so sheen,
We hail thee, Arizona—
Our Goddess and our Queen.

Come stand beside the the rivers
Within our valleys broad,
Stand here with heads uncovered
In the presence of our God,
While all around about us,
The brave unconquered band,
As guardians and landmarks,
The giant mountains stand.

Chorus:

Not alone for gold and silver
Is Arizona great;
But with graves of heroes sleeping
All the land is consecrate.
Oh, come and live beside us,
However far ye roam.
Come help us build up temples
And name these temples "Home."

Of the 22 National Monuments in the United States, 11 of them are within the borders of Arizona, namely Casa Grande, Montezuma Castle, Navajo, Petrified Forest, Pipe Springs, Tumacacori, Wupatki, Chiricahua, Tonto, Walnut Canyon, and the latest, Sunset Crater.

ANNOUNCEMENT

To Our Subscribers:

The third year of the publication of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW will be completed with this issue, January, 1931.

Practically all subscribers to the Review begin with the initial number—April.

If you desire to continue as a subscriber, please send check for \$3.00 to

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW
Room 108 Capitol Building
Phoenix, Arizona



MISS NELLIE CASHMAN

Photograph of a portrait by a Chinese artist made in the early '80's

NELLIE CASHMAN

A Modest Tribute to the Memory of a Noble Woman, Whose Energetic, Courageous, Self-Sacrificing Life Was an Inspiration on a Wide Frontier During Half a Century.

(By JOHN P. CLUM.—Copyright—1931)

“He went about doing good.”

This is one of the simple, but sincere and comprehensive tributes recorded in the inspired story of the life of the author of the Sermon on the Mount, and I have not found among the acquaintances of a lifetime anyone who more justly deserves a similar tribute than Nellie Cashman, for, verily, *she went about doing good.*

For several years I have felt that some record of the life of this remarkable woman should be given a permanent place in the historical archives of the Pacific Coast, and I am sure that this feeling is unanimous with all who knew Miss Cashman at some period of her extended career of usefulness, as well as by those who have learned something of her activities on three national frontiers—Canada, Mexico and the United States. Doubtless others have felt the urge to contribute a biographical sketch of this courageous and tireless worker in many fields, but, like myself, have hesitated because of a lack of specific details so essential to the creation of an effective story of this character.

As late as 1908 I could have obtained much invaluable data from Nellie herself, when I saw her for the last time at Fairbanks, Alaska, but that chance was allowed to slip by with other lost opportunities. Now, in spite of handicaps and regrets, I am determined to set down as much of the unique story of her life as I may be able to do with the memoranda available, encouraged by the hope that my very humble, but very sincere, tribute to the memory of this noble woman may inspire others to extend, or amend, this record until a memorial shall have been constructed which in sentiment and human interest may be commensurate with the activities and achievements of our heroine.

Nellie Cashman led an humble life. Her principal business was to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless, and her chief divertisement was to relieve those in distress and to care for the

sick and afflicted. She persisted in good deeds through half a century, and her helpful activities were distributed over a broad field which extended from the arid deserts of Mexico to the bleak and inhospitable regions within the Arctic Circle. She was inclined to associate more generally with men than with members of her own sex, and on several occasions she joined in stampedes with men, tramping with them over rugged trails and sharing the vicissitudes and discomforts of their rude camps. Nevertheless, she maintained an unimpeachable reputation, and her character and conduct commanded the universal respect and admiration of every community in which she lived.

I have before me a copy of *The Daily Arizona Citizen* (Vol. 1, No. 120), dated July 29, 1879, which contains the following advertisement:

"DELMONICO RESTAURANT

Miss Nellie Cashman

Has just opened a New Restaurant on the South side of
Church Plaza

TUCSON—ARIZONA

Miss Cashman will personally superintend the Cooking and
Dining Departments.

Patronage Solicited."

I established the *Daily Citizen* in Tucson in February, 1879, and one morning a lady visited my office and arranged for the publication of the advertisement quoted above. It was in this matter-of-fact business fashion that I first met Nellie Cashman. Tucson was still a Mexican pueblo, numbering very few white women among its bona fide citizens, and Nellie was the first of her sex to embark solo in a business enterprise. Her frank manner, her self-reliant spirit, and her emphatic and fascinating Celtic brogue impressed me very much, and indicated that she was a woman of strong character and marked individuality, who was well qualified to undertake and achieve along lines that would be regarded as difficult and daring by a majority of the weaker sex.

Being a newspaper man and somewhat of a wanderer myself, it was inevitable that I should encourage the proprietress of the new Delmonico Restaurant to reveal something of her history. Apparently she was about my own age (28), but I soon learned that she had already passed through a number of thrilling experiences which had demonstrated her pioneer spirit, courage and endurance, as well as her ability to render a good account of herself in the face of the most trying conditions.

The romantic story of Miss Cashman's frontier experiences began when she joined the stampede to the Cassiar gold diggings in 1877. Just now the average tourist is keenly interested in the plan to extend the famous Cariboo Trail in British Columbia, northward through the old Cassir district and into Alaska, thus completing the International Pacific Highway from Mexico to the remote Land of the Golden Twilight and the Midnight Sun.

British Columbia is a region of varied and inspiring scenic features. Two great rivers rise in the southern part of this vast province—the Columbia and the Fraser. The initial course of both of these rivers is northward for about 200 miles, when each river makes a complete U-turn—the Columbia to the east and the Fraser to the west—and flow thence southward, the Columbia crossing the border line into the United States, while the Fraser turns westward just above the border and reaches the coast at Vancouver. The great loop of the Fraser sweeps around the northern reaches of the Cariboo Range—and it was this range that gave the name to the famous Cariboo Trail which was blazed by hardy adventurers away back in the '50's. This trail followed the rugged and picturesque course of the Fraser and led to some of the richest placer gold diggings in the world. Over it surged a romantic and colorful traffic, pack animals of many sorts—horses, mules, oxen, dogs—and it is even alleged that a few camels were in the struggling caravan. Many hopeful prospectors who could not afford to pay for transportation packed their worldly goods on their backs as they trudged along the rugged Cariboo Trail. There are still some relics of the old road-houses along the trail—Hope, Yale, Spuzzum, Boston Bar, Cache Creek, Seventy-Mile House and Quesnel. Later, when the trail became a highway, there rumbled the freight wagons and rolled the Concord coaches, bearing supplies and passengers and mail to the diggings, and returning with heavy shipments of gold-dust guarded by shot-gun messengers or cavalry escorts.

In the middle of '70's the "pay dirt" along the Fraser and its tributaries had been pretty well worked over, and the gold hunters were in a mood to join in a rush to new fields. The inspiration for such a stampede occurred in 1877 with the announcement of the discovery of gold in the Cassiar District. The Cariboo Range is about midway between the north and south boundaries of British Columbia, while the Cassiar Range crosses the northern border of that province and extends into the Yukon Territory. These asserted new diggings lay across the mountains eastward from Juneau and Skagway, Alaska. Waters

from that region flow into the Pacific via the Stikine River, and into the Bering Sea via the Pelly and Yukon rivers, and into the Arctic Ocean via the Mackenzie River.

It was toward this bleak Arctic divide that the daring Cassiar stampeders set their faces—and with them went courageous Nellie Cashman. The trek led over new and difficult trails, far from the base of supplies. The winter was very severe with heavy snows. The supply of vegetables in this remote and isolated camp was soon exhausted and the miners began to suffer from scurvy. It was in this serious dilemma that Nellie Cashman's strong character and resourcefulness leaped into action—and a calamity was averted. She succeeded in making a special arrangement by which potatoes and some other vegetables were brought in by express, the spuds being given preference over nearly all other shipments. There was no question as to the cost—the vegetables must be brought in.

In spite of the long, difficult trail and the deep snows the spuds arrived and the scourge of scurvy was halted and many lives were saved. The determination with which Nellie Cashman undertook to obtain the vegetables and her persistence in the matter—regardless of expense—and the generous manner in which the vegetables were served after their arrival, won the hearts of the Cassiar miners, and ever thereafter they were her steadfast friends.

Nellie Cashman had proved that she had courage and endurance equal to the hardships and hazards involved in the strenuous life on the trail of the stampeders and in the rude camps of the rugged gold diggers, and that when their health was at stake she hastened to contribute both her energy and her means to their welfare. And so it came to pass that no matter where Nellie went in later years there was sure to be someone about who knew Nellie's record in the Cassiar District and who hastened to make that record known in the new camp. The stampede to the Cassiar District has retained a place in history chiefly because of the hardships experienced. Practically no gold was found.

In 1878 Nellie returned to California and soon thereafter visited the bustling mining camps of Virginia City and Pioche, Nevada. But both of those noted camps were then on the decline and it was deemed best to seek a permanent location elsewhere. Arizona was just coming to the front as a land of promise for the young and robust, and very soon Nellie was headed for Arizona.

When Miss Cashman came to Tucson in 1879 there were very few white women in that ancient pueblo, and as the proprietress of a public eating house she met a majority of the passing throng and was able, in her own quiet but effective way, to assist many a wanderer who was in need of a word of sympathy and encouragement, or perchance, of more substantial aid when one was down on his luck. And if any were in actual want, or sick, then Nellie was in her element, working out ways and means to relieve the needy and care for the afflicted.

In 1880 Nellie cast her lot with the booming mining camp of Tombstone, where she established herself as the proprietress of the Russ House. It was at Tombstone that I learned more fully to appreciate the sterling qualities of character possessed by Miss Cashman. Tombstone was then a bustling camp. Hundreds were added to its population each month. Illness and accidents occurred among this milling throng of miners and prospectors. There was no hospital at Tombstone, so there were many opportunities for generous, self-sacrificing, willing hands to help in these cases of illness or accident or pressing need, and we soon found that Nellie was prompt and persistent and effective with plans for relief. It might be a simple contribution, or an entertainment of some sort, but whatever it might be, Nellie's plan met with immediate and substantial support. If she asked for a contribution—we contributed. If she had tickets to sell—we bought tickets. If she needed actors for a play—we volunteered to act. And, although Nellie's pleas were frequent, none ever refused her. In fact, we would have felt offended had we not been allowed an opportunity to assist in some way in each one of Nellie's benefits. Her benefits were many and varied. One I can never forget. A prospector had been sinking a shaft single-handed, and had fallen into the shaft and broken both legs. He was discovered in a most pitiable condition. Nellie rushed to his aid and within a day or two secured nearly \$500 for his care and comfort.

It might be alleged that these individual instances appealed to Nellie's sympathetic and emotional nature, and that she acted upon the impulse of the moment, but any such implications vanish before the facts of the major deed undertaken by Miss Cashman in 1880, which involved most serious physical, moral and financial responsibilities extending over a period of years, and proved in the most convincing manner that the quality of her kindness of heart and self-sacrifice were genuine and steadfast. The following record indicates the course of events that finally persuaded our heroine to consecrate some of the best years

of her life to a service, which, in the fullness of her religious zeal, she doubtless believed a divine influence had placed in the pathway of her life, not only as a privilege but as a sacred duty.

Nellie Cashman was born in Queenstown, Ireland. Accompanied by her sister she came to the United States soon after the Civil War—landing in Boston, Mass., in 1867 or 1868. The two sisters crossed the continent to San Francisco in 1869—soon after the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. In 1870 the sister married Thomas Cunningham at San Francisco. Ten years later, in 1880, Mr. Cunningham died, leaving his widow and five children without sufficient means for their support. Nellie Cashman had just established herself in the Russ House at Tombstone. About a month after the death of Mr. Cunningham, Nellie arrived in San Francisco—and without delay took her sister and the five children with her to Tombstone where she did everything within her power to provide a comfortable home for the bereaved family.

In 1883 the widowed mother died—leaving the five orphans entirely dependent upon “Aunt Nell.” The support, training and education of five orphans, ranging from four to twelve years of age, is a grave and trying responsibility that few would willingly undertake. But “Aunt Nell” cheerfully accepted the service demanded by the circumstances, and during the years that followed she faithfully fulfilled her duties and obligations as foster-mother. The five orphans were not only supported, but they were afforded reasonable educational opportunities and thus were enabled to start out in life on fairly equal terms with the average youths of the period. All of these children reached maturity. Only one is now living—M. J. Cunningham—the “Mischievous Mike” of Tombstone back in the '80's—who now ranks among the most useful and influential citizens of Cochise County, and occupies the responsible position of President of the Bank of Bisbee and the Bank of Lowell. Mr. Cunningham gratefully concedes that his success in life is, in a large degree, attributable to the care, counsel and encouragement he received at the hands of his foster-mother—“Aunt Nell.”

And we need not doubt that these five husky Irish-American kids provided Aunt Nell with frequent periods of anxiety, opportunities for which were enhanced by the woolly-wild environments of a booming mining camp and the wide open spaces of a section of Arizona that was still marked occasionally by the trails of marauding renegade Apaches. “Mike” was next to the oldest of the quintet, and he has confessed a single episode which

will serve as an illustration of what might happen to a red-blooded kid along the lines of mischief and adventure in those days when Tombstone was young and vigorous and unrestrained. Mike and a boy friend were each the proud possessor of a burro. One day they decided it would be great sport to ride their burros on a prospecting trip out to the Dragoon Mountains—some fourteen miles northeast from Tombstone. They made the trip all right and about dark they reached an old ranch-house near the foothills of the Dragoons where they decided to remain for the night. Soon after dark they saw signal fires in the mountains, one of which did not seem to be very far from their lonely and isolated camp. Immediately those mountains seemed peopled with lurking renegade Apaches ready to swoop down and massacre the youthful adventurers at the old ranch-house.

Mike admits that he and his companion were thoroughly alarmed and sincerely regretted they had not remained within range of the protecting arm of Aunt Nell. They were afraid to attempt to return in the darkness, so they huddled together in the farthest corner of the old ranch-house, trembling with fear that the Apaches might raid the ranch, but hoping they would not be discovered even if the Indians did come. Thus the unhappy hours dragged by—it seemed many hours to the frightened kids—until ten or eleven o'clock when they were further alarmed by the sounds of a team approaching—then suddenly a familiar voice dispelled all their fears—they were rescued. Mike asserts that Aunt Nell's voice sounded mighty good to "us kids" at the old ranch-house that night.

A prospector on his way to Tombstone had passed the youthful adventurers with their burros headed for the mountains, and having recognized Mike he thought it best to report the incident to Aunt Nell. The result was that Aunt Nell secured a team and buggy which she drove, unescorted, through the night out to the old ranch-house in the foothills of the Dragoons, where she discovered the truant kids, piled them unceremoniously into the buggy and hustled them back to Tombstone—and to safety. Mike says he doesn't think Aunt Nell ever knew what fear or danger was—and the old-timers who knew Miss Cashman will concur in this opinion. The many years of care and devotion lavished upon her foster family doubtless offer the outstanding reason why Nellie Cashman never married.

The day after the exciting and disastrous prospecting escapade indulged in by the adventurous Mike and his equally daring companion, "Aunt Nell" sent a man out to the old

ranch-house in the Dragoons for the purpose of salvaging the two burros, which were highly prized by their youthful owners, but which had been abandoned to their fate the night before when the would-be prospectors fled in haste to the security and comforts of the Russ House. The faithful animals were recovered, and never thereafter were they urged along trails where they might be in danger of an attack by a band of marauding renegade Apaches.

Feeling confident that the influence of "Aunt Nell" had been a dominating factor in directing the course of events which finally located the youthful "Mike" in Bisbee, thus marking a vital step in his personal career—as well as in the industrial development of Arizona—I requested Banker Cunningham to tell me briefly, the circumstances that led him to Bisbee—and into the bank. Mr. Cunningham has graciously complied with my request, and his brief and simple statement is not only of historical interest—and an inspiration to every young man who may read it—but it, likewise, fully confirms my suspicions relative to the personal activities and wise counsel of "Aunt Nell" as the instigator of the trek to Bisbee. Here is Mike's story:

"About the year 1893 I was employed in the office of the District Attorney of Yavapai County, at Prescott, where Aunt Nell visited me. She was well acquainted with W. H. Brophy, who was then general manager of all the mercantile interests of the Phelps Dodge Corporation. She was very anxious that I should have the benefit of a business training under him, and Mr. Brophy readily agreed to this arrangement. Without delay I went to Bisbee and was assigned to duty as cashier in the office of the mercantile department of the Phelps Dodge establishment.

"At that time there was no bank in Cochise county and the store was conducting a semi-banking business. After several years this business had grown to such proportions that the Phelps Dodge people decided to eliminate the banking department.

"It was then that W. H. Brophy, general manager of the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Company; J. S. Douglas, prominent in the mining game in Arizona; Ben Williams, general manager of the Phelps Dodge interests in Bisbee; J. B. Angius, local merchant, and myself organized The Bank of Bisbee.

"This bank opened for business on February 19, 1900. Mr. Brophy was the first president. J. S. Douglas was

vice-president, while I held down the job of cashier. Of the five original incorporators only two are left—Mr. Douglas and myself.”

At Tucson and Tombstone Miss Cashman conducted restaurants and she advertised “the best meals in town.” In that business sanitation was a vital feature. Nellie always made it so, and in insisting upon sanitary methods she had to be very strict with her employes. But because of her kindly disposition and the justice of her demands, her instructions were always cheerfully complied with—in fact, her employes were always numbered among her good friends. This spirit of respect and esteem is strikingly illustrated by the unique manner in which it was expressed by “Sam Lee.” Sam was a Chinese cook employed by Nellie at Tombstone. He found it necessary to pay a brief visit to his native land and requested leave of absence for that purpose. When he was ready to leave he asked Nellie to give him one of her photographs. “Me tak ’em picture to China,” said Sam, “me get him Chinaman paint fine picture of you, Miss Cashman, and me fetch ’em fine picture back to you.” Sam got the photograph and he had his artist friend in China paint a portrait of his esteemed employer, and he “fetch ’em fine picture back” to America, and that excellent portrait of “Aunt Nell” now occupies a niche of honor among Mike Cunningham’s prized possessions in his Bisbee home. He says “Aunt Nell” told him many times that the painting was executed by a Chinese artist in Hong Kong. A photograph of this portrait is presented herewith.

Nellie Cashman was a devout Catholic, but her ministrations were not restricted to any sect or creed. It was but natural, however, that her most conspicuous activities should develop in connection with individuals and organizations of her own faith, and opportunities of this character often presented themselves to her in Tombstone. A conspicuous incident of this kind occurred in the spring of 1884. Five men, Daniel Kelly, Omer W. Sample, James Howard, Daniel Dowd and William Delaney, were under sentence of death for murders committed at Bisbee the previous year. Sheriff J. L. Ward announced that the execution of these five men would take place “At the Court House, Tombstone, Arizona, March 28, 1884, at one o’clock p. m.”

The simultaneous execution of five men from the same scaffold was, indeed, an extraordinary event. The murders committed by these men had been unprovoked and cold-blooded, and the death sentences of the outlaws met with emphatic popu-

lar approval. The public sentiment was so strong against the condemned men that many were eager to witness their execution. Sheriff Ward had invited as many "official witnesses" as could be accommodated within the court yard, but a majority of the would-be observers of the gruesome act were excluded.

Inspired by these circumstances and a lust for gold, a brutal-hearted, mercenary group leased an adjacent vacant lot and erected a grandstand overlooking the courtyard and prepared to sell standing-room thereon to all who were willing to pay a substantial fee to view the execution. This sordid, barbaric enterprise aroused the indignation of the better class of citizens, but there appeared to be no legal way to prevent it.

An outrage upon humane sentiment and common decency was about to be perpetrated, and an ominous, suppressed excitement gripped the community. There was sore need for a tactful, sagacious and determined leader—and at the crucial moment such a leader appeared in the person of Nellie Cashman.

The condemned murderers were undeserving of succor, other than of a spiritual nature. It was in these circumstances that Nellie Cashman interested herself in their welfare and volunteered to assume the role of Mother Confessor to the unfortunate prisoners while awaiting execution. Only two of the condemned men were Catholics when Nellie undertook her good will responsibilities as spiritual adviser, but so sincere and appealing were her ministrations that very soon the other three humbly and gratefully accepted the tenets of her faith. It easily may be imagined how Nellie's great soul rejoiced at this result, and we may not doubt that her gentle and sympathetic influence sustained and soothed the doomed men during their last hours on earth.

The unhappy prisoners were greatly depressed when they heard the sounds of the busy hammers constructing the grandstand and realized that the plan was to turn their execution into a public show for gain and the gratification of a morbid throng, and thus make the occasion a Roman holiday. Earnestly they pleaded with Sheriff Ward to forbid it, but he bluntly told them that he had no authority to interfere, and it was obvious that, for political reasons, he had no desire to do so. Then, as a last resort, the distressed men confided their objections to their Mother Confessor. Nellie Cashman's soul—which was the soul of honor if ever there was one—had been in violent revolt against the impending outrage from its inception, and the fire of her Celtic spirit blazed from her eyes as she listened to the pleadings

of her spiritual charges. But even though her eyes flashed, her manner was calm and confident as she replied consolingly: "Please don't worry; just leave it to me, and I assure you that not a single foot of the space on that grandstand will be occupied at the time of the execution." And this assurance satisfied and comforted the doomed men because their confidence in their Mother Confessor was unbounded.

But Nellie Cashman had embarked upon a desperate enterprise—one that would prove an exacting test of her tact and courage. In view of the tense feeling prevailing in the community, it would be an easy matter to arouse the mob spirit and precipitate a riot. This must be avoided. Obviously Nellie realized the dangers that threatened in the delicate situation, for she observed the utmost caution in the development of her plans, and she disclosed those plans only as their progress made it necessary to do so.

The first precaution of this daring and strategic leader was to clear the field for her contemplated activities. She assumed an unusually light-hearted manner to the public in order the better to conceal the storm that raged within. Very quietly she conferred with the chief of police and several dependable leading citizens to whom she suggested that in view of the suppressed excitement incident to the impending execution an effort should be made to induce everyone to retire before midnight. This suggestion met with enthusiastic approval, and the result was that the streets of Tombstone were practically deserted by midnight.

The next important action taken by our Mother Confessor was to get into communication with a score or more of her rugged and reliable miner-friends and to obtain their promises to assemble at a designated rendezvous exactly at two o'clock the next morning, equipped with sledges, crowbars, heavy drills, picks, hammers and saws. The men readily promised to assemble, although they did not know what they were expected to do.

Promptly at two a. m. on that fateful day of the execution Nellie Cashman was looking into the stern faces of a formidable group of strong and resolute men. Quickly she revealed her purpose to demolish the offensive grandstand. "You lead us to that grandstand and we'll do the wrecking," was the spontaneous response of the men as they caught up their wrecking tools. "Come on men," was Nellie's curt command as she led the way to the court-house. Then seizing a sledge from one of the men

she rushed forward and with a well-directed blow shattered the first splinters from the grandstand. A very busy hour followed.

When the dawn came and the throngs were once more astir upon the streets of Tombstone they discovered that the grandstand had been reduced to a mass of kindling wood and deposited at the bottom of a convenient arroyo. There was no profiteering during that execution.

The chief instigator in the grandstand enterprise was a carpenter named Constable. After the execution Nellie impressed upon her miner-friends the fact that this carpenter had shown himself to be a most undesirable citizen. Very soon Constable discovered that he was out of employment and was becoming increasingly unpopular. Shortly thereafter he left Tombstone—exiled through the dominating influence of Nellie Cashman.

Another thing oppressed the doomed men. There was a persistent rumor asserting that their bodies were to be delivered into the custody of medical students for dissecting purposes. This thought was particularly repugnant to three of the prisoners, and they confided their feelings in the matter to Nellie. "Please don't worry," Nellie said to them for the second time, "a faithful guard will see to it that your graves are not desecrated." And so it happened that watchful eyes saw the five bodies decently interred within the old pioneer cemetery, and just as it was growing dark on the evening of the day of the execution—and on the ten succeeding evenings—two old prospectors with their blankets and coffee-pot and frying-pan strolled leisurely away from Nellie's restaurant and disappeared quite unobserved into the gathering gloom of the night. But instead of continuing on a search for treasure, they detoured to the newly made graves of the men who had paid the supreme penalty for their desperate deeds. There they spread their blankets and throughout that night—and the ten succeeding nights—they faithfully maintained the vigil that had been promised the deceased by their Mother Confessor. None of the bodies was molested.

These incidents prove that Nellie Cashman was not only resourceful in the matter of plans, but that she had the sagacity and will-power to carry those plans to success.

Later in the same year Nellie Cashman was the unobtrusive and unsung heroine in an emergency episode which doubtless resulted in the saving of the life of one of the best men that ever came into Tombstone—E. B. Gage, superintendent of the

Grand Central Mining Company. A miners' strike had been declared and some of the strikers were in an exceedingly ugly mood. Mr. Gage had maintained his opposition to their unreasonable demands in a most determined manner—as would be expected by all who knew the resolute character of the man. Finally, the strikers planned to kidnap and hang the fearless mining superintendent. Nellie learned of the plot and the hour of its proposed execution—which was set for midnight on a certain date. About ten o'clock that night a team and buggy were driven slowly up to the residence of Mr. Gage on the hill just south of the city. Very quietly Mr. Gage accepted an invitation to a seat in the buggy, and without the slightest indication of haste or excitement the team was driven slowly back to and through the city. But as soon as the travelers were well beyond the city limits on the road to Contention, the driver urged the team forward at a fleet pace, and this pace was maintained until the railway station at Benson was reached. There Mr. Gage boarded a train for Tucson. The driver of the team who had called for Mr. Gage and successfully conveyed him to Benson—thus snatching him from the grave danger that threatened—was none other than Nellie Cashman—courageous, resourceful, efficient Nellie Cashman.

Believe it or not, Arizona's U. S. Marshal, George A. Mauk, was once quite a small boy, and although he selected California as his native state, his parents made haste to transplant him to Tombstone where environment seemed more likely to fit him for his present job. Anyhow, George was one of the gang that trained with the Cunningham kids, and was therefore, indirectly, under the jurisdiction of "Aunt Nell."

Adjoining the Russ House Restaurant were a couple of vacant lots which the gang utilized as a baseball park. Of course, George blames the Irish for starting the fights, but, as a matter of fact, the marshal is recognized as an entertaining scrapper, himself. Anyhow, he recalls that occasionally—if not oftener—the game terminated in a fight, with "Aunt Nell" rushing in to separate the combatants in a rude, but effective manner. Not that she disapproved of fighting—being Irish—but to teach the kids self-control and true sportsmanship. Having established an armistice, and to show the boys that her heart was in its right place "Aunt Nell" would lead the gang over to her pie factory where each member was served with a generous cut. Then everyone was smiling and happy—particularly "Aunt Nell."

Although George hesitates a bit as he says it, nevertheless he is now quite certain that some of those asserted "fights" were mere sham battles, premeditated and prearranged and enacted for the sole and lofty purpose of obtaining—MORE PIE. Looking at the marshal today, it is difficult to believe that he ever was a party to such deceptive tricks. But "boys will be boys," and, anyhow, George says the trick worked all right.

Mr. Cunningham recalls the following incident which suggests the quiet, unobtrusive manner in which Nellie Cashman "went about doing good"—many of her deeds of kindness and mercy and charity being known only to the recipients and herself. In this instance Con Delaney remembered that Miss Cashman has befriended him and his family in a time of great need, and although that kindness had been extended nearly two decades before and Nellie had left Arizona and was then located in the Far North—at Dawson, on the Yukon—nevertheless, "Con" remembered, even though no one else in Arizona did, and he finally determined to express his gratitude to "Aunt Nell" through her nephew, "Mike,"—and he did so by sacrificing one-third of the price offered for a mine he had for sale. Here are the details of this episode kindly given me by Mr. Cunningham:

"About the time the bank opened in 1900, an Irishman by the name of Con Delaney, outwardly a rather rough-looking person, came into the bank and wanted to sell his half-interest in the "Broken Promise" mining claim in this district and asked me what I would give him for the interest. I offered him \$500. In a very few, but very positive words he indicated that I might go to H——. He left the bank and I let the matter drop.

"A week or so later Con came back to the bank and told me to make out the papers for the sale of his interest. I did so and he transferred his one-half interest to me for \$500. I had the deed placed on record and this brought the transaction to the attention of Joe O'Connell, a local attorney. Joe called at the bank and asked me how much I had paid Con for his interest. I told him frankly—'\$500.' Joe replied: 'I offered him \$750.' Of course we were both curious to know why Con had turned down Joe's offer, so I looked Con up. I found that he was in poor health and actually needed the money I had paid him. This made his action appear all the more mysterious, until Con told Joe this story—which is true. 'In the early eighties I arrived

in Tombstone from Ireland with my wife and seven children. We were destitute, and Nellie Cashman rustled up a place for us to live and provided food, etc., until I was able to obtain work. Nellie proved herself a real friend in our great need. I have never forgotten her kindness, and this seemed to be an opportunity to get even with Nellie through Mike—so I had to turn down your offer of \$750.' ”

The Catholic church at Tombstone is located at the northwest corner of Safford and Sixth streets. This edifice was erected in 1882 with funds contributed by Nellie Cashman from her private purse, supplemented by subscriptions secured through her personal solicitation. This church is in a fair state of preservation; is now served at regular intervals by a priest from Benson, and stands as a monument to the energy, devotion and dauntless spirit of that remarkable pioneer woman who instigated and accomplished its construction.

The stampede into Lower California during the summer of 1884, inspired, as usual, by the lure of gold, involved a succession of hardships and resulted in total failure. At that time I was residing in Washington, D. C., and my personal recollections of the enterprise are practically nil. The narrative entered here is based largely upon such details as have lingered in the memory of M. J. Cunningham, Nellie's nephew, who was a very young chap in 1884.

The asserted new gold field was located in the vicinity of a little Mexican town called Muleje, situated on the west coast of the Gulf of California opposite the city of Guaymas, and it should be remembered that, considering the means of transportation available at that time, the journey from Tombstone to Guaymas was a somewhat formidable undertaking in itself. The personnel of the party was both limited and select, consisting of less than a dozen men—and Nellie Cashman. This group of bold stampeders included M. E. Joyce, one-time supervisor of Cochise County, and Mark A. Smith, later United States Senator from the State of Arizona. Having consigned her foster-brood to the care of a dependable relative and donned a flannel shirt, overalls, substantial foot-gear and a campaign hat, Nellie Cashman was “all set” to play her full part in the adventure like the “regular fellow” she was.

Mr. Cunningham tells me that he remembers very distinctly the exciting and spectacular scene on that memorable day when this little company of daring and confident gold hunters took their departure from Tombstone on the famous old Modoc stage.

At Guaymas the party chartered a Mexican boat to convey them across the gulf. Having arrived at Muleje they set out on foot in search of the alluring—but elusive—gold nuggets. During the unhappy days that followed they tramped many tedious miles over an arid desert country under the scorching rays of the summer sun. Eagerly they sought for traces of gold in the sand and gravel—but always their prospecting was in vain.

Incessant travel and toil in this inhospitable region proved an acid test to their endurance. These strenuous hardships—without discovering a fleck of the royal metal—had thoroughly exhausted and discouraged the little band of deluded prospectors, and their unfortunate condition was rendered desperate when they realized that they were consuming their last gallon of water and were face to face with the possibilities of a horrible death from thirst.

In this alarming dilemma the unfailing resourcefulness and marvelous vitality of Nellie Casuman came to the rescue. She was in better physical condition than any of the men, and when she volunteered to go in search of water her male companions gratefully acquiesced. And the spirits of the men were greatly revived by Nellie's confident and near-cheerful mood when leaving, as she assured them of her faith that a good angel would guide her to water and enable her to return with an ample supply in time to save their lives.

And Nellie's faith was fully justified, for that good angel led her to an old Catholic mission located in that remote and isolated region. Without a thought of resting her weary feet, she obtained some goat-skin water containers, which she had some Mexican helpers fill quickly and placed on the backs of burros. Thus equipped, and accompanied by several Mexicans, she hastened back to camp with an abundant supply of water just in time to save the lives of her distressed companions. Mr. Cunningham says "Aunt Nell" told him repeatedly that upon her return to the camp she found the men practically famished from thirst.

After this near-fatal experience the search for gold was abandoned, and the party made its way, as speedily as possible, back to the coast, where they were delayed a few days waiting for a boat. Finally the boat arrived and the party embarked for Guaymas, but they had not proceeded far on their voyage when the captain of the craft appeared in a half-crazed condition due to an over-indulgence in "hard likker." This situation menaced the lives of all on board. Very promptly the bronzed and

tattered prospectors roped the frenzied captain, bound him securely and stowed him away below decks. Then, with the aid of a couple of sailors, they navigated the boat in safety to Guaymas.

But their troubles and hardships were not yet ended, for at Guaymas the entire party were arrested and ignominiously cast into prison—presumably because they had brazenly violated the most sacred law of the high seas by roping the ship's captain and holding him as a prisoner. After languishing several days in the ill-smelling and unsanitary Mexican jail, they finally obtained their freedom through the kind intercession of Mr. Willard, who was then the American consul at Guaymas. Upon their escape from jail, they lost no time in effecting their escape from Guaymas—and Mexico. Mr. Cunningham also recalls the fact that when this party returned to Tombstone "they were certainly a mighty tough looking bunch of prospectors."

J. A. Rockfellow, that experienced trail-blazer and worthy pioneer now residing in Tombstone, has reduced the story of the stampede into Lower California to its lowest terms in the following sentences:

"I was living in Tucson at the time and became much interested in the adventure. I had some notion of joining, but did not. Nellie, however, was game. She went with the boys, dressed in overalls, shared all the hardships of the trip—and was one of the best sports in the party. They had real hardships, too. So much so that they nearly lost their lives. With all this roughness, Nellie was a modest little woman."

Recently I received a letter from Fred J. Dodge, an outstanding citizen of Tombstone in the early '80's (an undercover man for Wells, Fargo & Co.), now residing at Boerne, Texas, which contains the following paragraph:

"Nellie Cashman was one of the most wonderful women I ever met. She was unique. Though she seemed to prefer to associate with men, there never was a spot on her moral character. I knew her in Nevada and in California before either of us reached Tombstone. In every place where I knew her she was the queen of the Irish miners, and held the respect of the "Cousin Jacks" (Cornishmen) as well. Indeed, this high opinion of her was held by all right-thinking men. She was very outspoken, and sometimes made enemies by her uncensored expressions of opinion. I have always regarded Nellie as a most remarkable and admirable woman."

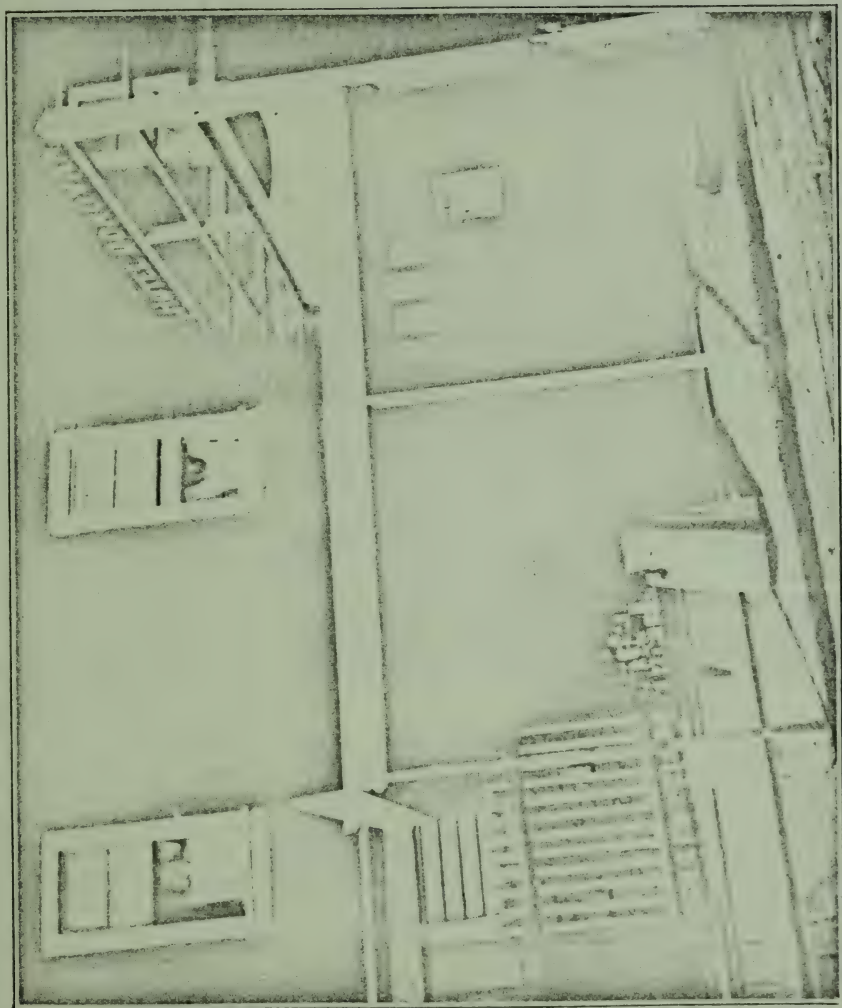
The Florence Tribune (Arizona) of November 20, 1897, reprints the following news item from the Tucson Star:

"Miss Nellie Cashman, one of the most favorably known women in Arizona, arrived from Yuma yesterday. Miss Nellie is preparing to organize a company for gold mining in Alaska. Her many friends in Arizona will wish her success, for during her twenty years residence in the territory she has made several fortunes, all of which have gone to charity.

The stampede to the Klondike during the first six months of 1898 presented a most unusual, strenuous and picturesque spectacle and demanded a high degree of daring and endurance of those who participated—and persisted to the finish. There were no established means of transportation between Skagway or Dyea at the head of the Lynn Canal and Dawson at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. The distance between those points was about 600 miles, and the trail included the difficult and dangerous Chilkoot Pass; great mountain lakes with their constant menace of sudden and disastrous storms, and the perils of rocks and snags and swift currents in the rivers—the most formidable and treacherous of which was the famed White Horse Rapids, in Fifty-Mile River, midway between Marsh Lake and Lake Labarge.

The Canadian officials very wisely demanded that each stamperder should take in sufficient food to last at least six months. All of the argonauts had to walk from tide-water at Skagway or Dyea, over one of the mountain passes to one of the lakes at the headwaters of the Yukon, and every pound of supplies had to be sledded or packed over every foot of the same trail. After a camp had been established beside one of the lakes, lumber had to be "whip-sawed" and boats constructed. All of these things had to be accomplished during the period of the Arctic winter and in spite of the too frequent blizzards that came shrieking out of the North.

And then during the last days of May and the first days of June, when the snows of the lower altitudes had melted and the ice had gone out of the lakes and rivers, these hardy, weather-beaten and camp-stained adventurers loaded their supplies and themselves into their home-made crafts and embarked upon the final lap of the stampede—that precarious voyage to Dawson—which would still further tax their strength and test their nerves and provide thrills they would remember a lifetime.



Miss Nellie Cashman standing in front of her store at Dawson, Yukon Territory.
Photo made by John P. Clum on June 23, 1898.

There never was but one stampede to the Klondike, and never will there be another like it. Its strenuous conditions constituted a defiant challenge to courage and endurance from start to finish. The count made by the Northwest Mounted Police showed that about 7000 home-made crafts went down the Yukon that summer carrying approximately 20,000 persons, of whom nearly 400 were women—occasionally a mother with a babe at her breast.

Nothing was farther from my thoughts than that I would find among the women at Dawson anyone I had known before. The only inefficient article in my equipment on that trip was my camera. Darkness was imperative when changing the films. A genial photographer at Dawson granted me the use of his dark-room for that purpose. While I was thus intently engaged a visitor entered the studio and addressed the photographer with great earnestness. Her appeal was for a subscription to aid the local Sisters' Hospital. I had not seen Nellie Cashman for fifteen years—not since we were both in Tombstone. As I have said, I had no thought of meeting anyone I knew in Dawson. But when the distinct tones of that rich Irish brogue reached my ears I recognized the speaker on the instant—and the nature of her appeal further established her identity. Forgetful of all proprieties, I called out, "Hello, Nellie Cashman!! How did you get to Dawson?" Obviously Nellie recognized my voice as promptly as I did her's, for she called back to me, "Hello, Mayor Clum!! Where in the world did you come from?" Since the days of '81 Nellie had always addressed me as "Mayor."

The photograph I made of Nellie at Dawson with my inefficient camera, showing her standing in front of her little store, is reproduced here. It is a bum picture, but anyone who knew Nellie will, at least, recognize her sturdy form. The features are not so good, but still recognizable—to those who remember. And then, there is the sign, "Hotel Donovan," which looms in evidence of the fact that although she was temporarily under the British Flag, Nellie's heart was still loyal to the Emerald Isle.

On my desk as I am writing this is a copy of the YUKON MIDNIGHT SUN, Vol. 1, No. 2, dated "Dawson, Northwest Territory, Monday, June 20, 1898." G. B. Swinehart, editor and proprietor, promised to publish the Midnight Sun every Monday evening and to deliver the same at the following subscription rates: "One year—\$15. Six months—\$8. Three

months—\$5. Single copies—50 cents.” The copy of the second issue now before me contains 12 pages of three columns each, and the pages measure 9 by 12 inches. Obviously, the early issues of the Yukon Midnight Sun were printed on a job press.

This very interesting souvenir of Dawson at the peak of its boom was picked up by me on my visit there thirty-two years ago and brought to my home in Washington. Eventually it was placed in an old atlas where it reposed neglected and forgotten until about a month ago. No sooner had I recovered this relic than I began searching its pages in the hope that the Midnight Sun would shed some light on the doings of Nellie Cashman in and about Dawson at that time. I scanned the advertisements in vain. Then I perused the local items and here is what I read:

“Misses Nellie Cashman and Georgie L. Osborne returned Friday morning from a trip up the creek, where they solicited for the benefit of the hospital. They were quite successful and speak in grateful terms of the generosity and liberal donations of the miners. Miss Cashman is the pioneer woman in this country and is widely known for her good deeds.”

The thrill of joy this find gave me easily may be imagined. My visit to Dawson in 1898 was very brief, for although I voyaged down the Yukon with the Klondikers, I was **not one** of them. My job was to direct the organization and extension of Uncle Sam's postal service in Alaska, and I was merely passing through the Yukon Territory en route to my broad field of official activities to the westward. My only official duty at Dawson was to pay my respects and express my appreciation to the Canadian officials who had done everything within their power to facilitate my trip through the country under their jurisdiction. I arrived at Dawson on June 21—which marked the **summer** solstice—and the sixty or seventy hours I spent there were all daylight hours, which were passed in a maximum of activities and a minimum of sleep. Dawson was then a wide-open and woolly-wild mining camp of some 20,000 homeless adventurers milling about the streets and resorts. I saw Nellie several times. I recall distinctly the circumstances of our meeting at the photograph studio, and that later she gave me a gold nugget—every one in Dawson had gold nuggets at that time. Beyond this I can only remember that she was robust, active, prosperous and popular—even as she was wont to be in those early days of Tombstone. I particularly regret that I have forgotten what she told me of her trip to Dawson, but the declaration in the Mid-

night Sun that "she is the pioneer woman in this country" would indicate that she came in "over the ice" during the winter in advance of the throng that drifted down in the boats after the ice went out. And it would be characteristic of Nellie Cashman to do that very thing.

It may be mentioned in passing that when Nellie Cashman climbed the Chilkoot Pass in the fall of 1897 she was less than 200 miles from the scene of her strenuous experiences in the Cassiar District twenty years before.

In 1923 when Nellie was on her last visit to her old stamping grounds in Arizona the Tucson Star published an interview with her from which we quote the following excerpt:

"Miss Cashman related a little incident to her early gold rush days in the Yukon Territory that was evidently a favorite with her, for, as she finished, she thwacked her knee and laughed like a boy.

"It all happened in Dawson when that mushroom city was celebrating a British holiday. Miss Cashman was busy in her little grocery store when a loyal British miner entered.

" 'I say, Nellie, where's your flag?', he asked.

" 'Outside,' she meekly replied.

" 'Beg pardon, but it's not. I didn't see a Union Jack as I came in.'

"Nellie took his arm and led him to the porch. She pointed to the Stars and Stripes hanging from the wall, above which, in neat arrangement, were several British postage stamps bearing pictures of the Union Jack.

" 'There's my flag,' she said, 'and there's yours.' Whereupon the Irish and the English joined in a hearty laugh."

That story sounds quite like Nellie, and, in imagination, I can see her "thwack her knee" and hear her "laugh like a boy."

Peter A. Vachon, of Dawson, Yukon Territory, and Fairbanks, Alaska, (and, incidentally, my son-in-law), now residing at Seattle and Santa Monica, recalls that he first met Nellie Cashman at Dawson in the fall of 1898, where she was operating a small grocery store and grub-staking prospectors—so much so that she frequently had difficulty in meeting her own obligations. But whenever her bank account approached the red ink

stage she would buttonhole Alex McDonald (The Klondike King) or Jim McNamee, who made a barrel of money on Bonanza and Hunker creeks, and they would supply her with sufficient gold dust to put her back on easy street. She was generous to a fault, always helping some worthy—but hard-up miners—in fact, Nellie's Dawson store was popularly referred to as "The Prospectors' Haven of Retreat."

Nellie was a staunch supporter of the Catholic Church and the Saint Mary's Hospital at Dawson, but she was friendly with all denominations and always eager to aid any prospector or miner whom she thought was even half honest—regardless of his belief or creed.

At one time Nellie was desperately ill at Dawson with an infected intestine, and her life was despaired of. But after submitting to a major operation, in which a section of the intestine was removed, Nellie recovered rapidly and before very long she was again on the job—apparently as good as new. Once more she had demonstrated her marvelous vitality.

Mr. Vachon relates this humorous incident:

"At one time I went to the office of the Gold Commissioner as a witness for Nellie in the recording of a mining claim which had been located by a miner she had grubstaked. The law in that province requires that the location shall be made by the person filing the notice for record, and the oath administered affirms that this condition has been complied with. The form of the oath is something like this:

"I, Nellie Cashman, solemnly swear that I was on such-and-such a creek on such-and-such a day and date, and that I staked claim No. so-and-so, according to the laws of the Dominion of Canada. So help me God."

"Nellie took the Bible in her left hand, raised her right hand and in her keen Irish brogue she said: 'So help me God, I never was there',—and then she kissed her thumb instead of the Bible. Her little speech was so sudden, so serious and so absurd that I just laughed right out in meeting. Then the recording officials laughed, too. They knew that Nellie would not attempt to file on ground she was not entitled to, and so they were not too exacting in the matter of the form of her oath."

Nellie was an optimist of the highest order. She never held post-mortems over past failures, but on the contrary she con-

fidently envisioned an ample fortune awaiting her in the very shaft she was sinking at that moment. This dominating mental trend is aptly illustrated in the following incident. Mr. Vachon was a mere youth when he arrived in Dawson in 1898, where he and Nellie became great friends, and she always addressed him as "My boy." After Nellie had transferred the scene of her mining activities to Coldfoot, Alaska, she met Mr. Vachon in Fairbanks—and this is what she said: "My boy, I've got it this time, and when I hit the pay-streak in the shaft I'm sinking now I'll strike it so damned rich that I won't know what to do with my money." (That word "damn" was the limit of Nellie's profanity.)

Those who helped Nellie Cashman to get a fresh start whenever she was "broke"—men like Mr. Gage, who was deeply grateful for services rendered, and others whose obligations were less, as well as bonanza kings like Mr. McDonald and Mr. McNamee—did so without any thought of reimbursement. In fact, whatever they gave to Nellie was considered an indirect donation to charity, for they were quite sure that, sooner or later, their gifts and her winnings would all be disbursed to the needy and afflicted, to churches and hospitals, and, therefore, it was only a matter of time until Nellie would be broke again, and it would be up to them to provide her with another "stake." The fact that Nellie never was permitted to stay broke for any length of time is ample evidence of the high esteem in which she was held by those who so willingly aided her in those recurring periods of stress.

R. C. (Dick) Wood, head of the R. C. Wood Mortgage & Loan Co., Inc., of Seattle, Wash., has sent me a letter in which he says: "I knew Nellie Cashman when I was a little kid in Tombstone and renewed this acquaintance when she came to Dawson in the Rush of '98. We met again in Fairbanks, Alaska. I saw her there frequently when she was en route to and from the Koyukuk where she had staked some placer gold claims which she operated under the name of The Midnight Sun Mining Company. But I think the principal lure of the far-north mining camp to her was that she might be near the prospectors and miners to whom she was doctor, nurse and missionary. Nellie was a devout Catholic and spent much of her time with the Sisters and working with and for the Sisters' Hospitals.

"During those later years when she was outfitting at Fairbanks for the long, difficult and hazardous trips with the dogs over the winter trails to her mining camp above the Arctic Cir-

cle, we tried our best, because of her advanced age, to dissuade her from undertaking those strenuous journeys, but invariably she would assume her characteristic resolute attitude and in her most approved Celtic brogue would reply: 'Young feller, those prospectors up there need me—and need me badly—and that is the country in which I expect to live the rest of my days.' ”

“Nellie often told me that Mike Cunningham had pleaded with her to abandon her rough-and-ready life in the North and accept the comforts of a good home at some point where he could see to it that she was properly cared for—but that she always had refused.”

Because Dick Wood was a banker in Fairbanks he is able to furnish this very interesting statement: “Mike Cunningham always saw to it that Nellie was well provided with money. On one or two occasions she gave me for safe keeping checks aggregating as much as \$10,000. These were checks Mike had sent her, but because of her pronounced independent nature, she did not want to spend Mike's money—and, if I remember correctly, some of these checks from Mike were four or five years old.”

This statement furnishes further proof of the true nobility of Nellie Cashman's character. Whatever she may have done for Mike had been in the nature of a sacred duty and was a free will offering, and even in her declining years when Mike was anxious to express his gratitude—and was abundantly able to do so—Aunt Nell hesitated to utilize his generous contributions until her personal efforts had failed and illness and infirmities made the cashing of the checks imperative.

The last time I saw Nellie Cashman was in 1907, or 1908, at Fairbanks, Alaska. When the Klondike boom was over and business was slowing down in that section, Nellie left Dawson and trekked still further westward into the vast domain of Alaska. She may have had a premonition that she was embarking on what was destined to be her final stampede, for she voyaged several hundred miles down the mighty Yukon to the mouth of the Koyukuk River, and then struggled on to the headwaters of that stream—to Coldfoot. This was the farthest-north mining camp in Alaska, which some of the most robust and daring of the gold-hunters had established in the midst of those remote waste places within the Arctic Circle—and there Nellie Cashman staked and recorded the last of her mining claims.

When winter came Nellie lined up her dog-team and mushed over the trail several hundred miles to Fairbanks, where, fortunately, I was able to render her some minor assistance. She

was still hardy and hopeful and confident and self-reliant as of yore—otherwise she could not have withstood the hardships and dangers so frequently encountered on those Arctic winter trails.

On the occasion of Nellie's final visit to "the states" the first lap of the journey from Coldfoot was by dog-team over the winter trails and occupied seventeen days. While she was visiting at Bisbee "Mike" endeavored to convince "Aunt Nell" that she had done her full share of this world's work; that she should take advantage of a well-earned rest, that, in fact, she was too old to undertake further hardships and privations on the rough trails and in the rude camps of the Far North. But his efforts to persuade her to remain in Arizona and rest in comfort were in vain. She insisted that she had valuable placer claims and staunch friends in Coldfoot, and that she must return there to encourage her friends and develop her claims. Nellie had directed her own destinies too long to brook interference now. And thus it happened that her indomitable will and dauntless courage set her face once more toward the gold and the cold of Arctic Alaska.

Finally, during the summer of 1924, Nellie became very ill in her cabin at Coldfoot. She was brought down the Koyukuk river in a small boat by an Episcopal deacon and conveyed up the Yukon and Tanana rivers to Fairbanks where she was placed in St. Joseph's Hospital. There it was discovered that she was suffering from double pneumonia, and the physicians marveled that she had survived the long trip from Coldfoot—a journey of fully one thousand miles. But again her dauntless will and amazing vitality came to her rescue, and under the care of the sisters she was able to leave the hospital in a few weeks.

In spite of adversities, brave Nellie Cashman was still the determined, aggressive pioneer prospector. She was still planning to raise more funds to complete that last shaft which would surely yield the vast fortune she had so persistently sought—in vain. She did not yet realize that her days in the rude mining camps of the frontier were numbered; that hardships and toil and the passing years and illness had sapped her strength and shattered her iron constitution. She refused to quit. She must go back to "the states," obtain some money, then return to complete that last shaft at Coldfoot—north of the Arctic Circle.

But Nellie was too frail to be permitted to travel alone, and her friends induced her to accompany another woman who was going "outside" at that time. Fortunately they were able to reach Victoria, B. C., where Nellie was placed in the Sisters'

Hospital. Her condition was serious. Her strength and resistance were gone—it was then she realized the end was near—and she resolutely composed herself to meet it. She had not long to wait, for a few weeks later she bravely and quietly entered upon the greatest of all adventures. Her dauntless spirit calmly passed into The Great Beyond on January 4, 1925, and her ashes were placed in the Catholic cemetery at Victoria.

Nellie Cashman endured the test of many strenuous years and left an enviable record that looms untarnished and unique in the annals of our frontiers. She was a genuine, dependable, progressive, and sustaining member of every community in which she lived—ever ministering to the needs of others and giving generously of her unlimited store of mercy and charity. As a thoroughbred pioneer and seasoned “sourdough” she had no rival among her own sex, and there were few, if any, among the male adventurers who could qualify in her class. Although she was primarily a business woman, she had trekked many weary miles over the hot sands or the drifted snows; she had braved the desert sun and the Arctic blizzard; she had scaled rugged and precipitous mountain passes, and guided her frail craft through the swift and angry currents of dangerous rapids. She was one of the first of a band of daring women to invade the frozen, uncharted fields of the North, and a little later, with her favorite team of huskies, she followed the winter trails until she became known as the champion woman musher of her time.

On June 20, 1898, the YUKON MIDNIGHT SUN said: “Miss Cashman is the pioneer woman of this country and is widely known for her good deeds.” And Nellie carried on in that same role to the end of the trail. She never wavered in her devotion to her church, and her faith in her chosen creed was absolute and unfaltering, and we may not doubt that, amid those lessening circles of latitude—in her meditations upon the bright promise of immortality she sometimes recognized a happy simile of the silent passing of the soul, in the unique splendors of the Arctic midnight sun—when sunset merged into sunrise—and a new day burst gloriously upon the page of time without even a shadow of farewell to the day that seemed not to have an end.

Even so let us hope that to Nellie the pale shadow of death was but the weird dawning of the day eternal. After a half-century of well-doing she had reached the end of that long, long trail. She had finished her course—she had kept her faith, and as well deserved reward, she had at last struck it rich in the Elysian Fields beyond The Great Divide.

FOREWORD

The following account describes very clearly the events of the last battle fought in Arizona on July 17, 1882, between hostile Apache Indians and United States troopers.

About a year ago the writer of the article, Will C. Barnes, now of Washington, D. C., suggested to the War Department at Washington the idea of a monument to mark properly this rather historic spot. With the able assistance of Senator Carl Hayden, the War Department agreed to the plan. Colonel H. L. Landers, of the Army War College, was ordered to visit the scene of the fight, locate the field, and make the necessary recommendations as to the location and form of the monument.

Colonel Landers visited the place early in October, 1930, in company with Forest Supervisor Ed Miller from Flagstaff, in charge of the Coconino National Forest, on which the field is located. The army officer was greatly impressed with the beauty of the location, and after making sketches of the place and studying the area, left with the statement that he would recommend a suitable monument be erected at the earliest possible moment.

This will probably be some time next spring, as soon as the mountain roads are passable. General Cruse and Colonel Morgan both assured Mr. Barnes and Colonel Landers that they would endeavor to be present when the monument was unveiled.

Under the circumstances the affair should be made of state-wide attendance and interest and sponsored by some of the state patriotic organizations.

EDITOR ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW.

THE APACHES' LAST STAND IN ARIZONA

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG DRY WASH

(By WILL C. BARNES)

On July 6, 1882, about sixty White Mountain Apaches swept down onto the San Carlos Agency; captured and took with them half a dozen squaws; rode up the San Carlos River and a few miles from the Agency waylaid and killed Chief of Scouts J. L. Colvig ("Cibieu Charley") and five or six of his Indian police. Colvig succeeded Chief of Scouts Sterling who had likewise been killed in an encounter with recalcitrant Apaches only four months before.

The band then rode to the north, passing to the east of Globe, then westward through the Wheatfields region above Globe, across Pleasant Valley and up by Payson and the East Verde, leaving behind a sickening trail of burned ranches and murdered settlers.

Following the news of the outbreak and Colvig's death, five separate bodies of U. S. troops were in the field after the raiders.

Troop D, 6th Cavalry, Capt. A. R. Chaffee and First Lieut. Frank E. West, were first in the field from Camp McDowell on the west side of the Basin, under orders to move to Wild Rye creek and await developments. Chaffee had with him Al Sieber and eight Tonto Indian Scouts.

Troop D 3rd Cavalry, Capt. Albert D. King and Second Lieut. Franklin D. Johnson; Troop E 3rd Cavalry, Lieut. Converse commanding; Troop I 3rd Cavalry, Lieut. Hardie commanding; Troop K 3rd Cavalry, Capt. Geo. A. Dodd commanding; Troop E 6th Cavalry, Capt. Adam Kramer and Second Lieut. Thomas Cruse commanding; Troop K 6th Cavalry, Capt. Lemuel A. Abbott and Second Lieut. Frederick G. Hodgson commanding, all under command of Major A. W. Evans, 3rd Cavalry, left Fort Apache, on the east side of the Basin, under orders to scout the country and follow the hostiles' trail vigorously.



Company E, 26 enlisted Indian Scouts, Second Lieut. George H. Morgan, 3rd Cavalry, commanding, also followed Chaffee's troop from McDowell with orders to scout the region and keep Chaffee advised of the hostiles' movements as far as possible.

Two troops of the 3rd Cavalry, Cpts. Russell and Wessel commanding, hurried from Whipple Barracks near Prescott.

From Fort Verde, Troop K 6th Cavalry, 1st Lieut. Henry Kingsbury commanding and Troop A of the 3rd Cavalry, Lieut. Chase commanding, were rushed out of that post eastward on the old "Verde" or "Crook" road, which followed closely the "Rim" of the Tonto Basin, to scout for signs and intercept the hostiles if they should attempt to climb up the bold escarpment known as the "Rim of the Basin," swing around to the east and thus back into the Apache Indian Reservation and safety.

From Fort Thomas on the Gila above San Carlos went four troops of the 3rd Cavalry with Captains Drew, Vroom and Crawford, and Lieuts. Morton, Porter, Boughton and Davis, (Britton Davis).

Thus we have a record of no less than 15 troops of cavalry probably 350 men in all; one company of Indian scouts, and fully 150 pack-mules with many civilian packers, all searching the country for the hostiles and converging on them from every side.

Those who today ride over this country on well built auto roads; who drive easily from Phoenix to Payson, "under the Rim," in six hours, can have little real appreciation of the difficult task these army men faced in 1882. There is no rougher, more broken terrain in the United States. The granitic formation is peculiarly hard on horses' hoofs and a lost shoe on a cavalry horse or pack-mule means a lamed animal if not shod at once.

"A pack train of thirty packs accompanied the command from Fort Thomas," writes Lieut. Britton Davis in his very interesting book, "The Truth About Geronimo." "The mules were in poor condition, and the packers were having trouble keeping them up with the command. I was detailed to see that they did keep up. That night Drew decided on a night march. The trail led through a creek bottom with reeds and underbrush higher than a mule's head. The bell had been taken off the bell-mare for fear of alarming the hostiles. Fifteen minutes after we got into the creek bottom you could

not have heard the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral. It seemed to me there were mules scattered all over Central Arizona. They were all lost—wanted to get back to the bell-mare and determined that I should know it if their voices held out.

“That night I completed my education in pack-train profanity. What those packers said in English, Spanish, Indian, Irish and German left nothing more to be desired. We overtook the command about 10 o'clock the next morning, but left two packers still hunting for lost mules.”

Captain Chaffee was the first to cut the hostiles' trail above Payson on the East Verde. He knew the command from Fort Apache under Major Evans (“Beans” Evans the men called him) was some miles distant and sent word by a courier that he could use another troop of cavalry.

Troop I 3rd Cavalry, under Lieut. Converse, made an all-night ride and reached Chaffee at daylight of July 17, 1882, the day of the fight. Morgan and his company of Indian scouts had previously overtaken and joined Chaffee's command and went with I Troop.

The Indians had evidently planned to climb out of the Basin and slip along the Crook Trail on the Rim and reach the sheltering deeps of their reservation, a comparatively few miles to the east. They chose a most rugged and hazardous section of the 2,000 foot cliff which forms the Rim at the head of the East Verde. The place is known today as the “Tunnel Hill,” due to the fact that in 1885 a company from Globe established a camp here and began to dig a tunnel which they claimed was to be part of a railroad from Globe to Flagstaff. It may be seen today, a bore in solid rock, 16 feet square at the entrance and about 112 feet long. It is very close to Zane Grey's cabin.

Up this tremendous cliff those hostiles forced their bare-footed ponies. Half way up they could view the whole country as from an airplane. They realized, of course, troops must be after them.

Chaffee's troopers of the 6th rode white and gray horses. So did the troopers of Converse's command of the 3rd. These white horses showed among the green pines below like a long line of geese.

The hostiles did not count them. They felt themselves able to whip one troop of cavalry. It never occurred to them that in the U. S. Army there might be more than one white horse

troop. Moreover, so secure did they feel that they failed to look farther back on their trail hence they did not see several more cavalry troops riding blacks and bays; nor Lieut. Morgan's company of Indian scouts, with Al Sieber at their head, slipping along under the pines, hungry wolves, eager for a feast or a fight.

On top of the hill the Indians rode boldly to the north. A few miles from General Springs, not far from the present Forest Service's "Pinchot" Ranger Station, the trail plunged abruptly into one of the numerous canyons that form the head waters of East Clear Creek. It was a veritable maze of deep, precipitous canyons surrounded by a heavy pine forest, but fairly level and free of underbrush at that time. Here the wily Apaches thought to give Chaffee and his troopers the surprise of their lives.

They built rock and log breastworks at the head of the canyon down which the trail led, assuming that the soldiers would ride blindly into the trap, and scattered in single file down the rough trail, fall easy victims to the Apache rifle fire.

Unfortunately for their plans, they quite overlooked the presence with the soldiers of Al Sieber and the 32 or more Tonto scouts. Chaffee pushed them ahead of his command to uncover just such a trap. This they soon did and then the tables were turned.

The following account of the fight is taken from Britton Davis' recent book, "The Truth About Geronimo," by permission of the Yale University Press, and also with Gen. Cruse's consent.

"For the following description of the fight, the most successful our troops ever had with the Apache after they had obtained modern arms, I am indebted to General, then Lieutenant, Thomas Cruse, U. S. Army, Retired, whose gallantry in this action won him the 'Congressional Medal of Honor.'

"The hostiles had seen Chaffee's troop, which was mounted on white horses, and had kept it under observation from about three o'clock until dark. They counted his men and concluded to ambush him the next day under circumstances favorable to themselves. But they had not seen the Fort Apache column at all, and their watchers reported the next morning that Chaffee's troop was still alone.

"Colonel Evans told Chaffee to keep ahead the next morning as if he were acting alone and he would follow at day break. Troop I, Converse, Third Cavalry, also on white horses, would be in the lead at the head of our column, so that if the Indians did stop to fight Chaffee he would have two troops on white horses to engage them at once and the other troops could be placed to the best advantage as they came up.

"At daylight on July 17, we moved out cautiously and saw Chaffee climb the rim of the basin unopposed; then we followed, reached General's Spring and saw signs of the hostile camp of the night before; then went on, cursing our luck over the prospect of a tedious campaign in the rough, waterless Navaho country. About a mile farther a mounted courier from Chaffee dashed up. Converse with his white horse troop rushed forward at a gallop, and word was passed along that the Indians were camped on the far side of a deep crack in the earth, a branch of Canon Diablo (Big Dry Wash), with all arrangements to give Chaffee the fight of his life.

"The location was about three miles from where we were, and as we rapidly approached we could hear casual shots and an occasional volley crash.

"Sieber and the scouts located the hostiles on the far side of the chasm. Chaffee then dismounted his troop and sent a few men forward to the brink. When these were seen the hostiles opened fire then Converse galloped up, dismounted almost in plain view of the hostiles, sent his horses to the rear and advanced in line of skirmishers along the edge of the canon as if intending to go down the trail. Both troops and hostiles then opened up a heavy fire across the canon.

"The scene of action was in a heavy pine forest, thickly set with large pine trees (park-like, with no underbrush or shrubbery whatever) on a high mesa at the summit of the Mogollon Range. Across this mesa from east to west ran a gigantic slash in the face of the earth, a volcanic crack, some seven hundred yards across and about one thousand feet deep, with almost perpendicular walls for miles on either side of the very steep trail which led to the Navaho country. This crossing point was held by the hostiles and their fire covered every foot of the trail, descending and ascending.

"Colonel Evans and his troops rode up and quickly dismounted about three hundred yards from the brink of the canon. Chaffee reported to him, outlined the situation, and started to suggest some dispositions of the troops. Evans stopped him; told him to dispose of the troops as he saw best and gave him full control, saying that he, Chaffee, had located the Indians and it was his fight.

"This was one of the most unselfish actions of relinquishing command that ever came to my notice during a long career in the army; because, mind you, Chaffee was not only Evans' junior (a captain) but also belonged to another cavalry regiment, the Sixth, while Colonel Evans belonged to the Third, and there is always rivalry for honors between regiments so thrown together.

"Chaffee got busy at once; ordered Kramer and Cruse with Troop E, Sixth Cavalry, his (Chaffee's) own troop, Sixth Cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant Frank West, and part of the Indian scouts under Sieber to go cautiously to the right of the trail and cross where possible about a mile to the east. When the far side of the canon had been gained they were to form for attack and close in on the main trail. Converse and his troop were told to keep up a heavy fire across the chasm. Troop K, Sixth Cavalry, Captain L. A. Abbott and Lieutenant F. G. Hodgson; Troop E, Third Cavalry, Lieutenants F. H. Hardie and F. C. (Friday) Johnson, and the remainder of the Indian scouts under Lieutenant George H. Morgan, Third Cavalry, were sent across the canon to the west and then to move east.

"A small group from each troop was left with the pack-trains and led horses to protect them from surprise should any of the hostiles succeed in gaining our side of the canon unperceived.

"These movements began about three o'clock in the afternoon and the sun was shining brightly. As we moved out, we heard that Converse had been shot in the head and was being brought in. I saw him as we passed and rushed up for a second and spoke to him. He said something was the matter with his eye but thought it would soon pass.

"Poor fellow, it has never passed. A 44 calibre bullet had struck a piece of lava rock, split it in two, and one-half had penetrated the eye, wedging itself firmly in the eye socket where, in spite of the ministrations of the noted

surgeons of the world, it has remained ever since. He is still living, a colonel on the retired list after a most useful life to the government, punctured at periods by almost unbearable pain from that wound.

"Our column finally found a place where we could climb down the precipitous side of the chasm and had gained the beautiful stream that flowed at the bottom when someone exclaimed and pointed up. Every star was plainly visible in the sky at three-thirty in the afternoon.

"By dint of strenuous climbing we finally reached the crest on the other side, formed a skirmish line, I troop on the right with Sieber and his scouts, and moved rapidly forward. Just as we started we heard the crash of several volleys and knew that the other encircling column was in action. Sieber and his Indians with I Troop ran into the Indian herd just then and as the hostile herd guards' attention had been attracted by the firing in the other direction, our people soon placed them hors de combat. The scouts rounded up the ponies, placed them behind our column with a guard, left them there and moved on.

"The other column, Abbott's, finally negotiated the descent into the canon and started up the other side. When almost at the top it ran into a party of Indians coming down a little side ravine with the evident intention of getting to the rear of what they supposed was Chaffee's white-horse troop still keeping up a fire from the edge of the canon on the other side. As they thought there could be no opposition on their side they were proceeding rapidly and without the usual precautions when Abbott opened fire on them. Several were killed and wounded and all were thoroughly stampeded.

"The fugitives, rushing back for their main camp and the pony herd, were joined by those of the camp who had been firing across the canon. They were sure there was something wrong but could not tell what. As this main body of the hostiles came sweeping through the woods, we saw them and at first imagined they were trying to rush us and recapture the pony herd, but as a matter of fact they were totally unaware of our being there until we fired directly into them, causing further casualties, which drove them back.

"West had swept the right of his line across the Navaho trail by this time so that line of retreat was cut off. We then

swung our line in a semicircle toward the Indians' camp, driving the hostiles in front of us and penning them against the edge of the canon.

"By this time, five o'clock, and the shadows heavy in the dense forest, I found myself in command of the left flank of Troop E, next to the brink of the canon and probably two hundred yards in front of what had been the main camp of the hostiles, indicated only by some scattered blankets, cooking utensils, etc. Sieber was by my side.

"As our line closed in there was a furious burst of fire from the hostiles, causing several casualties among the troops, among others, Lieutenant Morgan, Third Cavalry, who had joined West after his Indian scouts had been left behind the line; and Sergeant Conn, Troop E, Sixth. As the line advanced from tree to tree, Morgan had chances to fire at hostiles several times and finally dropped one. Elated over his success he called out, "I got him." In doing this he exposed his position to another Indian in the same nest who thereupon fired and got Morgan through the arm, into the side and apparently through both lungs. The soldiers got the Indian.

"We thought sure that Morgan would die that night but he is still living and in good health, a colonel on the retired list. The surgeon (Dr.—later Colonel Ewing) found that when the bullet broke the arm bone its force was so lessened that it did not break the rib, as from the hole made we supposed it had, but slid around it under the skin and lodged in the muscles of the back, where it was finally dug out and presented to Morgan.

"Sergeant Conn was a character in the Sixth Cavalry and had been with the regiment for about twenty years. The bullet hit him full in the throat, made a ghastly hole, pushed aside the jugular vein (so the surgeon claimed), grazed the vertebra and passed out, leaving a hole as big as a silver dollar; all this in the neck that wore a number thirteen collar.

"In the meantime I had pushed forward with Sieber, whom I saw kill three hostiles as they were creeping to the edge of the canon to drop over. He would say, "There he goes," then bang would go his rifle. The Indian that I had never seen, strain my eyes as I might, would, when hit throw up his arms as if trying to seize some support, then under the impetus of his rush, plunge forward on his

head and roll over several times. One, shot near the brink, plunged clear over and it seemed to me kept falling for ten minutes.

"It was now about five-thirty and getting dusk; only about seventy-five yards and a little ravine some seven feet deep separated me and my men from the Indians in the camp. I knew that unless the camp was taken pretty quick the Indians would escape under cover of darkness, so I resolved to cross the ravine and take it. I told Sieber that I was going to do it, and much to my surprise he hastily remonstrated.

" 'Don't you do it, Lieutenant; don't you do it; there are lots of Indians over there and they will get you sure.'

" 'Why, Al, you have killed every one of them,' " I replied, and instructed my men what to do. They were to rush forward to the ravine, halt under cover, then, when ordered, were to advance at a run into the camp with some cartridges in hand, guns loaded. We did just that and had no casualties, due, I think, to the fact that Captain Kramer's men and Sieber smothered the hostiles with their fire.

"As we rushed forward on the other side of the ravine I soon discovered that, as Sieber had said, there were lots of Indians there, and we had business on our hands. But I had with me Sergeant Horan, Sergeant Martin, and six or eight other old-timers whom such things did not disconcert in the least. Things were going slap-bang when suddenly not over six feet away was an Indian with his gun leveled directly at me. It seemed he could not miss, so raising my gun, I stood awaiting the shock of the bullet. He was nervous and jerked the trigger sufficiently to barely miss me and hit a young Scotchman, McLellan, just to my left, and probably a foot in the rear. McLellan fell, I fired and threw myself to the ground.

"Sieber, Captain Kramer and several others saw me go down and thought for sure I had been hit. I found I was not but saw McLellan lying almost beside me and asked if he was hit; he replied, 'Yes, sir, through the arm; I think it is broken.'

"I told him to lie quietly, and we would get back to the ravine. In a lull, I rose up and found he was unconscious; dragged him back about twenty feet where the slope pro-

ted us; rested a little, then back a little farther. Finally Sergeant Horan and myself got him to the bottom of the ravine.

"In going back with McLellan, Abbott's men saw several hostiles rise up to fire, whom they had not seen before. Every man in the line turned loose on them, not knowing that I was in their direct line of fire at two hundred yards distance, and the way the air was filled with bullets showed that they were coming close inside their target. Several pieces of gravel and small fragments of rock or lead struck me in the face, making it bleed. I was sure that I was hit and would soon collapse. Kramer's men swarmed into the hostiles but darkness soon came on and the fight was over.

"I grabbed some blankets from the Indian camp and made a nice bed for McLellan, but the bullet had smashed his rib and gone through both lungs. He passed away quietly about an hour later."

This concludes General Cruse's statement. From notes the writer, then military telegraph operator at Fort Apache, made at Fort Apache in discussing the fight with officers and men of the command, army records at Washington, and also in later years, General Cruse and Colonel Morgan, the following particulars of the fight are given:

About dark the day of the fight a terrible thunder storm such as are common in the mountains of Northern Arizona, swept across the country. The rain turned to hail which covered the ground four or five inches deep. When they found poor Conn he was half buried in hail. Under these difficult conditions the Indians slipped away during the night; nearly all afoot. It was not more than twenty miles to the Apache Reservation line where they were secure from further attack or punishment.

A night guard or patrol under the command of Lieut. Hodgson, 6th Cavalry, was left on the battle field while the rest of the command moved back and made camp on an open flat a short distance from the canyon.

Early next morning, July 18, Hodgson's men heard groans as from a wounded man. A wounded Apache at bay is a dangerous person. The men cautiously investigated the vicinity from which the groans seemed to come. While they were doing this a shot came from a sort of breastwork of rocks on the edge of the canyon. They hunted cover and locating the point by

the rising powder smoke (there was no smokeless powder then), they fired at the rocks. Two or three more shots came from the "nest," then ceased.

The troopers blazed away at it for some minutes, then charged. Curled up behind it they found a young Apache squaw—the hostiles had but five or six women with them—with a young baby by her side together with a very old woman who seemingly had taken no part in the firing.

The girl pulled a knife from her belt and attacked the soldiers fiercely. When she was overpowered and disarmed she had a rifle. The three shots she fired were her last cartridges. She proved to have a bullet through her leg above the knee which had broken and shattered the bone.

The men rigged up a rough litter of pine saplings, and with a soldier carrying the baby, got the poor thing down the rough trail to the bottom and up and out the other side to the camp. It must have been a terrible ordeal but she stood it without a groan.

The following day, September 19, the army surgeons amputated her leg close to the thigh, doing it without anesthetics or stimulants of any kind. The soldiers who helped in the operation said they never saw such fortitude and apparent indifference to pain as that young Apache squaw displayed.

On September 20, 1882, the troops, having made their wounded as comfortable as possible, buried the dead, shod a lot of the horses and pack-mules that had lost shoes, and started for their separate posts.

The column from Fort Apache took a gentle saddle-mule, covered the army saddle with many folds of blanket, making a sort of broad seat on which they placed the wounded woman. With a soldier to lead the mule, her baby at her breast, she rode for seven long hot days across those rough mountains to Fort Apache.

The writer saw her not so long afterward hobbling around the post with a crutch. Eventually they fitted her up with a "peg-leg" with which she got about very nicely.

The casualties to the troops were: First Sergeant Taylor, D Troop 3rd Cavalry, wounded in the arm; Sergeant Daniel Conn, E Troop, 6th Cavalry, shot through the neck. I saw him a few years since, hale and hearty, at the Soldiers' Home near Washington, D. C. Private Joseph McLellan, of the same troop,

died on the field from a shot through the lungs. Privates Timothy Foley, James Muleca and John Witt, of K Troop, 6th Cavalry, all were badly wounded, but they recovered.

Private Pete of the Indian Scouts was instantly killed by a bullet through the head very early in the battle.

Second Lieutenant George H. Morgan, 3rd Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant George L. Converse, Jr., 3rd Cavalry, were both severely wounded as told by General Cruse.

The two officers were sent from the battle to the nearest military post, Fort Verde, where everything possible was done for them: Later Converse was sent east for further treatment.

As I recall it, there was no surgeon with the command until two, hurriedly summoned by Chaffee, reached the battle-ground from Fort Verde the day after the fight.

Converse's father was a congressman from Ohio. When the facts were learned he quickly secured the passage of a law authorizing additional army surgeons at such frontier posts and also prohibiting the movement of U. S. troops after hostiles unless accompanied by a surgeon.

Lieutenants Morgan and Converse both were at once retired from active service. It was their first, and last, Indian fight.

Within a week after the troops had returned to Fort Apache, scouts reported the presence in nearby White Mountain Indian camps of a number of Indians badly wounded in the fight. The commanding officer, being a wise soldier, and well acquainted with the habits and peculiarities of the Indian Service, instead of sending a troop of cavalry after them first wired the department commander, General Crook, at Prescott, for orders. Crook sent the wire to the division commander at San Francisco; he, in turn, asked army headquarters at Washington for orders, which, in its turn, took it up with the officials of the Indian service.

In the course of time came a brief dispatch from Washington to the effect that no Indians who were living on the reservations peacefully were to be interfered with regardless of their past history. The Indian Rights Association was in the saddle, as usual, and nothing was done to the renegade Indians.

Within six months we were discussing the fight with Indians living around Fort Apache who took part in the fight. They told us many of the details.

It was from some of them that we understood how they were misled as to the size of Chaffee's command. They declared they saw only the white horse troopers and believed no other soldiers were near.

Lieut. Cruse told me he was directed by Chaffee the next morning after the battle, July 18, to make as close a count of the dead on the battleground as he could. He found and marked 22 dead bodies, but believed a number of others were in inaccessible places among the rocks where his men were unable to locate them.

As a matter of fact civilians who came on the field after the troops left claimed to have found several that Cruse had missed.

According to war department records, only five troops of Cavalry—D and I troops of the 3rd; D, E, and I troops of the 6th, and Morgan's Indian scouts, E company, were engaged in the fight. The others arrived on the field the morning of the 18th, after the battle was over.

Major Evans in his official report called it the "Battle of the Big Dry Wash". It was said to be a branch of the Canyon Diablo. This was because it was so designated on the only map then available. On Sitgreaves' map of 1851, and on Smith's Military map of 1879, it is called Big Dry Fork. On both it seems to flow into the Canyon Diablo.

It is now known to be an eastern tributary of East Clear Creek which, in turn, empties into the Little Colorado River about three miles east of Winslow, on the Santa Fe. The battleground is on the extreme eastern end of the Coconino National Forest in Coconino County.

On present day forest maps the battlefield covered the northern end of what is shown as Battle-Ground Ridge. This ridge ends at the point where the Canyon heads, in which the fighting occurred. Battle-Ground Ridge is about three and one-half miles northeast of General's Spring, near the Rim, and some eight or ten miles southeast of the U. S. Ranger Station in Long Valley.

Return of Troops to Fort Apache

The troops from Fort Apache returned there on the afternoon of July 27, 1882. I stood in the doorway of the old log telegraph office as they marched in review past the commanding officer standing on the walk in front of it. The wounded

squaw was with the pack train, rather excited and pleased at the attention she attracted. Every one geyed most unmercifully the soldier trooper who, astride of his horse, carried the baby done up in a willow papoose basket one of the Indian scouts had made for it.

The 6th cavalymen rode western horses of California stock. Small, active, surefooted animals, with good hard hoofs and used to rustling their food at night hobbled out on the range. I think every Sixth cavalryman came back to Apache on the same mount he left with.

On the other hand, the 3rd cavalry, which had but recently come to Arizona from Fort Hayes, Kansas, were mounted on big fine-boned Kentucky bred animals. They had huge and very brittle hoofs and let one of them lose a shoe and unless reshod at once, they went dead lame and had to be left behind. Also, they knew absolutely nothing about "hobbles" and rustling for their forage on the range at night after a hard day's march.

In the command that passed us a number of the men and at least one officer of the Third Regiment were riding Indian ponies captured from the hostiles. Their mounts had played out. Also a large number of those handsome cavalry horses from Old Kentucky were limping along; just about able to make the post and no more. Practically every troop of the Third lost horses on the trip from various causes. I have before me a copy of the muster-roll for July, 1882, of D troop of the 3rd. It states that Captain King on arrival at Fort Apache called for a board of survey: "To relieve him from responsibility for seven troop-horses lost during the campaign." All the other troops of this regiment had about the same luck with their mounts.

The Globe "Rangers"

A day or two after the outbreak of 1882, a small party of citizens around Globe organized what was called the "Globe Rangers". Amid much local enthusiasm and with much criticism of the military authorities for their failure to protect the settlers, they started after the hostiles. The second or third night out they camped at a cattle ranch on Salt River, put some of their horses in the corral near the cabin, and hobbled the others out to graze on the nearby range.

About daylight the next morning the Indians raided the place, fired a few shots into the cabin to wake the sleeping

warriors, and let them know they were around, then skipped out with all the horses in the corral and every animal they could find on the outside range.

Two or three of the men mounted on what animals they could pick up, followed the Indians, arriving at the battle-ground after all was over.

Of these Lieutenant Davis writes:

"The morning after the fight two of these men appeared in our camp looking for their horse stock. They began claiming every good horse in the herd that our troops had captured from the Indians.

"I was standing beside Chaffee who with his hands in his pockets, was letting them go as far as they would, but getting madder and madder every minute. Finally one of them claimed Chaffee's own saddle mare and his companion backed him up in the claim.

"Then the air around us took on a blue tinge. The two sneaked out under Chaffee's barrage. They got no horses. A few hours later the rightful owner of the horses they had been claiming, the wounded Sigsbee brother (Lt. Davis erroneously calls him Bixby. W. C. B.) came into camp and recovered his stock."

Indian Scalps

As a matter of fact, several officers present at the fight told me that a number of citizens who had heard of the battle put in an appearance a day or two later and proceeded to loot the dead Indians' corpses and their camp, including taking off their scalps.

Major Chaffee, however, promptly suppressed this, but they hung around until the troopers left and then scalped and robbed the dead bodies to their hearts' content.

A number of these so-called "Rangers" followed the command over to Fort Apache and a few days afterwards I myself saw half dozen freshly taken Indian scalps in the hands of soldiers around the post. They had purchased them from these civilian warriors.

Apaches Don't Scalp

It should always be remembered that the Apaches do not nor never did scalp their dead enemies. Many of the 6th cavalrymen had served on the plains where the Indians did scalp their fallen foes. From them they had learned how to preserve

scalps according to Indian practice. A small wooden hoop about six inches in diameter, such as ladies use for making fancy work upon, was first made. Inside this hoop the fresh scalp was stretched by sewing it along the edges and over the hoop with heavy thread or twine, just as small hides are stretched for tanning purposes. Several well-cured Apache scalps fixed up in this original form, with the original owner's long black hair attached, were peddled around the post and offered at ten dollars each.

Hostiles Not Buried

There has been considerable criticism of the military forces for not burying the dead hostiles after the battle. This was practically impossible. The country there was very rocky, they had no suitable tools for this purpose and the bodies were widely scattered over the terrain, amid the rocks and deep fissures of the rough canyons where the fight took place. They buried their own dead, which was about as far as they could go under such conditions.

(Letters from civilians who saw the battlefield soon after it was over)

C. P. Wingfield, of Humboldt, writes:

"In regard to the battle between U. S. troops and Apache Indians. It was fought on the point between General's Spring Canyon and Miller Canyon and in some small canyons on the east bank of East Clear Creek. I think you have the date right, July 17, 1882. The battle started about 11 o'clock a. m., and lasted two or three hours. It was a pretty hot fight for one or two hours; then the Indians began to scatter and shoot wild. They reported about forty Indians killed and about that many got away through side canyons. I mean warriors—they had quite a number of children and squaws with them. They all managed to make their escape in some way. Some were picked up by U. S. Troops about 35 miles north of there. All had guns and tried to put up a fight. (This is an error on Mr. Wingfield's part, or at least the officers made no report of such an incident. W. C. B.)

"This fight took place about Rock Crossing or near there, and about ten miles from the Rim of Tonto Basin—not on Canyon Diablo. Battle-Ground Ridge is the place. I was with the pack-train and about half a mile back of the firing line. I have been in Clear Creek Canyon at all times of the day but never remember seeing stars in the daytime.

"The Indians came up out of Tonto Basin where the Tunnel Road comes up to General's Spring; went out west on the big flat ridge and pitched camp; rolled some big oak logs together and built a big fire, then killed two mules and a horse and had a big barbecue.

"The fire was still burning when we came up that night. Al Sieber sent out two Indian scouts to spy on the Indians and report their movements. They came into camp sometime before daylight the day of the fight and reported they—the Indians—had made camp and were fortifying and preparing to fight. The packers were given orders to get the pack-mules as soon as it was light enough to see, and proceed to pack up the camp outfit and follow after the troops with all haste, which we did.

"If you have been on the rim of Tonto Basin at General's Spring, you know you can see pretty well down into the Basin.

"Well, the Indians could look off down there and see what we called the "White Horse Troop" mounted on gray horses. They supposed that was all that was after them, so they thought they would fortify and the soldiers would ride right into their nest and they—the Indians—would massacre the whole troop. So an Indian said that got back to the reservation. They did not know there were two companies of cavalry and one company of Indian scouts after them. The Indians said all they could see from the top of the hill were the white horses.

"Casualties on the troops' side, one private killed and Lieut. Morgan shot through the lungs below the heart. We packed him up to the Fort Apache and Camp Verde Road, and from there hauled them all to Verde in a government ambulance.

"Next day the lieutenant was taken to Fort Whipple and got well. He was killed in the Philippines afterwards. (Col. Morgan please take notice. W. C. B.) The troops rode to the top of the mountain and dismounted. Every fourth man held horses. Then they charged down the hill as fast as they could—Indian scouts and troops, Lt. Morgan in the lead. The Indians got excited and were shooting high. The bullets were cutting the tops off the pine trees up where we were with the pack-train.

"Right in the thickest part of the fight one of Al Sieber's scouts saw two of his brothers and his father with the Indians. He threw his gun down and started to run to his folks. Sieber

told him to halt. He did not heed him. Sieber raised his rifle and fired, shooting him in the back of the head. The trooper that was killed on the battle-field was buried there and the grave marked with stones.

"I was there in the summer of 1886, four years afterward and saw the grave, also found the skeleton of an Indian in a cave about half a mile up the canyon from the battle ground.

"Humboldt, Arizona,

"August 18 1929."

(Considering Mr. Wingfield writes wholly from memory, this account fits very nicely into the official and other accounts written at the time, besides giving several additional incidents not elsewhere recorded. W. C. B.)

Fred W. Croxen, at that time forest ranger stationed at Payson, Arizona, in the Tonto Basin, has written the following account of the incidents concerning this battle. It is published by his permission.

"The last real Indian raid in Arizona occurred in the summer of 1882. This was started by a band of renegade Indians concerned with the fight at Cibecue where Captain Hentig and several soldiers were killed. This occurred on Cibecue Creek on the Apache Indian Reservation on August 30, 1881, and such an occurrence could only be followed by further trouble.

"Eighty-six Indians ran away from the reservation and went in a westerly direction through Pleasant Valley where they killed several horses and stole others belonging to the Tewksbury family and Al Rose. After leaving Pleasant Valley the Indians went in a northwesterly direction next attempting to raid the Bar X Ranch, which is about nine miles from Pleasant Valley. This ranch was occupied by Bob and Will Sigsbee at that time. There was a man with them, a Swiss by the name of Louie Houdon, who had discovered a rich mineral deposit in Spring Creek Canyon, directly under Diamond Butte.

"Houdon had come up to the ranch to get the Sigsbees to help him do some work on his claim. Early that morning, Bob Sigsbee and Houdon were up on the ridge east of the house wrangling their saddle and pack-horses when they were attacked by Indians, both being killed.

"Will Sigsbee, hearing the shots and suspecting what they meant, grabbed a water-bucket, ran to the spring, filled it and ran back to the house, which was an adobe with thick walls.

"This house, by the way, is still in use as the headquarter's ranch house. As Will ran to the door, an Indian shot at him. He slipped and the Indian no doubt thought he was hit. This made the Indian rather careless and Sigsbee was fortunate enough to kill one in a very short time as he raised his head up through the forks of a walnut tree a short distance from the house. Sigsbee was besieged for three days, during which time he killed an Indian who tried to cut the saddle from a dead mule in front of the house—killed by the Indians—and got another Indian hiding behind a stump on an elevation several yards east of the house. I am told the Indians found the troops were after them and left, which was a great relief to poor Sigsbee in the house for it broke the siege. When the troops came they buried the two white men on the ridge where they fell. Their bodies still rest in those hastily made graves.

"After leaving the Sigsbee Ranch the Indians continued in the same direction, next coming to the Isadore Christopher place. Christopher was a Frenchman; had settled the place and swore he would stay there and make a stake or lose his life in the attempt. He did stay in spite of the many hardships and made himself wealthy.

"At this place the Indians burned the two log houses, all he had built at the time. Fortunately, Christopher was away at the time and no doubt escaped death at the Indians' hands in that way.

"The soldiers were on their trail so close that they came to the still smouldering ruins of the cabins. Christopher had killed a bear and the carcass was hanging in one of the cabins. The soldiers saw this body in the fire and were sure Christopher had been killed and burned. After leaving the Christopher place the Indians went in a westerly direction, passing north of the Diamond Rim, over the old Indian trail, past what was then known as the Jim Roberts place—now owned by Zane Grey, the writer. They went on west, passing near the present E. F. Pyle Ranch and camped on the East Verde, on what is now the old Belluzzi Ranch.

"From here a part of them went down the East Verde nearly five miles and attacked the Meadows family, at what is now known as the Hendershot place.

"Jim Burchett and John Kerr had already ridden out from Globe and warned the settlers at Marysville, Payson, and surrounding country. The people had been fortunate up at Payson. Tiring of this inaction, old man Meadows determined

to return to their place on the East Verde, saying he didn't believe there was an Indian outbreak and if there was, the bullet had not yet been cast that could kill him. So the family returned home.

"Henry, one of the Meadows boys, was at the army post of Camp Verde, and returned home to warn his people of the Indian outbreak. He arrived there about eleven p. m. and as all were in bed and asleep he did not waken them, thinking the Indians were far away from there.

"As day was breaking the father heard the dogs barking on the north side of the house. He thought it was a bear after their stock, some of which had been left in the corral.

"Taking his Long Tom calibre-fifty rifle, he went out to learn the trouble. As he walked round the top of a pine tree that had fallen there, he was shot by two Indians, a ball piercing each breast and coming out at the back. The boys heard the shots, grabbed rifles and cartridge belts and ran outside. Henry was shot between the bones of his forearm and another bullet hit the cartridge belt in his hand exploding three cartridges and driving one, brass end foremost, into his groin.

"Doc Massey and John Grey, who first settled the Cold Springs Ranch, were notified by messenger from Payson that the Indians were on the war-path. They rode to the Meadows Ranch and Mrs. Meadows told them her husband had been killed and the two boys wounded. They rode to Payson and notified the men who went to their relief. They buried the father and hauled the rest of the family to the Siddle place, farther down the East Verde. The old man they buried under the floor of the cabin so the Indians would not find and mutilate the body should they return. His body was removed a few years later to the Payson public cemetery where it still lies in the Meadows plot.

"Major A. R. Chaffee, at Camp McDowell, near the mouth of the Verde River, who was in command of Troop I, the White Horse Troop of the Sixth United States cavalry, had received notice from San Carlos that the Indians were out. He left for Pleasant Valley arriving behind the Indians, and learned of their depredations near that place.

"It is not known whether he brought his Indian scouts from McDowell or not (He did, W. C. B.). Old-timers, however, say he brought forty soldiers and forty Indian scouts with him, together with his pack-train. Al Sieber, Pat Kehoe and Mickey

Free, all noted scouts of the time, were also with the troops, having come from San Carlos and caught up with them, according to Tom Horn, who claims to have been chief of scouts at the time. (He was not chief of scouts, however. W. C. B.)

"Chaffee took their trail, and when they found they had climbed the Tonto Rim at the head of the East Verde over what is now known as the Old Tunnel Road, he allowed his men only time to eat and feed their horses. They took the trail up over the rim and jumped the Indians at General's Spring, where the battle opened up and was fought down what is now known as Battle-Ground Ridge.

"The Indians were putting on a big feed and jerking meat when the soldiers jumped their camp. They had also stolen a little fat mare belonging to the Tewksbury family. Before fleeing from the soldiers the Indians stabbed this mare to death with their knives for no other apparent reason than to show their cruel and savage nature. Chaffee had been on so many Indian campaigns in Arizona, that he gave the order to shoot to kill. Eighty out of the eighty-six Indians were accounted for and only six captured, some of them badly shot up. (This is an error according to Lieut. Cruse's statement. W. C. B.)

"A Colonel Evans, of the 3rd Cavalry, was on the trail of the Indians with soldiers from Camp Verde (Apache? W. C. B.) but was too late to join in the fight. Had he been in the battle he would have assumed command as he was Chaffee's superior in rank. But Chaffee was commended (by Evans) for his method of attack and advanced for it.

"One soldier was killed near the close of the battle at what is known as Rock Crossing, on East Clear Creek. His body was buried in a lonely grave on the rim of the canyon, unmarked and forgotten, but that of a soldier nevertheless.

"There is a story current in this country now, that a squaw was wounded in this battle, having one leg shattered. She was captured after a day or two at what is known as Hunter Spring on Blue Ridge, about two miles northwest of Rock Crossing, and when captured she asked the soldiers to cut the other leg off so she could walk again. The leg wasn't cut off. Tom Horn mentions a squaw in his book which is probably the same squaw, but does not tell about her asking to have both legs cut off, although he says the surgeons amputated one leg when they brought her back to camp. This squaw according to Horn had a papoose concealed in the rocks and brush and made a big

fuss until the soldiers looked and found it, bringing it along with them.

"It is said by reliable parties that for several years after this battle skeletons of Indians, wounded and later dying, could be seen in the shallow caves along East Clear Creek from the Rock Crossing up to what is now known as Jones' Crossing.

"As previously stated, when the people of Payson and vicinity heard of the Indian outbreak, they "forted up" at the Siddle Place, an adobe house on land now owned by August Pieper. The married men and families held the fort while the single men did scout duty.

"Some of the single men caught up with the troops and were in the battle down the Battle-Ground Ridge and Rock Crossing.

"The scene of this battle has ever since been known as Battle-Ground Ridge, and the canyon on the west side of this ridge, where the pack-trains made camp and the troops camped after the fight, is now known as Cracker Box Canyon, because of the cracker boxes left there when the camp was broken up after the fight.

"A part of one of these old boxes was nailed to a tree and the writer saw it, old and weather-worn, thirty-five years after the battle.

"One of the Indian scouts who took part in the battle resides now in Payson. He is Henry Irving, but his command of English is so poor that it is impossible to get an account of it from him. He claims to have killed two Indians in the battle.

"Most of the above account was given me by William Craig, who still resides in Payson, Arizona, and who helped move the Meadows family after the shooting of their father and the sons. Other parts have been gathered from time to time from old residents and from stories told by the older inhabitants to the younger generation, and from Tom Horn's book. Some may be in error, the greater part is just as it happened. However, it is the account of the fight as remembered by the old-timers and recited by them after more than forty-five years have passed away.

"Mr. Craig recently told me that shortly after this fight, six wild Apache Indians came into San Carlos and gave up. These Indians, four bucks and two squaws, had been in hiding on the head of Deer Creek, on the east side of the Mazatzal

Mountains in Tonto Basin. They had never before been to an agency and no record of them had ever been made. They would not have given up but they realized after the disastrous fight on Battle-Ground Ridge that their time would come before long and they would probably be captured or killed—the latter in all likelihood. They were the very last wild Indians to give up in the Tonto Basin country.

“Payson, Arizona, July 28, 1929.”

COMMENTS BY W. C. B.

These two personal narratives, written by men who took part in those early Arizona days, are invaluable from the historian's point of view. They offer an entirely different point of view from the official and military reports upon which much of our early Arizona history is based.

If in some particulars they do not fit exactly into the facts as generally accepted, we can be very lenient with them, remembering that these matters happened nearly fifty years ago and that the human memory is very unreliable after a lapse of years. Moreover, most of these old timers were grown men in 1882, hence must now have many, many years of life behind them.

The story of old man Christopher's bear left hanging in the log cabin is well recalled. One version of it is to the effect that the soldiers really thought it was a human body and so buried the charred remains in a grave near the burned cabin without ever realizing they were performing the last sad rites over the remains of a bear. The civilians of those days were inclined to poke fun at the army people.

Tom Horn was not chief of scouts at this time. He was a packer in one of the pack-trains—at San Carlos, if my memory serves me right. Reliable army officers have told me Horn was not in the fight, but was with the pack-trains back of the lines. The quartermaster records at Washington have been searched for Horn's record as a scout. They show that the one and only time he was employed by the U. S. Government as a scout was “at Fort Bowie, Arizona, from October 13, 1885, to September 30, 1886.” This was during Miles' Geronimo campaign in Mexico. His long yarn in his book telling of his presence at the Battle of Cibicue is an outrageous, barefaced lie from start to finish. I knew every soldier, officer, packer and scout who took part in that fight. I saw the command

leave Fort Apache and met it four or five miles west of the post the afternoon they returned from the unfortunate affair.

Tom Horn was not with the command at any time. General Cruse says his yarn about the Cibicue fight was false from beginning to end.

The soldier and Indian scout killed and buried on the Dry Wash battle-field were taken up by the military authorities a few years later and moved to Fort Apache, where they were laid away with a full military funeral in the post cemetery.

I established a cattle-camp at the head of West Chevelon Canyon in 1887 a few miles east of the field and rode over to the battle-field several times in the following years. There were then plenty of skeleton, skulls, etc., of both humans and animals, scattered around on the ground. Most of them, however, were carried off eventually by visitors to the scene.

The cracker box mentioned was still on the tree, just as told by Mr. Craig. These boxes, by the way, were those in which hardtack for the troops in the field was packed. They used a lot of hardtack in those days.

The muster roll of company E Indian scouts, a copy of which I have before me, shows no Indian named "Irving." But there is one named "Henry" on the list, and it's an easy matter to guess that he was later called "Henry Irving." Anyhow, that's a fairly good guess.

The story of the six wild, broncho Apaches that gave themselves up after the battle is an interesting one. I never before heard it. Probably it is based on facts. Stranger things than that happened in those days.

One thing always stands out in my memory of this fight. It is the fact that the company of Indian scouts that took part in it were, in larger part, relatives, friends and members of the same band of Apaches from which came the renegades—the White Mountain Apaches. That only one deserted to the enemy during the fight is a fine tribute to their loyalty to the government which they were serving as enlisted men.

NOTE: Quotations from Britton Davis' book, "The Truth About Geronimo," were used by permission of the publishers, the Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut.

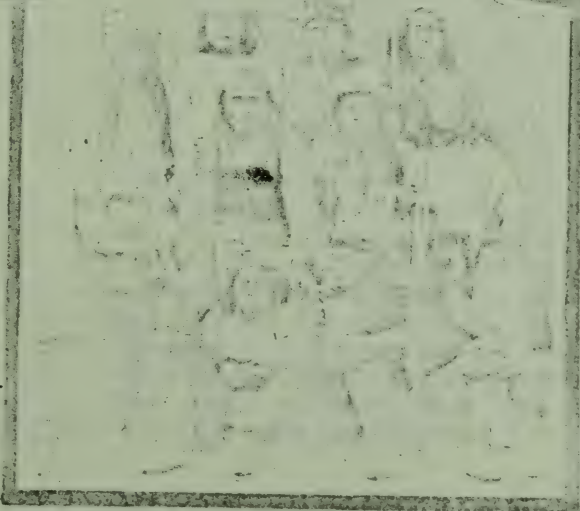
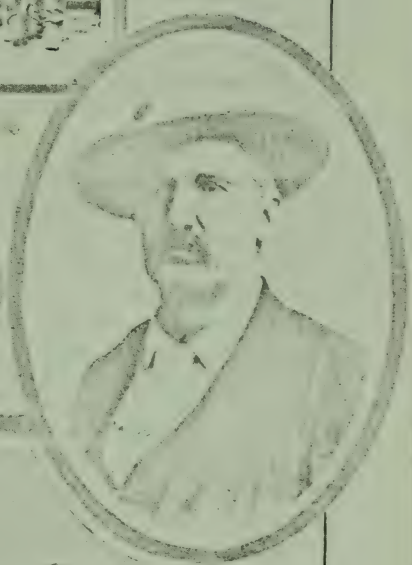
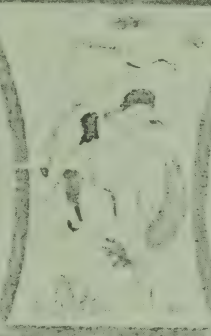
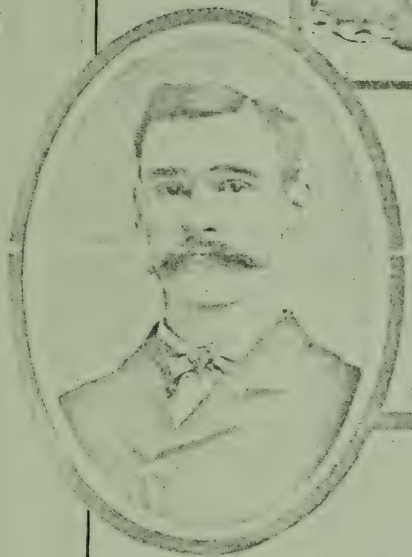
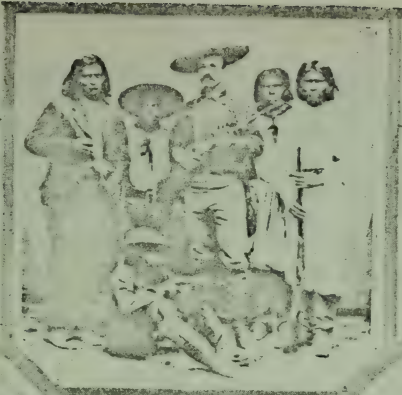
W. C. B.

AL SIEBER, FAMOUS SCOUT OF THE SOUTHWEST

(By DAN R. WILLIAMSON)

Albert Sieber was born in the Grand Dutchy of Baden, Germany, February 29, 1844, and died near Roosevelt, Arizona, February 19, 1907. Came to America with his parents as a small boy, settling for a time in Pennsylvania, then moved to Minnesota.

Early in 1862 Sieber enlisted in Company B, First Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, serving through the strenuous Peninsula campaign of the Army of the Potomac as a corporal and a sharp-shooter. On July 2, 1863, on Gettysburg Battlefield, he was dangerously wounded in the head by a piece of shell, and while lying helpless and unattended on the field of battle a bullet entered his right ankle and followed up the leg, coming out at the knee. He lay in the hospital until December, 1863, when he was transferred to the First Regiment of Veteran Reserves as a corporal, under Captain Morrison, and his regiment was accredited to the State of Massachusetts. When Sieber fell wounded on the field of Gettysburg, General Hancock, who was near him, was wounded at the same time. For Sieber's service with this regiment the State of Massachusetts paid him the sum of \$300 bounty. He was in active service until July 15, 1865, the close of the war, when he was mustered out and returned to Minneapolis, and in 1866, being of an adventurous turn of mind, he started for the west. In 1867-8 we hear of him at Virginia City, the great Nevada silver camp where while working on a road grade a highwayman came along and robbed him of fifty cents, all he had. For this he geyed the bandit unmercifully, so enraging him that he nearly murdered Sieber. Sieber next went to White Pine, Nevada, on a great silver rush, but not finding anything to his liking he went to California, where it is understood he joined some parties in driving a bunch of horses to Arizona. We next hear of him as foreman for C. C. Bean of Prescott, on his Williamson Valley and Verde Valley ranches. His stewardship of these ranches developed all of Sieber's resourcefulness, for he was called upon to defend the property and livestock thereon against both renegade whites and hostile Indians. In 1871 we find him a member of the celebrated Miner Expedition, organized by a man named Miner who claimed to have seen seventeen ounces of gold panned from one shovel



Courtesy Col. J. H. McClintock
 John P. Clum, Agent at San Carlos, and Apache escort, 1874. At left, Chas. T. Connell.
 At right, Al Sieber. Below, Alchisay, White Mountain Chief, and Warriors.

full of dirt. Miner failed to find the place and his story was believed to be false. Leaving Prescott this party numbered thirty and their numbers were increased at Phoenix, Tucson and Florence until there were 267 men. This party crossed the San Pedro River, thence to the mouth of the San Carlos River and up to its head, then over to the upper Salt River where they prospected for a few days. From there they went to Tonto Basin, Cherry Creek and into the Sierra Ancha Mountains, where they found neither gold or silver. They returned down Cherry Creek to Salt River and across to Wheatfields, just below Globe, where they separated, Governor Safford, who had captained the party, returned to Tucson with his crowd, while the Prescott bunch, under the leadership of Ed Peck, returned to that town with Sieber.

Dave and Robert Anderson, twin brothers, who two years later made the first location in the Globe mining district, were members of this party, the claims they located were called the Globe and the Globe Ledge, and are now important components of the Old Dominion group, and allow me to remark right here that the Old Dominion Mine, which has been operating in a large way for nearly fifty years, has more copper ore in sight today than at any time in its history. Sieber first entered United States employ in July, 1871, scouting under General Stoneman, and in November, 1872, was employed as a scout at Camp Hualpai. Under date of September 24, 1872, Captain Mason, Fifth Cavalry, reports the jumping of four hostile Apache-Navajo camps, in which raid forty warriors were killed and many more wounded, also, eight women and ten children were captured. Hualapai scouts were used in this raid and they rendered splendid service. Mason in his report says: "Guide Seiber did excellent service." In 1873 Sieber was sent to Fort Verde in active charge of a large body of Apache scouts. In the winter of 1873, seemingly all of the Indians of Arizona were on the war-path and Sieber was everywhere, fighting constantly. He would often be in the field for weeks, the only white man, with from thirty to one hundred scouts, and in those days they neither asked nor gave quarter. Arizona in those days was a veritable paradise according to Sieber. Along the river bottoms the grasses were so tall that a man riding through them on horseback would be concealed. Also, in the fastness of the White Mountains he has seen flocks or bands of wild turkeys that he estimated contained ten thousand birds. He had killed gobblers weighing up to forty pounds from which only the breasts were taken and made into "jerky."

In a day's march across the country he told that his scouts had killed as many as eighty deer. In those days and up to 1887, all scouting by Indians was done on foot. Sieber was a keen observer and soon became a good judge of Indian character. He quickly gained their confidence and respect by treating them absolutely fair and giving them exact justice, never deceiving them in any way. He would fight and whip them to-day and enlist them as scouts tomorrow and when so enlisted by him they proved faithful in almost every instance. In all of Sieber's scouting he kept one eye open for promising mineral outcrops. Quoting Sharlot Hall in "Out West" for July, 1906, re the discovery of the Great United Verde Copper: "Once, when the Tontos came as usual to the place of the 'Bitter Water,' a white man came with them, Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts, under General Crook. Far below the present mine the little stream passed over a ledge of lime rock and had built up through uncounted ages a rich deposit of copper; to this Sieber came again with George B. Kell and made a location, calling it the Copper-Queen, and here long after a quantity of rich ore was taken out.

"Sieber and Kell and George Hull were probably the first prospectors to follow the little thread of colored water to the cliff rimmed peak."

Sieber told me personally that he had located the first mineral claim in the United Verde District. In 1878, while following and fighting the Del Shay bunch of Tontos in the Sierra Ancha Mountains, Sieber discovered a promising lead which, with several other government employees, he located, and he retained his interest in this property until his death twenty-nine years later. I became interested in this property with Sieber in 1888, and many of the happiest days of my life were spent in Del Shay with Sieber, while doing the assessment work on this property.

Deer were usually plentiful there and we kept about three hanging in a tree for our meat supply. The little basin was well watered and timbered and being five thousand feet high was usually cool and delightful. One day while trailing a wounded deer I followed him onto a rocky hilltop where I found many rock breastworks, and asking Sieber about them he explained that the Del Shay band of Apaches who lived there practically never surrendered, but fought day by day until they were pretty much exterminated; he explained that there were many breastworks like that all over that district, and when the Indians were

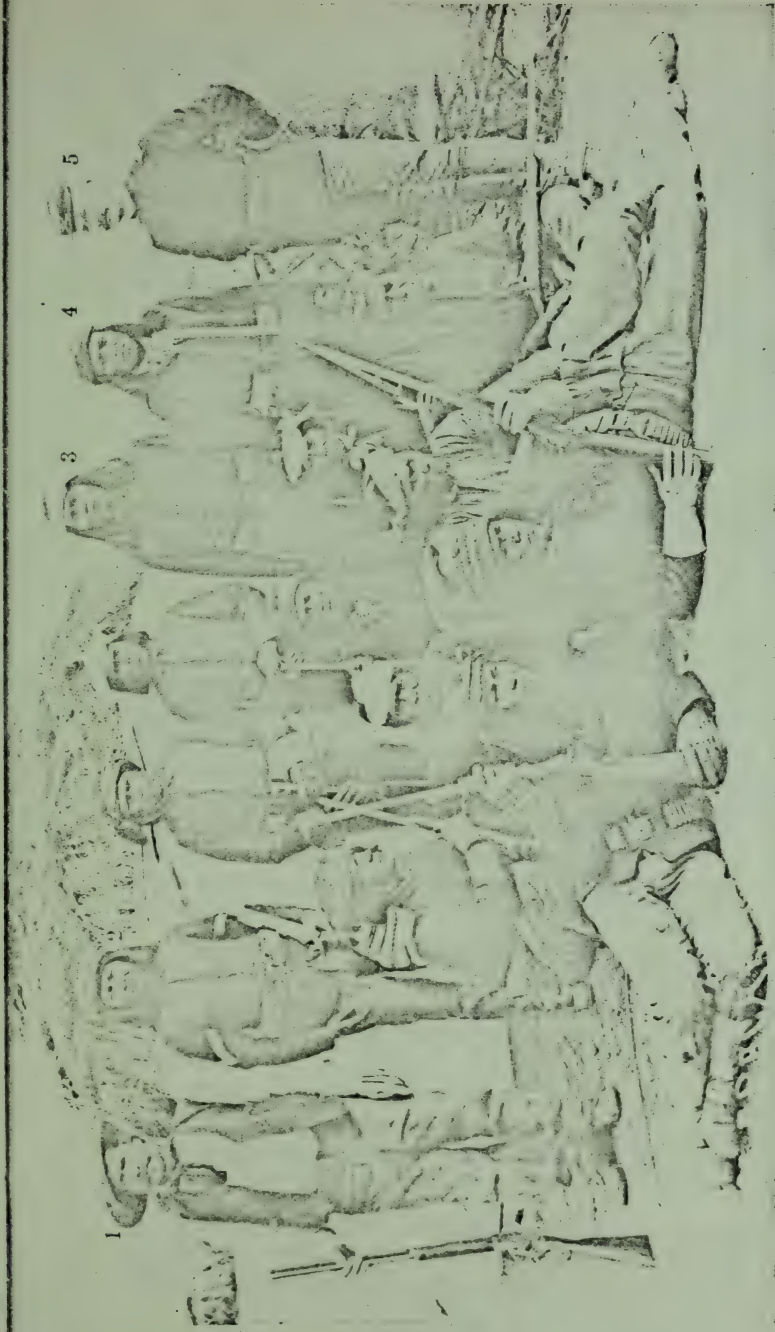


Photo courtesy Yavapai County Chamber of Commerce

EARLY DAY INDIAN SCOUTS AT SAN CARLOS IN 1890

Number 1 is Marijilda Grijalva, guide and interpreter since 1872 (was captured by Apaches when a small boy). Number 2 is Sergeant Billy, White Mountain Apache. Number 3 is Big John, San Carlos Apache, formerly First Sergeant under Siler. Number 4 is Dude, White Mountain Apache. (This is the Indian who smoked the peace pipe with Coolidge and the Pima Indian at the dedication of Coolidge Dam.) Number 5 is Lieutenant Tayman of the 24th Infantry, in charge of scouts.

driven from one lot they would retreat to another and continue to fight. Sieber said he had one scout in those days, John Daisy, who was able to trail by night, and when it was felt or suspicioned that they were nearing a hostile camp, one or two scouts would hold a woolen blanket in front of and partially around John Daisy while he lighted matches and continued trailing until the trail indicated they were close to the Indians, then they would lie down quietly until the first streak of dawn when they would jump the hostile camp again and continue this until all were killed or captured. On one occasion while doing our work in Del Shay, we had a Globe miner named Joe Heinrich employed. One day while deer hunting I saw one lone sheep ranging with a bunch of cattle. I quickly killed and dressed him and hung him in a tree to stiffen and went to camp with the liver and told the boys of the nice deer I had killed. I carried the sheep into camp next morning and made up my mind to fool the boys if possible, and make them think it was a deer. We lived on this animal for ten days and enjoyed it immensely; then I thought it time to pull the joke, so I went out and brought in the sheep's head and showed it to them.

Sieber was adroit, and immediately exclaimed: "H—I, I knew it was a sheep as soon as I looked at it." Heinrich admitted he was completely fooled. Next year we had another Globe miner, George Bowen, with us. We usually carried our rifles to and from work and it was Sieber's custom to leave the mine a little ahead of us in order to start the supper. One day while traveling the half mile to our camp, Sieber killed a deer beside the trail, and propping it up in the brush by the trail he went on to camp. In a short time Bowen came along, saw the deer, fired one, two, three shots at it, and when it did not move he went up to see why and found it already dead.

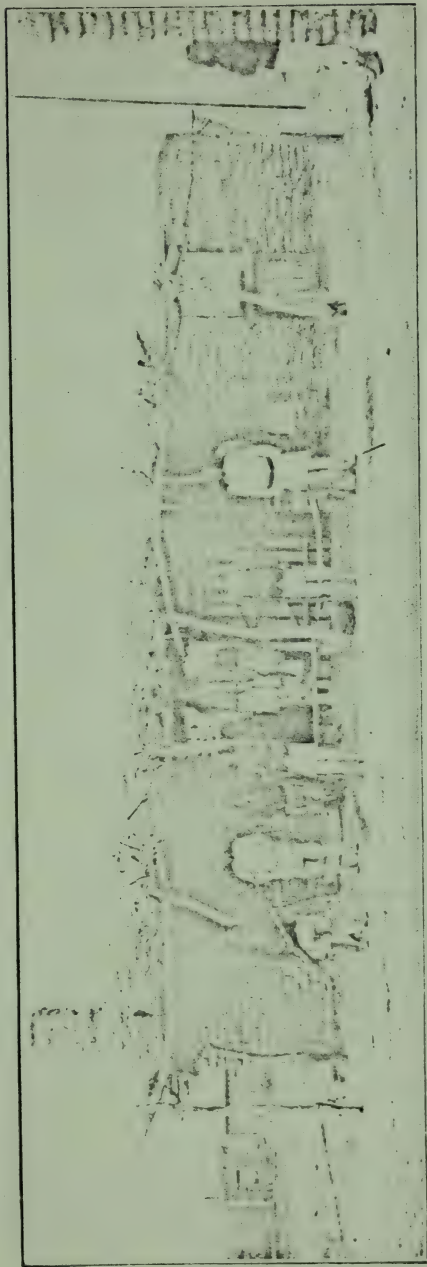
Sieber and I were bunkies in that camp in every sense of the word, our only shelter being a wagon-sheet hung over a rope that was stretched between two trees, the upper end was against a large rock which protected our heads, while the other end was wide open.

We bunked on the ground with a good cushion of small cedar boughs serving as a mattress. Sieber was superb as a camp cook and as neat as any woman, as well as being fastidious in his tastes. Eating Sieber's cooking was a rare privilege.

During Sieber's campaigns against various tribes—the Hualapias, Chemehuevis, Yumas, Mojaves, Tontos, San Carlos, White Mountains, Chiricahuas—all had their inning and all

were whipped and brought in. This covered a period of twenty years of almost constant warfare. Those who accompanied Sieber on a number of his campaigns credit him, personally, with having killed fifty Indians in actual combat. He was tireless and fearless, and always led his men. The Indians were firmly of the opinion that he bore a charmed life, for in the hundreds of battles in which he engaged he received twenty-eight bullet and arrow wounds, yet he was able to carry on. The Indians knew him as the "Iron Man," tireless and unbending. At the time of the revolt of the scouts at the Cibicu in 1881, Sieber and his scouts were soon on the ground, and they trailed down a pack-mule, loaded with rifle ammunition, that had strayed away from the soldier command when the fighting commenced. They also captured the scouts that took part, three of whom were hanged at Fort Grant after being tried and convicted by courtmartial there. The names of the scouts who were hanged are Skippy, Dandy Jim and Dead Shot. In July, 1882, there was an outbreak at San Carlos in which Chief of Scouts Colvig and two of his Indian scouts were killed. These Indians went north through the Sierra Anchas and up past Spring Creek and the Houdan and killed Sigsbee and Houdan, both ranchers of Northern Gila County. Sieber and his scouts left Camp Verde with Capt. Chaffee's Gray Horse Troop and overtook these Indians at Chevalons Fork, a deep gorge, where the hostiles lay in ambush for the soldier command. The sharp eyes of Sieber and his scouts discovered the ambush in time to save the soldiers. Additional troops of cavalry, and eight Indian scouts from Fort Apache joined Chaffee there and fighting continued all day. The hostiles were well concealed in the canyon; torrential rain fell during progress of the fight and the Indians escaped in the night leaving sixteen of their number dead on the field. One of the scouts from Camp Verde, Chief Smiley's brother, was killed. One soldier was killed and several were wounded.

Chief Smiley, now of Camp Verde, was Sieber's first sergeant of scouts in this fight and he has given me some interesting side-lights on it. He said that during this fight Sieber picked out and shot three Indians who were so well concealed in the brush that none of his companions could see them until they were hit and fell. All of this occurred within a few minutes; it is not known how many others fell by his hand during the day. At one time at San Carlos an Indian scout named Charlie, wishing to marry a woman of another tribe, bargained with her relatives, paid the price for her in horses and other



THE OLD SAN CARLOS GUARD HOUSE

Where Geronimo, The Kid and other famous Apaches were confined.

Courtesy Col. J. H. McClintock

things of value, and took her to his tepee. After a few days she returned to her people and refused to return to her husband. The new husband felt injured and went to the relatives and demanded that the wife return to him or that the purchase price be refunded. No attention was paid to his demand, so he killed the wife. He was arrested and tried by an Indian jury, before an Indian judge, as was the custom in those days. They returned a verdict to the effect that the prisoner was to be turned over to the Indians of the tribe to which his wife had belonged for punishment. Charley appealed to Sieber saying he expected to die and was willing to be shot or hanged, but begged that they not be allowed to torture him. When the Indians appeared at the guard-house asking for Charley, Sieber inquired what they were going to do to him, and they replied that they intended punishing him in their own way, which meant torture.

Sieber informed them that they could have him to either shoot or hang but not to torture, and they finally compromised by leaving him up to Sieber to be put out of the way. Sieber balked at this but sent word to Bill Duclin to get a four-mule spring-wagon, a pick and shovel and report at the guard-house; he also ordered two scouts to report, equipped and mounted. On arrival at the guard-house, the prisoner was loaded in and the party started toward Ft. Thomas. As they drove along Sieber and Charley kept up a running talk of events that had occurred in the near-by mountains.

And when Charley was particularly interested and smiling there was a loud report, a dead Apache, a grave dug by the mountainside and the matter was closed.

During the strenuous Apache campaigns Sieber and the scouts were constantly in the field, and when with troops were frequently a day in advance. On a trip into Mexico in 1886 with Capt. Crawford, 150 scouts and 40 soldiers, Sieber killed and dressed a bear, and catching one of the pack-mules attached to the pack-train accompanying the outfit, tied the wet and bleeding skin thereon and turned the mule loose. Terrified by the smell the pack-mule ran amuck directly among the mules of the long pack-train, scattering them in all directions. By the time they had caught the terrified mule, thirty mules had bucked off their packs.

A little later in this campaign, as the Indians remaining at San Carlos were getting restless, Sieber was relieved of duty in the field and returned to San Carlos where he might have a calming effect on the dissatisfied ones. Machokay, a tried and

true White Mountain scout, told me of these experiences concerning Sieber: "I was in the command with General Crook, Captains Chaffee and Crawford and 100 scouts under Al Sieber. This was in 1882. We were crossing the Mexican line en route to the Sierra Madre Mountains. Al Sieber sent me ahead with fifty scouts to try to cut the hostile trail and locate them. Sergeant Pasalau, a San Carlos Indian, and I were scouting together when we saw two Chiricahua bucks driving sixteen ponies. We crept up on them and I grabbed at the reins of one but missed; he whirled his horse around and drew his revolver when I fired and killed him. The man Pasalau was after escaped although fired at. (Pasalau appears again in this article as one of the Kid's band. Editor.) The command I was with soon captured Geronimo and his band and marched them back to San Carlos, finally locating them on Turkey Creek near Ft. Apache. When captured, we found they were holding five Mexican women captives. These captives were taken to Tucson and turned over to the Mexican Consul who returned them to their people in Mexico. The poor creatures were frantic with joy when they beheld American soldiers. They were almost devoid of clothing when found and the soldiers had a great time rustling underwear and other garments for them out of their meager supply." Machokay continuing, says: "As I had been in the field about a year on this campaign, I dropped out on arrival at San Carlos and was out for over a year, but enlisted again on Geronimo's 1885 outbreak and went to the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico with 100 scouts, under Captain Dorst, Fourth Cavalry. Captain Crawford was ahead of us with 100 White Mountain scouts. I was sent out to the high mountain points with fifteen scouts to try to locate the hostiles. It was winter and intensely cold; we frequently had icicles hanging to our hair. While on this duty, we received word that Capt. Crawford had been killed by Mexican troops, and in about a week his command, now under Lieut. Maus, joined us, and as our enlistments were expiring we were marched into San Carlos and discharged. On account of the hard service we had undergone our clothing was in tatters and our moccasins were worn out.

"Sieber wished me to re-enlist at once, and offered me the first sergeancy if I would do so, but wishing to rest awhile I declined, and Sieber made the Apache Kid first sergeant instead. This enlistment of the Kid as first sergeant possibly had a great bearing on Sieber's future life. I soon re-enlisted and served about four more enlistments at San Carlos under Sieber."



Courtesy Col. J. H. McClintock

CUTTING THE HOSTILE TRAIL—SAN CARLOS IN THE 80's

Geronimo's final surrender was accomplished shortly afterward and that chieftain with his band was shipped to Florida in September, 1886. During all of this time the Kid continued as first sergeant of scouts. He was the son of Toga-de-chuz, an old chief of the San Carlos tribe, who lived a short distance up the Gila River.

In 1887 Toga-de-chuz gave a big dance which was attended by Indians from far and wide. Apache liquor, Tis-win, was plentiful, and most all of the Indians became very much intoxicated. In the morning it was discovered that Toga-de-chuz had been murdered, stabbed in the heart. Suspicion pointed to Rip, an old Indian with whom Toga-de-chuz had had trouble, and this suspicion was supported by some evidence. Kid as the oldest son according to Indian custom was supposed to take up the fight and exact an eye for an eye. Not long after this Sieber sent the Kid with two scouts to arrest Rip and bring him in. Rip, fearing a trap, resisted, and the Kid killed him. Instead of riding in and reporting to Sieber as he should, he went to his camp and got drunk and finally sent Sieber word that he wished to see him. Sieber sent him back word to come in, and the Kid with four scouts, all mounted and armed, came riding single file up to Sieber's tent. Captain Pierce, Indian agent and commanding officer, and a good man, was with Sieber and told Sieber to disarm the Indians and confine them. Sieber ordered them to dismount, then he told the Kid to get their guns and belts, including his own, and hand them over. This he did. They were all ordered to report to the guard-house. The Kid started to obey when somebody in the surrounding throng discharged a gun; then h—l broke loose and firing became general. Sieber rushed to his tent, grabbed his rifle and was just raising it to fire when a 45-70 bullet crashed his ankle bone and this wound kept him on his back for nearly a year. Bystanders say that the Kid did not fire a shot, but he ran away with eight or ten men. They crossed the San Pedro River, going near Bisbee then into the Whetstone Mountains, killing two men, Deihl and Grace. From the Whetstones the Indians expected to go to Mexico, but looking down into the valley below they could see Capt. Lawton's cavalry command blocking their way and waiting for them, so they turned back towards San Carlos, but before reaching that point Lieut. Carter Johnson had cut their trail and run them into that agency, where they soon surrendered. These Indians being scouts were tried by courtmartial and sentenced to serve time at Leavenworth. Shortly after this the legality of their trial was questioned, the presumption being

that they should have been tried in the territorial courts. Subsequently all of these Indians and a number of others whom this ruling affected were turned loose and sent back to San Carlos. I well remember the day they returned to San Carlos. There were about a dozen of them brought in by wagons. Company E of the 24th Infantry had a brass band and it met them at the Gila River, and to the strains of martial music they marched into the agency and reported to the agent. Then they dispersed to their camps. Shortly after their arrival proceedings were started to have them re-arrested and tried by local courts, and the Indians being suspicious of this avoided coming around the agency.

They finally appealed to Agent Bullis for rations, and the agent told them to come the next afternoon and ration tickets would be issued them. The Indian agent's office was within a walled enclosure and the next day the Indians appeared and entered through the sally port. A troop of cavalry that was drilling nearby rushed up with drawn revolvers and arrested them. They were taken to Globe, tried, convicted and sentenced to serve long terms in the territorial penitentiary at Yuma.

The tragic story of the murder by their prisoners of Sheriff Reynolds and his deputy, Holmes, and the wounding of Jean Middleton, the stage driver, is told in this issue by Mrs. Knox.

Middleton owed his life to the fact that, though badly wounded, he had the presence of mind to "play dead" when the Indians gathered around him, after having killed the officers. In order to make sure that he was dead. One of the Apaches was going to shoot him again, but the Kid advised him to save his ammunition, assuring him that Middleton was dead. The murderers went up the Gila River to the San Pedro, where a Mrs. Cunningham, living on the banks of the latter stream, saw them passing and received a stroke from which she died within the hour. The Indians alternately waded the river and walked on the rocks, leaving no trail for the scouts to follow. One of their number, who was lame and had difficulty in keeping up, had a rock dropped on his head as he was drinking out of a running stream, and his troubles were over.

Captain John L. Bullis, 24th Infantry, was the new Indian agent at San Carlos. He came from duty on the Texas frontier, where, it was said, he commanded the half-breed Seminole scouts.

Captain Bullis started in with an ambitious policy of road building, all work to be done by Indian prisoners without com-

pensation, and if there were no prisoners, a system of espionage and tattling was encouraged, and on the unsupported word of any Indian, various Indians would be arrested and sentenced without the formality of trial or permitting the prisoner to know who his accusers were. This system kept the guard-house full and the road gangs working, but it greatly damaged the morale of the Apaches and in my opinion set them back many years. This was the general condition of the reservation Indians about the time this outbreak occurred, and it is needless to say that the great body of the Apaches sympathized with the outlawed Indians and gave them aid and comfort whenever possible to do so without detection.

The Kid was accused of so many crimes against both whites and Indians that in 1887 the territorial legislature offered "\$5000 reward for the Apache Kid, dead or alive." This reward was withdrawn in 1894 without any claimants. Sieber was also provided with a secret service fund by the government to aid in the capture of these Indians. Occasionally Sieber would be awakened during the night by a visitor who would tell him to send his scouts to some certain spot in the morning where they would find the body of a certain Indian, one of the Kid's band, and on confirming this, Sieber would pay the reward as promised. In this way perished four of these Indians, one at a time and in widely different localities.

One day, near Ft. Apache, a bunch of White Mountain Indians were indulging in a tiswin drunk with the usual result. Two Indians, Josh and Nosey, murdered another of their band and took to the hills, realizing that they were murderers and might be hanged. Both of these Indians were well known and had good records as scouts, so Sieber hastened to get in communication with them with the proposition that if they would assist him in cleaning up the Kid's bunch he in turn would endeavor to procure their pardon, so from that time on Josh and Nosey were searching for those Indians as well as dodging the authorities. Finally they met up with Pasalau and Sayes, two of the Kid's best men, and they went into conference, with the result that the four joined forces, on the presumption that four desperate men were safer than two. Pasalau and Sayes were somewhat suspicious and watchful of their new allies, and to use a slang phrase, they slept with one eye open as they were San Carlos Apaches and Nosey and Josh were White Mountains. After several days of waiting Josh and Nosey saw their chance and took it, and when the smoke of battle had rolled away Pasalau was dead and Sayes had escaped, but with several bullets

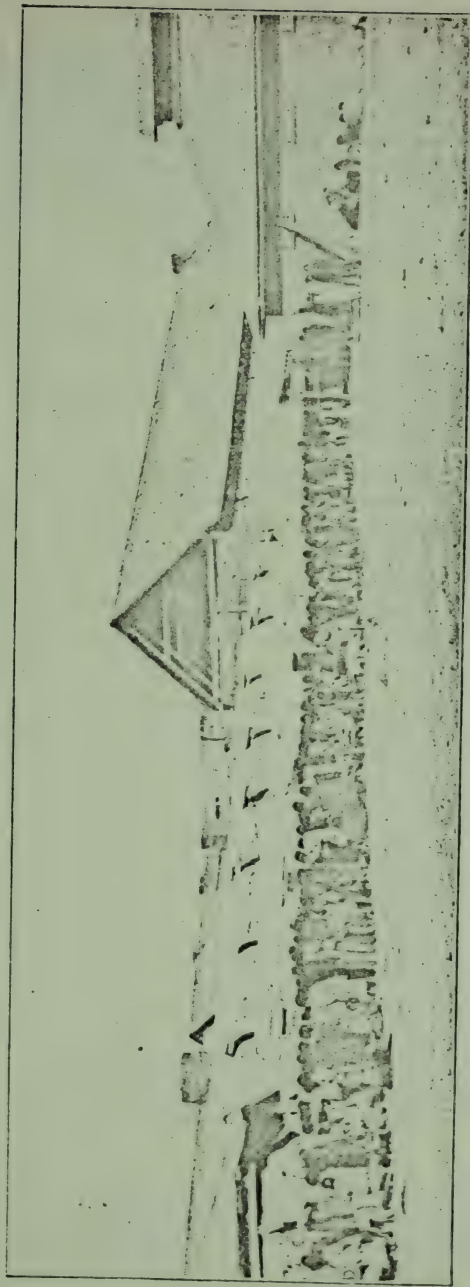
in his body. Josh and Nosey quickly severed Pasalau's head and carried it to Sieber, who kept his word and had them pardoned, then enlisted them as scouts. In a few days' time Sayes, delirious from his wounds, went down to the river for water and was seen by the other Apaches who quickly sent word to Sieber. Scouts were soon on the ground; Sayes was arrested and made a wild ride, followed by ten scouts, at full speed to Sieber's door.

Sayes was sent to Yuma to serve out his sentence and died in prison.

All of these Indians had been killed now or captured, with the exception of the Kid himself. Several army officers had been given roving commissions in order to devote all of their time to the capture of the Kid; they were given a free rein in every way; could pick their scouts, soldiers, packers and pack-mules, and could exchange them for others any time they considered it necessary, but even this did not bring results.

The Kid continued active, raiding against the Indians as much as against the whites, trusting no one, white or Indian; stealing comely Indian women and taking them to the wilds of the mountains of Mexico, sometimes keeping them away for months at a time, but not killing any of them as is often told. He would return them to the camp from which they were stolen, and in a few days would steal another woman, one or even one hundred miles away. During the heat of this pursuit the Tonto Indians gave a big dance down the Gila River near where the great Coolidge Dam is now built.

Morris Belknap, well known as a participant in the Pleasant Valley War on the Tewksbury side, my brother Al, of Miami, and myself rode down after dark to see what was doing. The Indians knew us well and welcomed us warmly. About midnight we had untied our horses and were going home when a bunch of Indians came out and in a friendly way took the ropes out of our hands, tied our horses and insisted on our staying longer; at two o'clock they repeated this performance, but we went home at three a. m. despite their protests. The reason for this was disclosed next day when the Kid stole a woman from this camp. The Indians figured that our presence lent them moral support. This Indian woman took her son and daughter out to dig mescal, and along toward four in the afternoon the Kid walked up on them; he and the woman greeted each other warmly and after a few minutes talk the Kid told the children to go home and tell their father that the Kid had taken their mother to Mexico, and that it would be no use to try to catch



APACHES DRAWING RATIONS AT SAN CARLOS

Five thousand Apaches drew rations there in this manner in the 80's.

Courtesy Col. J. H. McClintock

them as they were going to fly from there, also to tell the Indian agent the same, also, that on the previous day when the scouts of the roving commission command were hunting him, Josh passed so close that he could have reached out and touched him; also, that he attended the dance the night before and saw us three whites there, calling us by name. Well, the scouts tried their best to trail them but without result, and from that day to this, to the best of my knowledge, the Kid has never been heard from.

Several Indian women who had made the trip with the Kid claim that he told them that whenever he could find a woman who suited him and whom he suited, they would go to the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico and never return, and among the Indians it is believed this is what happened.

On one occasion an Indian woman came into a little store at Mammoth, Pinal County, made some small purchases and tendered a twenty-dollar gold piece in payment. This was repeated several times that day, a new gold piece being tendered in payment of each purchase. This aroused the merchant's suspicion and the woman was arrested and held, and information asked of the Indian agent, who immediately sent scouts to investigate the matter.

It was found that she was the last woman the Kid had stolen and her purpose was to get a lot of small change. The Kid was in hiding nearby. They took her to San Carlos where she admitted a strong liking for the Kid and wished to rejoin him, so they kept her under guard for some time. Finally they induced her to lead a scouting party to the Kid's haunts in Mexico, but when they reached there the Kid was up on the reservation stealing another squaw, whom he took on a tour, but he brought her back to the camp around midnight one night where his favorite, that had been captured at Mammoth, lived. He released the squaw he had; instructed her to send the other squaw out. But the latter was still being watched, and the scouts were soon notified and down came the troop of scouts, reinforced by a troop of cavalry. They surrounded the Indian village, with the Kid within their lines, but the Kid, a master strategist, fell in with the enclosing circle until he saw his chance to slip away in the darkness.

About this time an old experienced scout came to me and told me if I would get a couple of horses, rifles, ammunition and necessary equipment for about a ten-day trip and go with him, we would get the Kid. I was cautioned not to breathe it to a

soul. It was a very alluring idea; everybody was trying to get the Kid, sheriffs, marshals, scouts, soldiers—and had been for years. Besides the fame this would bring me there was the monetary consideration of “\$5000, dead or alive.” I decided to go.

I felt that I must tell Sieber, who showed great astonishment and asked me very seriously: “Did tell you this?” “Yes,” I answered. “Well, if he told you that, he will do it; he is the bravest Indian I ever saw, but why should you do this? Did the Kid ever harm you? Are you an officer? Are you employed to run down criminals? Do you want blood on your hands? Do you wish to kill a man for money? Take my advice and leave it alone.” Sieber’s earnestness and the stress he put on the blood-money angle made it look different and I told my Indian friend I had changed my mind and would not go, and the trip was never made.

The feeling among the Apaches rather increased and soon the big chief, Es-kim-in-zin, and some of his band were arrested on suspicion of aiding and abetting the Kid, and they were sent to Ft. Union, New Mexico, as prisoners of war. In a few days another Big Chief, Chil-chu-ana, was also arrested on the same charge and sent to Fort Grant.

Chil-chu-ana was actually the largest and fattest Indian on the reservation, but in reality he was quite athletic. He worked on the sympathy of the post surgeon, claiming he needed exercise, and the sergeant of the guard was ordered to allow him a little freedom under the eyes of the sentry. Everything was lovely for a few evenings, but just as the shadows were falling one evening, Chil-chu-ana beat it for the brush; the sentry fired, missing him, and the alarm was given and the whole garrison was ordered out, as well as the garrisons and scouts at San Carlos and Ft. Thomas. All were thrown in the rough country between Ft. Grant and San Carlos to prevent Chil-chu-ana from reaching the reservation.

In a couple of days Chil-chu-ana was known to be near San Carlos, where he had joined several Indians who had fortified a bluff overlooking the San Carlos River, below where Rice now stands. The Indians were desperately in need of guns and within a few days a freighter hauling to Globe passed Gilson’s Well, displaying a rifle hung on the front of his wagon. Two Apaches rode up and shot the freighter, and taking the rifle and ammunition joined Chil-chu-ana in the rifle pits.

These fortified Indians conducted themselves with confidence, and would hold mock drills and cut-up generally. The freight road passed within easy rifle-shot, but all went on as usual unless someone showed up with a gun and then they were out of luck. To clean out this nest without heavy loss of life, strategy had to be employed. Twenty scouts were ordered to report fully equipped for a five-day trip, pack-mules loaded with five days' rations were taken, and the outfit under Sieber made a hurried departure toward the south. A couple of hours later Troop F, 10th Cavalry, Gray Horse outfit under Lieut. Dade, was ordered to load the four-pound Hotchkiss gun on a pack-mule and make a demonstration against the rifle pits from the river side.

The lieutenant, following instructions, deployed his troop and fired a couple of shots from the cannon. All the Indians were set to repel a charge, when to their great surprise, Sieber with his twenty scouts burst among them from the rear. The hostiles were completely surprised and retreated firing. One of them was killed, and two badly wounded and the rest surrendered, including Chil-chu-ana.

Although Sieber was able to converse fluently in the Apache tongue, he always required an interpreter in giving orders and when I questioned him regarding this he said he did not want any misunderstanding; that a number of lives had been lost and he wanted a witness as to what his orders were. I have always believed that there was a misunderstanding that started the Kid on the wrong trail. I joined Sieber on several trips, just he and I alone, when he went out to meet the Kid and induce him to surrender, with the understanding that the \$5000 reward would all be used in procuring him a pardon. We sat out under the stars a number of nights expecting him, and although he hovered near, he never met us. This was near the camp of an Indian, a mutual friend, who was our go-between.

Sieber worried a lot over what he considered the unjust way in which the Apaches were being treated, and he hated to order his scouts to round up Indians on charges he thought were trumped up, and a coolness sprung up between him and Bullis and finally an open break, in which Sieber told the captain just what he thought of him. The result was that Sieber, after having given twenty years of his life, and in which service he had been crippled for life, was compelled to leave the reservation with only a few hours' notice. He went to Globe in 1892 and made that town his headquarters until his death at Roosevelt fifteen years later.

It was up to Sieber to adjust himself to new conditions. Besides his interest in the gold claims in Del Shay Basin, he had an interest in some copper claims on Pinto Creek which brought him in a few hundred dollars. He put in his time doing assessment and other work whenever procurable, and at times the outlook was none too cheerful. He was finally put in charge of a gang of Apaches building a road toward Payson above the high water line of Roosevelt Lake. While engaged in this work they were endeavoring to remove a great boulder from the right-of-way. Several Indians were undermining it with pick and shovel and Sieber noticed it starting to move and in his anxiety to save the Indians he hesitated to save himself until too late, and was crushed to death. This was on February 19, 1907. The Apache Indians all over Arizona mourned his loss sincerely; there was weeping among the older Indians from San Carlos to Ft. Apache, and to this day if you show any of the older Indians a picture of Al Sieber they look on it with awe and reverence.

Sieber's body was taken to Globe where it was buried in the G. A. R. Plot, the local lodges of the G. A. R. and W. R. C. in charge.

While his body was lying in state in Globe the G. A. R. flag, a beautiful silken banner, with long golden tassels, was folded and laid on his breast and was buried with him, a fitting tribute to a man who had given twenty-four years of the best part of his life in active service beneath its starry folds.

The territorial legislature of 1907 passed the following resolution which was submitted by Geo. W. P. Hunt and adopted by a unanimous rising vote: "Mr. President: I desire to offer the following resolution: It has been learned that the slip of a cliff of rocks on the road now building at the Tonto storage Reservoir resulted yesterday in the death of Al Sieber, late chief of scouts under General Crook, and for thirty years one of the bravest and most efficient servants of Arizona in her Apache wars. He was one of the bravest scouts ever enlisted and his counsel and advice did much to settle the long war with the Indians.

"He held to the day of his death the respect of every Indian who had ever fought with him or against him, and the respect and regard of every man or woman to whom he was known. The full measure of his service to Arizona is a story that will never be told for it is known to no one person, but his name will live as long as we have a history and as long as brave deeds are



Photo by J. M. Miller

This monument marks the place where Al Sieber was killed near Roosevelt, Arizona.

cherished in the memory of man; I therefore move you that when we now adjourn we do so with expressions of respect for this brave man now at rest, and out of respect to his memory, and that such expressions of respect be embodied in the minutes of this council."

The council then stood adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Al Sieber.

In Session Laws of the 24th Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Arizona 1907, Sub-division 26, page 280, Laws of Arizona, appears the following: "The sum of \$100, or so much thereof as may be necessary to mark the grave of Al Sieber, said sum to be expended by the board of control." Under the provisions of this bill a very fine monument, hewed from native stone and properly marked, stands at the head of his grave.

Sieber bears the distinction of having had two splendid monuments erected in his honor, the one just described as being erected by the territory over his grave in the Globe cemetery, and the other erected as a labor of love by his fellow employees of the Roosevelt Dam on the site where the accident occurred which took his life. The latter monument is on the right-hand side of the Payson road, about one mile north of the Apache Inn, and is shown in the accompanying illustration.

No attempt has been made to relate in detail his many activities; this is just a bare outline. In 1877, while he was passing through Wickenburg with his scouts, southward bound, he was joined by Ed Schieffelin. They traveled together as far as the Mule Mountains, where Schieffelin stopped to prospect. Returning that way in a short time Sieber looked Schieffelin up and warned him of the danger he was in from Indians, remarking: "If you don't look out you will find your Tombstone." By some it is claimed that this is how Tombstone got its name. In 1897, while serving as deputy sheriff under me in Gila County, Sieber rendered splendid service on a number of occasions.

In military annals very little publicity is given Sieber for his outstanding accomplishments. You will read in many reports of how certain officers with their commands jumped such and such a bunch of hostiles, practically wiping them out, but it doesn't mention the part that Sieber and his scouts played in these many engagements, most likely doing all of the fighting, as they were always far in the lead. In 1883, when a large band of Chiricahua Apaches broke out from San Carlos, killing Chief

of Scouts Sterling and one of his men, and taking Sterling's moccasins and fine saddle blanket, Sieber took their trail into Mexico until he killed the man wearing this pair of moccasins and blanket and recovered them.

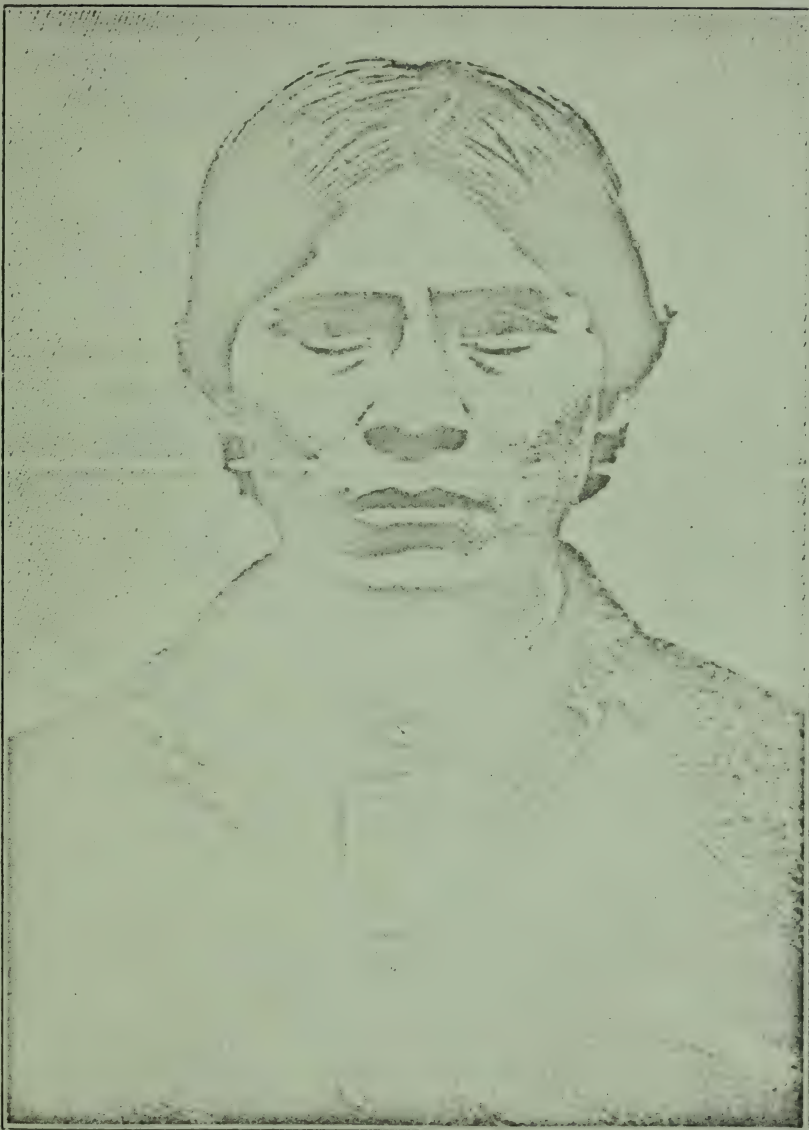
Al Sieber was never married, and so far as known never had any affairs of the heart. He was a great admirer of and revered good women. He was a lover of his fellowman and he dealt fairly and squarely with every individual, regardless of race or color. The lonely ranchers and prospectors of the wide open spaces knew and loved him best, for he was ever alert and active in their welfare and protection.

During his service of over twenty-one years with Indian scouts in Arizona, he served under Generals Stoneman, Miles, Krautz, Wilcox and Grierson, and twice under the great Indian fighter, Gen. Geo. Crook, and was universally alluded to as the greatest scout and Indian fighter of the Southwest.

Many attempts were made during this period to saddle him with an honorary title but he would not allow it. Neither was he ever called by a nickname, but was always alluded to as "Sieber" by whites and Indians alike, although the Indians likened him to the "Iron Man."

The Prescott Chamber of Commerce furnished the cut "Indian Scouts at San Carlos."

Col. J. H. McClintock furnished all the other cuts.



Courtesy Los Angeles Public Library

THE APACHE KID

THE ESCAPE OF THE APACHE KID

November 2, 1889

(By MERTICE BUCK KNOX, Kelvin, Arizona.)

The old Stage Station at Riverside, on the south side of the Gila, across from and a little above Ray Junction, was a center for several converging stage lines. There was a corral where horses were kept to rest and to replace those jaded by long hauls of heavy stages. There was a good blacksmith shop for shoeing the stage horses and repairing vehicles. There was an inn of sorts and a post office.

One building still remains in a fairly good state of preservation, as shown in the illustration. This is visible to travelers on the highway to Winkelman, or on railroad trains. But one who wishes to see it closely must ford the river, as the old road on the south bank is almost obliterated. This was once a main traveled road from Benson, on the Southern Pacific, through Mammoth and Dudleyville to Riverside, an all-night stop. A connecting route started from Riverside and went to Florence, 32 miles distant, then across to Casa Grande on the Southern Pacific. These two stages connected at Riverside with the daily one from Globe, some 42 miles up in the mountains, the river being forded near Riverside. In the foothills a few miles across the river, was a good spring. At this place called Cane Spring a woman bandit named Pearl Hart was, it is said, the leading spirit in a scheme to rob one of the stages in which a Globe gambler named Neal was expected to travel, carrying a roll of three or four hundred dollars. This is a familiar story and needs no re-telling here.

There is so much that is interesting in regard to the old stage-coach days and the travel over those elementary roads that many pages might be devoted to a recounting of the experiences of drivers and travelers. Mail stages were supposed to ford no stream in which the water was more than eighteen inches deep. At Riverside there was a strong cable crossing the Gila, and if the water was high a crate carrying mail was transported across on this cable. The crate was large, and strong enough to carry any passenger intrepid enough to travel in it. If on the Riverside bank, he could stay at the Stage Station until the water went down, but if on the other bank he was out of luck, as he had to cross by crate or return over the wet, muddy, slippery

roads to Globe. Mat Davis of Ray, for years a driver of the stage to Dudleyville and Mammoth (with connections for Benson, a route of 105 miles), often stopped to chat with an old Apache by name of El Capitan Chiquito, sometimes mentioned as a friend of the Apache Kid. Capitan told Mr. Davis that he had served five years in the territorial prison for the murder of one Augustine Lopez, who was really killed by the Apache Kid in a fight subsequent to the latter's escape, November 2, 1889.

Riverside was the overnight stop of the daily stage of November 1, 1889, driven by Eugene Middleton. This stage carried the Apache Kid, other Apache prisoners, a Mexican prisoner, and a deputy sheriff from Globe, W. A. Holmes, known as "Hunky Dory." Sheriff Reynolds accompanied the stage on horseback. When Riverside was reached his horse was so tired after 42 miles of bad roads that he left him at Riverside the next morning and traveled in the stage. It is said that the sheriff had been criticized for using too many deputies; spending too much county money in transporting prisoners, so he took only Holmes on this trip. Then, too, a deputy he had been depending on was ill and could not work that day. He had no very adequate irons with which to confine the prisoners, and there is conflicting evidence as to how they were confined. Not all were shackled at any rate.

There are a number of people still living in the locality who lived near here at that time, and the state historian has asked me to get any bits of information they might have in regard to the stop at Riverside, and the start the next day which ended so tragically. The man in charge of the horse corral at the station was a young fellow named Jack Branaman who had known the Apache Kid for years, for he was in Globe when the Indian boy first started to work as orderly for Al Sieber. The Kid had also worked on the Branaman ranch a few miles up the river, and for another rancher named Swingle. Mr. Branaman says the prisoners may have had some chance to talk with each other in Apache, but he does not think the escape was planned at Riverside, at least not in detail.

William Sparks in his excellent story of the Apache Kid, recently published, gives the account of the circumstances which led up to the trial of the Kid and other young Apaches for mutiny. In the trouble, which seems to have been caused primarily by too much "tulipie," Al Sieber was shot in the leg and lamed. This shooting was blamed on the Kid, whom he had befriended and trusted, and although some others said another Indian named Curley had fired the shot, Sieber always laid it to the



OLD STAGE STATION ON THE GILA RIVERSIDE

Photo by Mertice Bruce Knox

Kid, and as we say now, "had it in for him." These young Indians were given a long sentence in a federal penitentiary for the crime of mutiny, but long-distance influence at Washington led President Cleveland to pardon them. It was an easy matter to bring another civil charge against them in Gila County, and they were convicted and sentenced the last of October, 1889, to seven years in the Yuma penitentiary.

It is probable that both Sheriff Reynolds and the stage driver, Eugene Middleton, were anxious to get rid of their unruly charges, and they felt that once aboard the train at Casa Grande the two officers would land them safely inside the prison walls. So they planned to get a very early start from Riverside, and were off long before dawn of a cold, raw morning. Both sheriffs were in the stage, wearing heavy overcoats under which were buckled holster belts containing their six-shooters.

The accounts of the number and kind of irons used on the prisoners as mentioned vary considerably; also, in the earlier records there is a difference of opinion as to the number of Indian convicts, whether there were seven or eight. However, there is no question but that to the Apache Kid, at least, the region was familiar, and once free he could soon get to friends. Knowing every ranch where he could steal food, and every spring, he could take care of himself while getting to his cronies.

The road over which the clumsy, heavily loaded Concord coach traveled in the faint light was a very bad one, up and down steep grades and through sandy washes. The Ripsey Wash, about a quarter of a mile in width, opens into the Gila about four miles from Riverside. The old road crossed this, then climbed the hill through a narrow, crooked ravine some half-mile long, striking at the top what is now the state highway to Florence. The horses were winded and sweating after struggling through the deep sand of the Ripsey Wash, and when the hill was reached Middleton suggested that the officers and some of the prisoners walk up the hill to relieve the horses and get warmed up.

Most accounts agree that the Apache Kid and two Indians, Hale and Say-Es, were left in the coach. Sheriff Reynolds walked some distance behind the stage, then came the Mexican, Jesus Avott, who did not belong with the Apache group, but was sentenced to a two-year term for horse stealing. Holmes followed at the end, behind the Indians. Reports vary as to exactly what occurred, but in a few minutes, and long before broad daylight, the two officers lay dead; the driver had been left for

dead, and the Apaches were gone. Old residents say the Indians stole up on Reynolds and one of them slipped his handcuffed hands over the officer's head, and got a pistol and a key which unlocked some of the irons. The officer was hampered by his overcoat, and stood a poor chance against the Indians when freed of their handcuffs.

I have been to some pains to identify the spot where the officers were killed, near the mesquite shown in the photograph, under which there was formerly a "monument" similar to those piled up to mark miners' locations; but heavy rains have carried down torrents which scattered the stones. Anyone curious to see the place can easily find it by following down the old Territorial Road from the state highway, starting about two miles from sign "Zellwegger Ranch." Notice in the photograph that just above the tree is a sharp curve in the road.

I quote below the account of the crime as reported in the next issue of the Arizona Silver Belt, which appeared about a week after the crime. Mr. Sparks' book corrects some inaccuracies and the driver, Mr. Middleton, made some additions when sufficiently recovered to do so. But the original account seems worth preserving in this quarterly as a historical document.

Arizona Silver Belt.

November 9, 1889.

SHERIFF REYNOLDS AND W. A. HOLMES MURDERED BY INDIAN CONVICTS. EUGENE MIDDLETON WOUNDED

DETAILS OF TRAGIC AFFRAY

This community was thrown into a state of great excitement and consternation last Saturday, about noon, by the arrival of S. C. Saylor with a dreadful report that Sheriff Glen. Reynolds, of Gila County, and W. A. Holmes, who left Globe on the previous morning with a Mexican and eight Indian convicts, whom they were conveying to Yuma for incarceration in the territorial prison, had been overpowered and murdered, and Eugene Middleton badly wounded, by the Apache prisoners. The startling news was accepted as authentic, notwithstanding that it seemed incredible that such a calamity should have befallen.

MEN OF KNOWN BRAVERY AND EXPERIENCE.

As were Reynolds and Holmes. A posse composed of Deputy Sheriff Ryan, Arana, Roberts, Fowler, Parades and Blevins started almost immediately for the scene of the tragedy, about four miles west of Riverside. Several versions of the killing, all differing somewhat in material points, were received, and it is doubtful if the exact and complete details of the dreadful affair will be known until the perpetrators of the crime are apprehended and have told their story. The account given by the Mexican, Jesus Avott, in connection with Eugene Middleton's story, is sufficiently clear and full, however, to leave no doubt that Reynolds and Holmes were surprised and murdered by six of their Indian prisoners.

(Next comes a description, unnecessary to give here, of the start on the morning of the second, and the way the prisoners were confined.) Then follows the report of

THE REVOLT

The party began the ascent of the wash in the following order. First the coach driven by Middleton with the Kid and another Indian on the inside, shackled but not together; a short distance behind walked the Mexican, Jesus Avott, and then Reynolds; then the Apaches and Holmes in the rear. The distance between Reynolds and the prisoners immediately behind him, and between Holmes and those in front of him, has not been definitely stated but it is presumed that the officers allowed what they considered to be a safe distance to intervene between themselves and their treacherous prisoners; but as they proceeded the Indians must have stealthily diminished the space separating them, until within a few feet of the officers, when those behind Reynolds grappled with him, and at the same time other prisoners turned suddenly upon Holmes and caught him before he had time to bring his Winchester into play.

THE MEXICAN'S ALARM AND FLIGHT

The above were the positions of the officers and their prisoners when the Mexican, hearing the scuffle, turned, and seeing that the Indians had surprised the officers and being unarmed himself, he ran forward and shouted to Middleton: "For God's sake, let me get in, the Indians will kill me." Avott claims that he was shot at three times. The Kid and his companion with a yell attempted to get out of the coach, which was then about a hundred yards in front of Reynolds in the murderous grasp of three

Indians, and Holmes struggling with the other Indians, must have been fifty feet behind Reynolds as their bodies were found about that distance apart.

MIDDLETON SHOT.

Middleton turned and made the Kid resume his seat, covering him with his pistol, but the other Indian escaped from the coach, ran back to the scene of the affray, secured, it is believed, Reynolds' shot gun, and ran up again on the side of the road near the coach, and as Middleton leaned out and looked back to see what the trouble was, he received a shot in the right cheek. But the bullet passing through his face and neck without striking a bone, came out at the back of the neck, narrowly missing the vertebrae. It was a close call, and as it was, Middleton was stunned and fell to the ground and with

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND

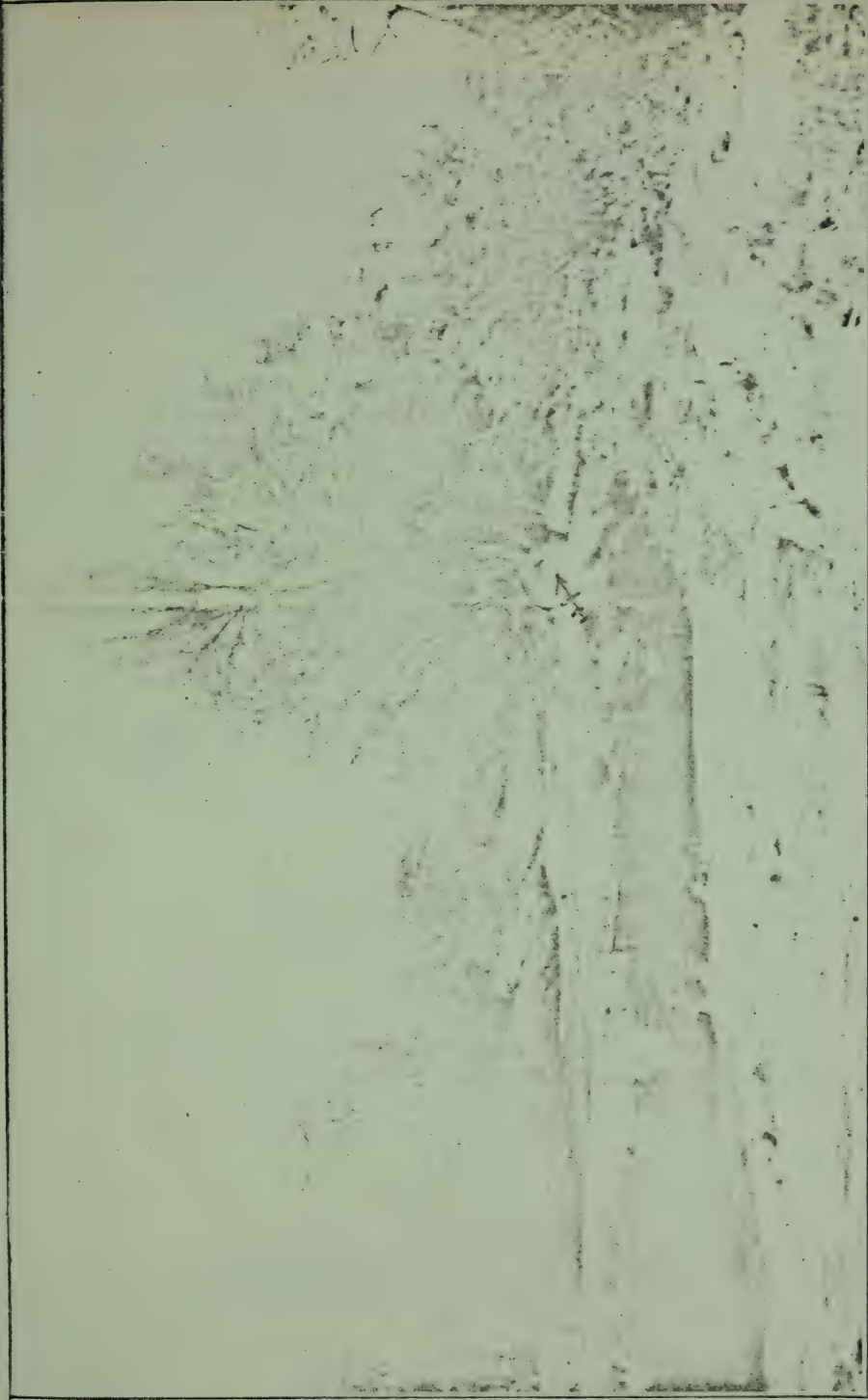
lay motionless and limp while the Indians stripped off his coats and rifled his pockets. They even inspected his wound, and evidently considering it fatal, left him without inflicting further injury. The Mexican, horses and coach in the meantime had passed over the summit and out of sight. The Indian Kid had jumped from the coach and joined his confederates.

(Next comes a discussion of who shot Middleton, not essential to our narrative.)

The description of Reynolds' wounds follows, also those of Holmes; who, later reports stated, died of heart disease in the struggle, and received no wounds. Reynolds was found lying on his face, his overcoat and gauntlet gloves still on, Holmes also wearing an overcoat,

ROBBED AS WELL AS MURDERED

The Indians rifled the pockets of their victims, obtaining from Reynolds his gold watch and chain, valued at over \$200, upwards of \$200 in cash and the key belonging to the shackles, also all the papers on his person. The contents of Holmes' pockets is not known, but everything he had was taken, also his hat which was picked up near the trail of the Indians, twelve miles from the scene of the killing, by the citizens' posse from Globe; papers which they had torn up and thrown away were also found. Eugene Middleton lost two coats, a watch and chain and other articles. A shot-gun, Winchester, and three six-shooters belonging to the officers were also taken.



Under this mesquite was "monument" to Reynolds and Holmes

Photo by Mertice Bruce Knox

After the murderers had started away one of them came back and ran down the wash toward Middleton, who feared it was for the purpose of giving him a finishing shot, but the Indian passed on without molesting him, to where Reynolds lay, probably to get the key of the shackles which may have been overlooked in the first search of the dead man's pockets. After the Indian had disappeared, Middleton, faint and sore,

WALKED BACK TO RIVERSIDE

where he arrived about seven o'clock, and reported the frightful disaster. In the meantime the Mexican, Jesus Avott, had taken one of the stage horses from the team, which he mounted and, as he claims, started for Florence with the object of

INFORMING THE AUTHORITIES

of Pinal County of the frightful occurrence.

THE NEWS AT FLORENCE

The horse not accustomed to be ridden, bucked him off three times, and Avott then tied him up and continued on foot, and barefooted, to White's Ranch, where he told the story of the murder, and with the man at the ranch went as rapidly as horses could carry them to Florence. Sheriff Jerry Fryer, accompanied by Pete Gabriel, Kibbey, Martin, Gilbert and Miller, lost no time in preparing for their departure from Florence, and were early at the scene of the killing.

FIRST ON THE GROUND

D. H. Snyder and the watchman at the Ray Mine were the first to reach the scene after the killing. They reported having found pony tracks on one side of the road and moccasin tracks on the other; also a whip-stock with blood stains on it, from which the lash had been torn. They firmly believed the officers had been ambushed, but there seemed to be no reason to support such an opinion. The bodies of Reynolds and Holmes were left where they fell until the afternoon of the day of the killing, when they were removed to Riverside and an inquest held by the coroner of Pinal County.

* * * * *

PROMPT ACTION OF THE MILITARY

Immediately upon the receipt of the news of the disaster B. G. Fox telegraphed the meagre information to Capt. L. Johnson, commanding at San Carlos, who with commendable

promptitude notified every military post in Central and Southern Arizona as quickly as the electric wire could carry the dire tidings. As a result, within a very brief space of time, detachments of troops, under experienced officers were

IN THE SADDLE

and hurrying in the direction of Riverside, or to points where the fugitive Indians might possibly be intercepted. Lieutenants Wilder and Hardeman, with thirty men from Troop G, 4th Cavalry, and Lieutenant Watson with twenty scouts, left San Carlos at 3 P. M., Saturday, and moved rapidly toward Riverside. A detachment from Fort Thomas was among the first in the field. Troops from Fort Grant, Lowell, McDowell, Apache, and Huachuca were also quickly in the field.

Lieutenants Wilder, Wilson and Hardeman took up the trail near Cunningham's Ranch, on the San Pedro, Sunday, and followed it eight miles beyond Dudleyville, where

THE INDIAN FUGITIVES, HOTLY PRESSED

took to the rocks in the foot-hills of the Saddle Mountains, and, snow and rain interfering, the trail was lost and the progress of the troops temporarily hindered. Lieutenant Watson and scouts are reported to have subsequently trailed three of the Indian escapes to Kid's camp on the reservation. Kid and Pash Tan Tan are reported to have been seen, mounted near the San Carlos River, four miles from the agency, on Sunday afternoon. Lieutenant Overton and troop from Fort McDowell, reached Pinal Ranch on Monday, with the view of guarding the passes in that vicinity. The detachment came to Globe on Wednesday for instructions, and remained until Thursday morning when they departed in the direction of McMillen.

After leaving the San Pedro the trails showed that the Indians had separated and up to the present writing they have not been located.

CITIZENS IN PURSUIT

The combined posses from Globe and Florence were the first to take up the trail, and starting on Sunday morning, where the fell deed was committed, they followed it in the various windings to within three miles of Dudleyville, where they were obliged to abandon the hunt owing to rain which obliterated the trail, and exhausted, they dispersed. About a mile from where the tragedy occurred, a pair of blue pants and white cotton drawers with

BLOOD STAINS UPON THEM

were found discarded by the Indians, and in a pocket of the pants, the key of the handcuffs; papers taken from the pockets of the officers and torn up were found along the trail, and about seven miles out, Holmes' hat. A carcass of a steer was also discovered, a part of which had been taken and some of the hide stripped and used for foot covering, as evidenced by the peculiar tracks made by one of the fugitives after leaving the spot. After giving up the chase, Deputy Sheriff Ryan and companions returned directly to Globe, arriving home Tuesday afternoon.

Nathan Brundage of Ray, for years a freight hauler over this route, was one of the first to travel the road after the shooting. He naturally wondered what had become of the horses and stage. He found the terrified animals had circled twice around the place, banging the vehicle nearly to pieces on the rocks before they freed themselves. He says they were no good afterwards for stage hauling. He says he tracked the Kid and the other Indians and that some, if not all, forded the Gila near where the shooting occurred. He tracked them to a ford across the Gila at the bottom of Ripsey Wash, and it is his opinion that the murderers continued up the north bank of the Gila, and crossed again miles upstream.

Mr. Brundage spent the night with Middleton at Riverside. Later the driver was taken to Florence and was laid up for some time there.

Middleton died April 24, 1929. The Arizona Republican commented thus on his experience with the Apaches: "Middleton, whose early life was one of thrills, owed the past forty years of his existence to his quick wit and his ability to assume the appearance of a dead man during one of the bloodiest tragedies ever enacted in this part of Arizona. It was from the date of that incident that the Apache Kid, notorious renegade Indian, went on a rampage which spread terror through Arizona for many years."

The article quoted from the Silver Belt, states that Reynolds died of heart disease, but it was Holmes whose heart, it is said, gave out in his terrible struggle with the Apaches, but the papers reported a gunshot wound through the heart.

As is well known, the other Indians were caught, and their tragic fate is well known, but the Apache Kid was never apprehended.

Es-Kim-Min-Zin is said to have given his daughter to the Kid, but he left her at home and took from time to time some other Apache girl to carry his camp stuff, cook his food and, in short, be his slave. This clipping mentions another wife, but may be inaccurate in regard to El Capitan Chiquito belonging to the outlaw band.

Tueson, A. T., Sept. 15, 1890.—Forty years ago—A private dispatch this afternoon to San Carlos announces that Chiquito, father-in-law of the renegade Indian Kid, has surrendered himself to John Forrester, a white man living at the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon. Chiquito was a peaceable Indian until this spring when he joined the band of renegades under the Kid, after the murder of Sheriff Reynolds.

Although I was asked to tell what I could find out locally about the escape of the Kid only, I might add a few words as to local opinion regarding his fate. Most people here believe that he died from the effects of shots fired by one "Wallapai" Clark, whose partner, Diehl, had been an early victim of the Indian. If so, he was either hidden by his confederates until he died in some remote retreat, or he escaped to Mexico. Reports of crimes committed by him continued to come in for years, and occasionally some white man announced he had seen him. Edward Schuyler, who knew many Apaches, among them one Big Foot, told me that in September of '93, while prospecting near Fort Grant, he gave food to Big Foot and the Apache Kid, or so this Indian proclaimed himself to be.

El Capitan Chiquito believed that the Kid died some time later from the effects of Clark's shot, but in Mexico, not in the Arivaipa Canyon as was reported. Be that as it may, reports of murders committed by him in the late 90's are to be found in old newspaper files. Within the last six or eight years appeared a sketch of a blanket Indian with a feather head-dress, purported to be his portrait sketched in Mexico by some artistic traveler who had "discovered" him living in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

In looking over a collection of clippings in the Munk Library of Arizoniana, in Los Angeles, I found one taken from the San Francisco Examiner of April 29, 1894. This was a sketch of a wild mountainous scene which was claimed to be the Apache Kid's favorite haunt—Sombrero Pass. There is a Sombrero Butte in the Galiuros near the San Pedro River, which is no doubt the region meant. Anyone who has wandered through this wild country is able to credit some of the stories of the Kid

sustaining himself as an outlaw with these fastnesses as a retreat. If living now, he would be a man about seventy, as he was fifteen or sixteen when he first went to Globe and began his career under Al Sieber in 1875.

Perhaps no one figure in Arizona history has aroused as much speculation as has the Apache Kid, owing to the mystery surrounding him. That he became an outlaw and a desperate one, there is no question, but no one man, even having other criminals at his beck and call, could have committed the diverse crimes credited to him for years after his escape. His portrait, as shown herewith, shows more intelligence than many Indian faces, and he had the resourcefulness due to his long experience as a scout to aid him. And there were no airplanes from which to look down on his mountain hiding places. Yet it seems that if he did not die from the wounds inflicted by Clark, he must, if he remained in this part of the country, have been caught eventually.

THE FATE OF THE CLEVINGER FAMILY

(By JOHN ROBERTS)

It was in March, 1886, that J. W. (old man) Clevenger concluded to sell his little place and stock on the San Pedro and move his family to Idaho. His family consisted of his wife and an adopted daughter, Jessie, who was then seventeen years of age. After reserving one span of horses, harness, wagon, cooking outfit and their bedding, the old man realized twenty-one hundred and fifty dollars from the sale of his outfit.

On the 14th day of March he left the San Pedro with his little family and a colored man, John A. Johnson, who was working for him when he sold out. Johnson was to do the chores around camp and take care of the team for his grub and transportation to Idaho.

When they arrived in Phoenix, Mr. Clevenger concluded to stop a few days to let the team rest up. They drove to the Orlando Allen ranch, about two miles out of Phoenix on the Wickenburg road, and stayed for three days. While in camp at this place a white man, who knew the colored man, Johnson, fell in with them. His name was Frank Wilson. He gained the confidence of Mr. Clevenger by telling him he knew the shortest road to Idaho and would guide them through to their destination for his board and transportation. This was agreed upon.

The trip was made through Wickenburg by way of Stanton, Peoples Valley, Kirkland Valley, Skull Valley, Tonto Springs and Williamson Valley. At Williamson Valley, or Simmons as the post office was called, a small supply of grub was obtained. From there they went to Ash Fork by way of Big Chino Valley, thence to Flagstaff by the way of Spring Valley. Jessie Clevenger wanted them to go by the way of Prescott as she wanted to see that little mountain town. The guide, Wilson, said, "No, there is no use pulling that mountain to Prescott and going that far out of the way when we have a direct road and no mountain to climb." This sounded logical to Mr. Clevenger. Wilson had an object in this. All the time Johnson and Wilson were having private talks while in camp, and at other times as they walked along the road ahead of the team.



When the outfit arrived at Spring Valley, a few miles from Flagstaff, Mr. Clevenger concluded to camp a few days to let the team rest and to do a little repairing on his wagon. The camp was made at the ranch of Harry Lyons, who will be remembered by all the old timers as a very hospitable rancher of Spring Valley.

It is quite noticeable that no stops were made on this trip in any town or thickly settled community; in fact, those places were dodged whenever possible. After four days of rest had allowed the team to graze well, the little outfit made another start. They stopped long enough at Flagstaff to put in a little supply of grub, as Johnson or Kanab, Utah, would be the next place where these supplies could be obtained. After leaving Flagstaff they took the direct road to Lee's Ferry on the Big Colorado River.

After crossing the Colorado River, Mr. Clevenger got a little suspicious of the actions of Johnson and Wilson, and every night as soon as it was dark he would dig a little hole and bury the money, which was down to two thousand dollars, one hundred and fifty dollars having been spent along the road for supplies. While the burying process was going on, Jessie Clevenger would try to keep the attention of the two men. This was done twice, but the third night, the night their camp was made near the Summit of the Buckskin Mountains, the colored fellow slipped away.

This night, the 27th of May, Mr. Clevenger dug a small hole close to a large rock, which was very noticeably close to the wagon road on the right hand side of the road, and hid his sack of money which was nearly all in currency, mostly ten and twenty dollar bills.

This road was traveled very little those days by anybody except the mail carrier, who carried the mail between Lee's Ferry and Johnson, Utah, and stockmen living in the House Rock Valley and vicinity.

That night after everything was quiet, Johnson and Wilson slipped into the tent where the old folks were asleep and killed both of them with an axe. Jessie, who was also sleeping in the tent, was awakened and was horrified when she saw what had happened. She immediately began begging for her life. They told her they would spare her provided she told no one about the murder. If she divulged the secret, her fate would be the same.

After killing the old couple, a shallow hole was dug close to the road, the remains thrown in, wood piled on top, along with the mattress and blankets, and a fire started. After the fire had burned down and the bedding was consumed, some dirt was thrown in the hole.

From here they drove into Kanab where some supplies and extra bedding were purchased. Then they proceeded on their way towards the interior of Utah. After leaving Kanab, Jessie Clevenger, under threat of death, was forced to live with both men.

They traveled through Utah into Idaho, dodging towns in Utah whenever they could. When they arrived in Idaho, Wilson rented a small house in Shoshone. Johnson went his way, always keeping tab on Wilson, for the former's share of the money kept dwindling away whenever he struck a gambling game. When his money gave out and he had no job, he would live with Wilson, who got tired of this but could say nothing as he was afraid Johnson might double-cross him. After three or four months the scare wore away; the team and wagon were disposed of and everything seemed all right, so far as any one knowing of the crime was concerned.

In September, the mail carrier, Harry Clayton, noticed that the dirt had been disturbed on the top of Buckskin Mountains, on the right side of the wagon road, going toward Kanab. He soon discovered there had been a crime committed as some of the human bones had been exposed. The fire had not consumed them entirely, and the coyotes or other wild animals had dug up the remains. Clayton immediately notified the officer at Kanab, who went to the scene of the double murder. Sensing a horrible crime the officer at once notified the Sheriff of Yavapai County by mail as there was no telegraphic communication nearer Prescott at that time than Flagstaff.

W. J. (Billy) Mulvenon, who was then sheriff, immediately made preparations for a trip of investigation. At this time Yavapai County extended from Wickenburg in the south to the Utah line on the north. What is now Coconino County was part of Yavapai County. Horseback or buckboard were the only modes of travel, and in many instances trips had to be made horseback because there were no roads. Billy Mulvenon, like George Ruffner, Bucky O'Neill, Joe Roberts and many of the old time sheriffs, was always equal to the occasion in trailing and getting his man. He wrote the Kanab officer at once, mentioning the day he would be at the place where the murder was committed. The Kanab officer was there with a box and a team.

A thorough investigation revealed to the officers that two white persons had been murdered, but that was all they knew. The remains were removed to Kanab and buried in the Kanab burying ground.

Mulvenon had got what information he could at Kanab, but could find nothing definite as to who the murdered persons were, nor any clue as to who committed the crime. He did hear of two men (one a negro) and a white woman going through Kanab several months before the discovery of the bodies.

Mulvenon made the hundred mile trip back to Lee's Ferry to find out if anyone was with the two men and woman when they crossed the ferry. Bishop Brinkerhoff was ferryman at that time, and remembered that an old couple, another man, a negro and a young girl had camped at his place before crossing the ferry; had bought hay for the horses and supplies for themselves. He also remembered that the old man paid for everything, and that the young woman called him father. He was able to give a fairly good description of the team and wagon because one of the horses was a little foolish about getting on the ferry boat.

Sheriff Mulvenon had ridden his horse four hundred miles, but he rode back to Kanab, got what other information he could and started on the trail, which was then some four months old. He was accompanied about one hundred miles into Utah by the Kanab officer. Then this officer returned home and Mulvenon made the trip from there alone. Although his horse was one of the best in the country, it was getting very leg weary from carrying a two hundred pound man, saddle, guns, and irons, which consisted of two pair of handcuffs and leg irons, so Mulvenon got a relay, leaving his horse on good feed at a Mormon ranch. The new horse gave out in less than two hundred miles as he was soft and not used to hard traveling. The next horse Mulvenon got was a little better.

He trailed the murderers through Utah into Idaho, located Wilson and the woman between Shoshone and Pocatello at a little settlement. He also located the team near this place.

As soon as he was positive as to Wilson and the woman, he took them, along with the man that had bought the team, to Pocatello, using the team and hiring the man to help him keep Wilson and the woman separated so they couldn't talk the matter over. On this trip he kept the cuffs and leg irons on Wilson. The woman was treated with all care as she was to become a mother. He gave her every assurance of good treatment and

care if she would tell the truth. She said she dared not as her life was at stake. When assured that her life was in no danger, the woman rested easier.

After placing Wilson in jail and the woman in the custody of a reliable woman who served at times as a jail matron, he began the search for Johnson, the negro. With the aid of the Pocatello officers, he located Johnson at a mining camp. When Johnson was arrested, he denied everything. He was never in Arizona, etc. Wilson did the same and the woman was mute; would say nothing in their presence.

Mulvenon wanted the man that bought the team as a witness, so hired him to take the team to Prescott. He promised to pay him the money he paid for the team and his fare back home. By doing this, he could return the two horses he had hired for the trip, get his horse home, and take the prisoners back by rail.

After landing the murderers in jail at Prescott, Mulvenon gained the confidence of the woman; got all the details of the murder, flight, etc. He then turned the woman over to Mrs. John Hartin where she had a good home and remained until February when she was removed to the hospital for confinement. When the case came up for trial, the jury was out only a few minutes bringing in a verdict of guilty. Although there were a lot of witnesses in the case, Jessie Clevenger gave the damaging evidence. Both men were sentenced to be hanged August 12, 1887.

After their attorneys sparred around for a new trial with no success, a ruse was resorted to by the two men whereby one of them would get off with life imprisonment. It was said at the time that while awaiting execution they agreed to draw straws, the loser to assume all blame for the killings and save the other's neck, who, when pardoned, was to return to Prescott and kill Jessie Clevenger for testifying against them. The white man drew the "long straw" and made an affidavit that he alone killed the Clevengers. The attorneys succeeded in getting Johnson's sentence commuted to life imprisonment. This was done by Governor Zulick who was then governor of the territory. Wilson was hanged on August 12, 1887. Johnson was pardoned a few years later and came to Prescott where he remained for some time. He is reported to have died in Phoenix some years later.

Jessie Clevenger remained with Mrs. Hartin for more than two years. Jim Vanderburg, a merchant at Stanton, Arizona, adopted Jessie's little girl when she was eighteen months old.

She was a very bright child and was the joy of the Vanderburg home, but she died at the age of three years.

In May, 1889, Jessie married John Speer and they went to Colorado. It was not generally known where they went after leaving Prescott. They made the trip overland and I saw them in Flagstaff when they passed through there.

* * * * *

Mrs. Hartin was my sister, and I was well acquainted with Jessie Clevenger. She discussed details of the murder with me several times, and it was her contention that the murderers did not get the \$2,000. She described the big rock by the side of the road where her foster father had buried the money on the night he was murdered. On January 1, 1889, I was appointed deputy sheriff and deputy assessor by Bucky O'Neill, who that day had taken over the sheriff's office of Yavapai County, having been elected sheriff that fall. The following April, Bucky sent me on a trip to the northern part of the county. The object of this trip was to assess the people in that part of the county, and to subpoena witnesses for the consideration of the case by the grand jury on May 5 of the four men held for robbing the Santa Fe train at Canyon Diablo on March 21, 1889. Jessie Clevenger urged me to go to the spot where the money was buried and get it.

The night I stopped at House Rock Valley—April 29, 1889—it so happened that I fell in with Harry Clayton, who carried mail from Johnson, Utah, to Lee's Ferry. We rode together to Johnson, and I kept a sharp lookout for the place Jessie Clevenger had described as having been the place where the murder had been committed. I brought up the subject of the murder; Clayton told me all about it and pointed out the exact spot. Some of the charred bedclothing was still there, and there was the place by the big rock where the money had been buried, but the murderers had taken it; that was evident at a glance.

NOTE: In the office of Arizona's Secretary of State is a yellowed document dated forty years ago and bearing almost a hundred signatures of Arizona's leading citizens of that day; many of them prominent in Arizona today. This document is the petition for a pardon for one "John A. Johnson, a colored man, who was on the 14th day of June A. D. 1887, tried as an accomplice with one Frank Wilson in the killing of Samuel

Clevenger and wife charged to have been committed on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1887, (a palpable error in the year. Ed.), and tried in the District Court in Yavapai County, Arizona Territory . . .” The letter accompanying the petition is addressed to “N. O. Murphy, Acting Governor of Arizona, Phoenix, A. T.” It is dated at Prescott on December 4, 1890, and was filed in the executive department on December 10, of the same year.

Also, in going over the files in this office, further information on the Clevenger case is unearthed. This is in a form of a communication from Will C. Barnes, at present a resident of Washington, D. C., but, who, with Mrs. Barnes is spending the winter in Phoenix. Mr. Barnes was a prominent resident of Arizona from 1880 to 1899. He furnishes some further interesting high-lights on the closing chapters of one of the most heinous crimes ever committed in Arizona. Mr. Barnes was an eye witness to the hanging of Wilson, and this is his story :

“As I recall the Clevenger murder case, Cephas Perkins, a well known cattleman of Holbrook, and who was a prominent witness for the territory at the trial of the two men at Prescott, writes that a party consisting of himself and a Mr. and Mrs. Graves followed the Clevenger party on the road to Utah from Lee’s Ferry in May, 1886. Perkins states that in the Buckskin Mountains they camped one night near the same spot where the Clevengers had camped a few days before.

Perkins had some loose stock with him. The next morning while running them near the Clevengers’ camp his saddle horse stepped to his knees into a soft place, stumbled and fell heavily with him. He mounted and rode on after the cattle, but later they examined the spot where the horse fell and found signs of a new-made grave. A little exploring discovered the hand and part of a woman’s head . . . They eventually unearthed the mutilated and burned bodies of the two old people. The party drove on to Kanab, reported what they had found and proceeded on their way to the west of St. George, Utah, where Perkins was to receive some cattle.

Coming back a few weeks later, when near Pipe Springs, Perkins met a sheriff from Utah looking for him with a warrant for murder. He found himself accused of the murder of his companions, Graves and his wife, due to the fact that an elderly man and woman had been killed along the road and Perkins had two such people with him on the road from Lee’s Ferry.

Having proved his innocence by the presence in life of the two, Graves and wife, Perkins went on to House Rock Valley where he turned his cattle out for the winter and camped there. Mr. and Mrs. Graves left him there. This was in the fall of 1886.

In December, 1886, Sheriff Mulvenon of Yavapai County, Arizona, passed Perkins' camp at House Rock on his way to arrest one of the men who had done the Clevenger killing. It had already been definitely established that the affair occurred in Yavapai County just below the Utah-Arizona line.

Mulvenon had previously located and arrested the white man, Wilson, and the girl, Jessie, and was now after the negro, Johnson. He asked Perkins to go with him as guide and assist in the arrest, which Perkins did.

They found their man at a farmhouse where he was living. Mulvenon covered him with his revolver while Perkins slipped the handcuffs on Johnson's wrists. The sheriff took his prisoner back to Prescott, via Utah, while Perkins went back to his camp and the next spring, 1887, came back to Holbrook with his cattle. When the trial came off at Prescott on June 14, 1887, he was a leading witness for the territory. The date of the murder was established as May 21, 1886.

My own connection with the case began in August, 1887, when I was in Prescott attending a meeting of the newly organized Live Stock Sanitary Board of the territory, of which I was an original member.

Governor Zulick asked the members of the board if any of us wished to witness the execution. Another member, Tom Halleck, of Mohave County, and myself agreed to be present as witnesses for the territory.

The morning of the execution, Governor Zulick told us that Wilson, the white man, had made a confession, taking all the blame for the murders on himself. Zulick said, however, that he was suspicious of the confession and meant to put both men on the scaffold together and test them out in the presence of death. He fancied that one or both would break down at the last minute and tell the truth.

The hanging took place in the little brick-walled yard on the east side of the old county court-house. There were two traps and two ropes with everything ready for a double execution.

Governor Zulick was standing at a window on the second floor of the court house overlooking the yard. He had told Mulvenon and us that if he waved his handkerchief out of the window at the last minute it meant a reprieve for the negro, Johnson.

Wilson came out first and, unassisted, marched firmly up the rather long steps leading to the platform. A little later Johnson appeared from the jail door supported by a deputy sheriff on each side. Meanwhile other guards were strapping Wilson's legs and arms and arranging the fatal noose about his neck.

It was a solemn, nervous moment. We could all hear our own and each other's hearts beating.

As Johnson and his guards reached the platform, Zulick's handkerchief waved from the window. An audible sigh went round the group at the foot of the scaffold. Quickly the men marched Johnson down the stairs and across the yard into the jail—a reprieved man.

A moment later the black cap was slipped over Wilson's head and he swung off into eternity without saying a single word. He died game to the very last.

The negro was reprieved until September 23, 1887, at which time the governor changed his sentence to imprisonment for life. He had served but six years when pardoned by Governor Zulick. Johnson lived and died at Phoenix several years after his pardon.

WILL C. BARNES.

January 5, 1930.

CARNACION TELLS HER TALE

(By FR. BONAVENTURE OBLASSER, Topawa Mission.)

The old traditions, let us gather them before they are lost. That is why I called on the aged Carnacion at San Xavier. I wanted her story of the ancient days. She must be very old. The last of the old Franciscans left not later than 1828, and she knew them. Here is her story:

"My father was Miguel Anton; my mother, Maria Juana. The Apaches killed my father and he lies buried in the shadow of the old mission. The Apaches were a terrible people. I can still hear their drums beating, filling all of us with terror. I had brothers and sisters, too, but now all are gone. I am alone with my young husband (he is about sixty years old).

"My mother came from Santan, where the Padre baptized her (Santan is an ancient Papago village, just east of the Santa Rosa Mountain). On one occasion, while I was still a girl, my mother took me to her home village on a visit. The people were at work building a mission. They had finished the foundations. Some were digging a well, looking for water. But they never reached water. That is why the people deserted Santan. The mission was never completed. The Santan people now live at Pipiet (the place of the Morning Glories), a few miles south.

"My grandfather and my grandmother on my father's side both worked on the old mission while it was being built. The man who did all of the interior decorating was Vishak Namkam (The One Who Meets the Chicken Hawk). He was a Mexican. He alone did all that work. The Indians would help to bring him things. He would stay way up the wall, standing on the cornice, and work for hours. The church looked very beautiful at that time. On one occasion this artist left for Caborca and never returned. That is why some of the work in the church is unfinished.

"We called the padre in charge of the old mission, Komak Pald, because his habit was a whitish grey. I recollect another padre who made a few visits. He wore a reddish habit and sandals. (No doubt, she refers to Padre Nonato who came to Tucson around 1860, labored there three years and laid the foundations of the old St. Augustine on the Plaza.)

"There was a mission at Tucson also. The Indians who settled there were, for the greater part, Kwahates. (The home of the Kwahate Branch of the Pima Nation is south of the present Casa Grande.)

"North of the mission, on the river banks (the river had but low banks), was a place called Bit Shon Kuk, where there were some adobe ruins. The ground was rather swampy, and when the Apaches would not annoy us we would cultivate our fields at that place. The river has since cut a deep barranca. The erosions have unearthed many human bones showing that there must have been a cemetery around there.

"Tumacacori belongs to us, too. It happened this way. The Apaches drove our kin folks from that mission. These wild people were going to burn the statue of St. Cajetano. The flames had already commenced to consume the image, when a shower extinguished the fire. This statue and many others were brought here by the women, who carried them in their Kiahats (burden baskets). The statue of Maria Santisima, however, was brought tied on a horse. I missed seeing the cavalcade arrive at the old mission, but I did hear the ringing of the mission bells as they reached this place. One of the statues, the one of the Blessed Virgin with child, was taken to Tucson.

"Something that brought great sadness to my people was an awful epidemic, many years ago. Most of my kin folks died from it. That is why but two of us are left of the old people. All the rest here are Papagos, who have come from the desert. I do not tell them what I know, for they do not believe me; they just make fun of me. Well, this epidemic was terrible. We would have three funerals a day. The church bells seemed never to stop tolling. One thing made me feel especially sad. We buried a woman and her child together. I, too, contracted the disease, but was given some medicine to drink, which cured me. But the year after I had a relapse, and was close to death that time."

* * * * *

This is the story of Carnacion. The poor old lady is blind, but this does not affect her memory. I am glad I spoke to her, for soon she, too, will be called to the land from which there is no answer.

ANCIENT CEREMONIAL CAVES OF CENTRAL ARIZONA

(By FRANK MITALSKY)

This paper deals with a number of caves in which quantities of "reed-cigarettes" have been found. Comparatively little attention has been given the caves or articles by southwestern archaeologists, and as yet little is definitely known about their age and purpose. Due to the remote locations of the sites and the inconspicuous nature of the articles, the discovery of such caves is largely accidental. Consequently, this paper must assume the status of a preliminary report.

The principle interest of these sacred caves centers about the ancient reed-cigarette. The article may not be a cigarette but appears in every detail to be designed for smoking, so will be called a reed-cigarette for convenience until its use is definitely determined. This is a short section of reed, containing the joint, and having one end stuffed with plant-strippings. These reeds are often belted with a wrapping of primitive cotton cloth, or tied in bundles of as many as sixteen or more. Though none of them shows marks of burning, the character and nature of the contents seem to indicate that they were designed for smoking or smoke-blowing.

Smoking as a ceremonial practice only was prevalent in the Ancient Americas, taking various forms. On the North American plains the pipe was developed to a high degree, running into the elbow type and highly artistic effigy forms. In the Southwest the pipe was never very highly developed, the reed-cigarette and perhaps also the corn-husk cigarette taking its place to a large extent. Social smoking originated through the early North American colonists and rapidly spread over the world, eventually returning to the North American Indian, from which the original tobacco had been secured.

In recent times the reed-cigarette was in use by many of the Southwestern tribes including the Jemez, Zuni, Hopi, Navajo, Apache, Papago, Pima and probably others. In Zuni it figured in nearly every ceremony. Corn-husk cigarettes have taken its place among some groups, but where it is found it is always deeply rooted in the ritual and mythology of the people. Its use by the recent Indians will be taken up in detail later in this discus-

sion. So let us proceed to its ancient distribution and the description of some of the Central Arizona caves.

In ancient and prehistoric times the reed-cigarette also extended over a large area. Finds appearing to be of great antiquity have been made at such points as Wupatki, Sityatki, Northern Arizona; Blue River, New Mexico; Casa Grande; Pinacate Mountain, Sonora, Mexico, etc.

The portion of Central Arizona involved in this study can be defined by the term Gila Basin, designating the low area lying between Camelback Mountain on the north and Chiu Chuseu on the south; between Superstition Mountain on the east and the Estrella Mountains on the west. This term was applied to the area by Harold Gladwyn for the study of the Red-on-buff pottery culture but was not intended as a cultural limit. All of the caves are within this range.

These caves are rightly called ceremonial caves for, with but a few exceptions, no utility articles have been found in them. Out of thousands of carefully prepared reed-cigarettes, the writer has never found one that showed signs of having been lighted. Many miniature objects have also been found. The bow and arrow had such a prominent place in Native American ceremony that when found in a cave it is scarcely thought of as a utility object. Beside fragile material, the articles found in the caves were mostly beads of shell and turquoise, ornaments, etc. No pottery fragments can be found in the majority of these caves and only in one or two have a few pieces come to light.

Cave 1.—Camelback Mountain.

Perhaps the largest of these caves is this one in Camelback Mountain, ten miles northeast of Phoenix. It is reached by a short tramp from "The Bowl" in Echo Canyon. The location is a seat of grandeur, the luxurious vines tracing their green over the red cliffs. The ground, moist from subsurface seepage, is carpeted with moss and flowers and ferns can be found among the shaded rocks. What effect this had upon the savage mind we can only speculate, but civilized man stands in silent awe.

Dr. Turney's description, published in the Arizona Republican several years ago, is quite detailed and is quoted here:

"On the north side of the head of Camelback, underneath the rock figure climbing the mountain, may be seen a cavern; after the long walk it becomes an amphitheater

arched in the rock. The sun does not penetrate and the rain does not fall. Here the untutored mind would discover mysterious echoes; here a few could hold the fastness against a tribe. The disintegrating rock overhead is a metamorphosed cyclopean conglomerate, the floor composed of several feet of the fallen dust-like fragments. For two feet deep the ground is filled with these reeds; searchers have plundered the site, curio-mad, and broken thousands in quest of fancied trophies."

The shallow hollow is 160 feet across the front. Its greatest depth, about 65 feet, is in the west end where the roof is, and is 40 feet high. This portion of the cave is the most sheltered, and here are found the great mass of reeds. The floor of the cave is rather irregular, there being a dome-shaped knoll near the center and a downward slope to either end. On the northeast side of the knoll are some large detached rocks that have fallen from the roof.

Where the reeds are found there is a quantity of guano mixed with gravel decomposition from the roof of the cave. Tin cans and modern trash testify to its frequent visitation and the activities of picnickers—in fact, the place has been known for some forty-five years and many people have seen it. In 1925 the Desert Ramblers met here, inspiring enthusiasm over the ancient landmarks of this region and making resolutions for their protection. In 1929 the writer visited this cave for Harold Gladwyn, of Gila Pueblo, labeling it Camelback 7:1 in the system of labeling sites used by The Medallion.

The location of this cave in relation to a certain rock-representation seems significant. Whether the prehistoric natives, who never saw a camel or picture of one, recognized an animal figure in the shape of the mountain, is a matter of dim speculation, though the likeness was unavoidable to the pioneers. Much more possible and very likely was the figure recognition of a stooped human figure called by us the "Old Man of the Mountain" on the north slope of the head of the mountain. This is the figure alluded to and is one of peculiar attraction to primitive imagination. Seen from the west, the figure seems to be directly above the ceremonial cave, but in reality it is several hundred feet to the east. Though it is but a short distance to the base of this figure the climb is somewhat hazardous. On reaching the object it is found to be a heap of giant boulders between and under which are cracks and caverns. The writer on his first visit found several plain reed-cigarettes in the cracks under the

"Old Man," showing that the figure had been visited. The spot is so insignificant and obscure that the placement would hardly have been made without relation to the figure in the base of which it is located. The writer has not completely explored Camelback Mountain, but these two locations are to his knowledge the only places in the mountain where reed-cigarettes have been found. The Camelback cave does not seem to be known to the Pimas, many of whom have been questioned. This cave and the one next to be described are located on Dr. Turney's map of the Salt River Valley.

Cave 2.—Bell Butte.

This cave is located in the Double Buttes, two miles southeast of Tempe, on the east side of a large volcanic dome called "Bell" Butte, after the resemblance it presents from some angles. The cave, facing east, is a narrow fissure-like cavity. The opening is triangular, about twelve feet in width at the bottom and coming to a peak at the height of thirty-five feet. The rampant floor narrows and ascends as it retreats into the mountain, reaching to a depth of about thirty-seven feet. There are a number of wide irregularities which escape this description. This was perhaps the first of the ceremonial caves to be discovered—it has a long record of devastation and is now completely looted.

Frank Cushing, who excavated the ruin of Los Muertos in 1885, dug in this cave, finding a number of articles. One of these, according to Col. James H. McClintock, was a copper object shaped like a cutting implement. The cave was often exploited for guano and on one occasion in the year 1905, a Mexican named "King" Flores found a marvelous specimen of a "mirror," which was owned by Dr. Parker, of Glendale, California, for many years and was then secured by Mr. Heye for the Museum of the American Indian, where it now remains.

This specimen is a circular disc about four inches in diameter, overlaid with pyrites set in a black gummy substance (probably asphaltum) and highly polished to a reflective surface. The base is a disc of cement one-quarter of an inch thick on which is added the thin layer of cementing substance, in which are set the ground-down crystals which form a layer not over an eighth of an inch thick, making the entire thickness of the object less than a half-inch. Around the outer ring is a very perfectly bevelled edge about three-quarters of an inch wide.

The object was found bundled in a series of wrappings over and around which was tied a braid of fiber cord. The outer wrapping was of grass, under which was tucked a small obsidian nugget. Next was a wrapping of fiber cloth, under which was the final wrapping of buckskin. The specimen must be seen to be appreciated and is of a perfection beyond the seeming possibility of primitive tools, although a number of prominent scientists have pronounced its genuineness. Dr. Turney, in "Prehistoric Irrigation," P. 80 (published previously in the *Arizona Historical Review*), describes this find, and also that of a steatite disc owned by Dr. Parker, which was not found in this cave.

When first visited by white men, probably all of the ceremonial caves contained caches of large articles such as complete arrows, baskets, etc., which were early removed and lost track of. Perhaps Cushing secured the original prize at this cave. In nearly every case the first visits are so distant as to be beyond the scope of our records.

The Bell Butte cave contained a great quantity of guano of a rich grade, and, consequently, fertilizer exploits played a large part in its devastation. More than ten years ago on a visit to this cave, the writer found the roof of it occupied by wild bees and sometime later much of the cave filling was burned, perhaps in obtaining the honey. Wild bees in recent years have settled in the cracks of this cave.

Due to steep slope of the cave floor, a large share of the deposits has rolled out, perhaps even in ancient times, to decay in the elements.

In 1929 the writer, visiting the cave for Harold Gladwyn, labeled it Mesa: 4:4, under the Medallion's system of site-cataloguing, finding a few prehistoric potsherds on the nearby slopes. Later he found a prehistoric Redware sherd inside the cave itself, indicating a prehistoric age for the shrine.

Recently the detrital slope around the base of the butte has been cut away, making the cave somewhat difficult to reach. Though this cave is known to have yielded large quantities of deposits to general visitors, at the writer's first visit in 1922 he was able after hours of patient gleaning to find only enough traces of ancient visitation to prove to identify the place. Most of the reed fragments found were in a totally charred condition. He has paid many visits since then without finding a trace of ancient visitation and on his last visit, after he had long thought that there was nothing left for discovery, he observed two dim

pictographs near the entrance. Pictographs or "Rock Pictures" are thinly scattered over all of the three hills that form this volcanic group, but these two, eighteen feet from the cave entrance and on a type of rock-surface unsuitable for "etching" in this style, would appear to have some connection with the shrine. One of these is very dim and much older than the other, which is only three inches away. However, this is little more than a simple circle, which is one of the commonest figures found and therefore could not possibly have applied to anything so abstract as a ceremonial cave. The other, much newer but still very old, showing in contrast to late scratchings, is rather peculiar and suggests an application to the cave. The figure is an enclosure with a long narrow entrance opening out at the end in which is a "v" pointing inward. The entrance is to the east as is that of the cave and may represent the "house of the god" as such a cave is called by present-day Indians. There are several other caves in this series of hills some of which have been dug out, but none of them is very large. The writer has not searched them carefully, but to his knowledge ceremonial articles have been found only in the one described.

Cave 3.—Santan Hills.

In the Santan Hills northeast of Sacaton are countless caves and hollows in the volcanic rock. This is near the heart of Pima, and not far distant from prehistoric population centers. Frank Russell, writing in "The Pima Indians," published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, describes six recent Pima shrines, none of which is a cave. Beads, bits of cloth and creosote branches were the latest offerings. Two of these are in the Santan Hills, one at the foot of a large pictograph. He describes our Cave 3 as follows: "Near the summit of one of the lava-formed Santan hills is a small cave in which the Hohokam (dead ones) placed sacrifices. A number of articles were discovered there a quarter century ago (about 1878), and sent to some eastern museum. Since that time the Pimas deposited the body of a child and some other things in the cave, which were secured by an Arizona collector in 1901. The cave is known as Varsa Vaak—Basket Living—because it contained a basket such as the Pimas use for their medicine paraphernalia. It was discovered by two Pima warriors, who were serving their sixteen-day period of lustration for having killed Apaches." Several years ago it was visited by George Bounty and a collection of reed-cigarettes was left in the Casa Grande Ruins Museum.

The cave is a rather small low-roofed hollow, reached after a very steep climb. It is not visible until within a few feet of the entrance where one must scramble to keep from slipping. Thirty people would be crowded in this cave, though it is completely sheltered from the elements. The floor and ceiling are fairly uniform. Reed-cigarettes can be found to a depth of about two and a half feet in the bottom, which contains lime-dust and a little guano. Numerous thin sheets of quartz can be found in and about the entrance of the cave, but appear to be present in the rock rather than offerings brought from a distance. In a slight hollow around the cliff a hundred yards to the west were found a few plain reed-cigarettes which may have been carried by Americans or pack-rats. Other shrines containing reeds may exist in these hills for the writer has only partially explored them. A number of people have brought reed-cigarettes from these mountains and many have reported caves containing pottery fragments. Some fragments of prehistoric pottery (3rd period Red-on-buff, have been found mixed with the reeds in this cave which show without doubt a prehistoric visitation. The Pimas may have deposited reed-cigarettes here in comparatively recent times, as most of them know of this cave but are vague as to its definite location.

In the continuation of this article several more of the caves will be described and the cave-deposits and reeds of the recent Arizona Indians will be considered.

(To be continued.)

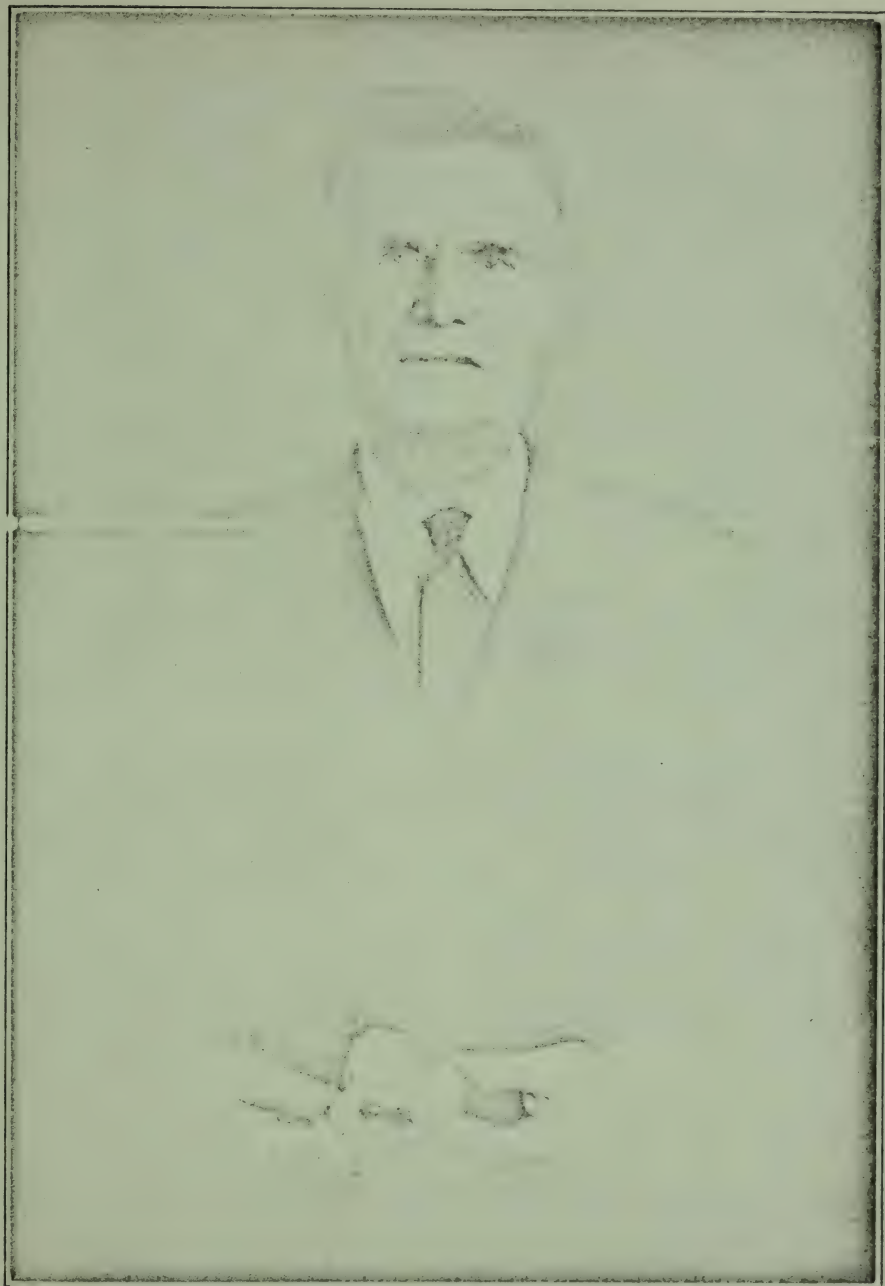
ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

(By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER)

The recent gift to the Arizona Museum in Phoenix of a watch once the property of Jacob Hamblin, recalls one of the most admirable characters in Arizona's history. Jacob Hamblin's relations with the Indians of Northern Arizona have been likened to those of Father Kino with the Pima Indians in the southern part of the state. He was the first American to go among the Hopis and Navajos as a missionary. He became their trusted friend and counselor, although he was never able to do much toward converting them to his religion.

Hamblin was born in Ohio in 1819. He embraced the Mormon religion in Wisconsin in 1842, and later joined the Saints at Nauvoo, Illinois. With his wife and family he crossed the plains to Salt Lake in 1850, and in 1855 settled at Santa Clara on the Virgin River, five miles from St. George, Utah. His first mission to the Hopis was in 1857, at which time he crossed the Colorado River at the old Ute Ford, better known as "the Crossing of the Padres," near the site which in recent years has been called Lee's Ferry. He was the first Caucasian to cross the river at this point since Father Escalante and his companions had passed that way in 1776. Many times after this he crossed the Colorado on various missions to the Hopis and Navajos; and many times his life was in great danger; but his honest dealings and his total disregard for personal danger always kept him from harm. He was confident of the assurance given him by the Lord that if he would never thirst for the blood of the Lamanites, as the Mormons called the Indians, he would never be killed by them. Once in his life he came near to killing an Indian, but his gun missed fire. He was very thankful for this all the rest of his life.

Hamblin befriended and guided many pioneers on their way across Southern Utah to California in the years following the discovery of gold in that state. He was of great assistance to Major J. W. Powell and his men in their survey of the country north of the Grand Canyon. In 1871 he accompanied Powell across the Navajo Reservation to Fort Defiance, where a great council of the Navajos was held and where he negotiated a famous treaty between the Navajos and the Mormon people. Hastele, the chief of all the Navajos, was a wise and good Indian and a loyal friend to Hamblin and the Mormons. Sometimes it was difficult, however, for the Indians to distinguish between



Photograph by Russell

Watch of Jacob Hamblin, gift to the Arizona Museum,
and its donor, Jacob Hamblin, Jr.

the Mormons and the Gentiles who would occasionally make trouble. At such times Hamblin would not hesitate to go right into the camps of the hostile Indians to explain and settle the difficulty amicably.

His son, Jacob Hamblin, Jr., in his autobiography tells us that when he was a boy about ten years old, his father sent him to trade a horse to a Piute chief for blankets (the Indians were always glad to trade blankets for horses. The Piutes got their blankets from the Navajos). The chief gave him a bundle of blankets, but wishing to make a good trade, young Hamblin asked for more blankets. The chief gave him more with such alacrity that he thought he probably was not yet receiving enough, so again he asked for more and received them. On returning home his father told him he had cheated the chief and sent him back with the extra blankets. When he came in sight of the chief's wickiup, he saw him standing, shading his eyes with his hand and looking in his direction. When he returned the blankets, the chief said: "I knew that I had given you too many and that your father would send you back with some of them."

Jacob Hamblin with his family moved to Arizona in 1879 and settled in the vicinity of Springerville where his children have had a prominent part in the upbuilding of that section of Arizona. He died in 1886 and is buried in Alpine, twenty-five miles southeast of Springerville.

At the recent dedication of the Grand Canyon Bridge, which connects Arizona with Utah near Lee's Ferry, Jacob Hamblin, Jr., represented his father in a pageant which was enacted in celebration of the occasion. It is to be regretted that the bridge was not named for this great man who figured so prominently and admirably in the early history of that section.

The watch, which has been presented to the museum by Jacob Hamblin, Jr., is one of the most treasured possessions of the museum. It was sent to Jacob Hamblin, Sr., by one of Major Powell's men several years after the party had left Arizona. It is engraved on the inner cover with the name and date: JACOB HAMBLIN—1880.

COLLECTION OF RARE VALUE SHOWN AT THE MUSEUM

The E. D. Osborn collection of prehistoric pottery, fabrics and jewelry from the Mimbres Valley, near Deming, New Mexico, has been on exhibition at the museum for the past month. This collection consists of over two thousand pieces. Most of the

pottery is decorated with either geometric, conventional or realistic designs. Many of the mortuary bowls are decorated with well-made pictures showing interesting features of prehistoric life in that valley. One bowl depicts a hunter snaring birds; another represents a prehistoric game of "stick dice;" another shows fish designs; one shows a parrot, and yet another shows the plumed serpent, so much used by the Indians and Mayans of Southern Mexico.

The late Dr. Jesse Walter Fewkes, of the Smithsonian Institution, in commenting on Mr. Osborn's discoveries in the Mim-bres Valley, says in one of his publications: "While superior to the Casas Grandes and all other prehistoric Indian pottery in variety and the accuracy with which human and animal figures are drawn, it shares enough with it to hold a place in the same group."

R. B. Kenyon, who has the disposal of the collection, is making every effort to negotiate its purchase for the museum.

STUDIES PICTOGRAPHS IN ARIZONA

An interesting recent visitor to the museum was Hosmer McKoon, of San Diego, California, who has broken away from the routine of business life in order to tour Arizona. With his camera, he has made a large collection of pictographs while traveling over the state. At the museum he exhibited some particularly interesting ones from the locality of Canyon de Chelly, in Apache County. One group of deer was especially realistic, while many other animals were distinguishable. Mr. McKoon intends to spend more time studying the pictographs in the mountains surrounding the Salt River Valley before leaving for the southern part of the state.

Dr. Byron C. Cummings, Arizona's foremost archaeologist, who for many years has been in charge of the work of the State Museum at the University of Arizona, has also accepted the title of Field Director of the Arizona Museum in Phoenix. Much good for the cause in Arizona is sure to result from the cooperation of these institutions.

IN MEMORIAM

William Cowan

William Cowan, prominent Cochise County stockman, died in Douglas, November 25, 1930, at the age of 73. He was a native of Canada, and came to Tombstone in the first days of the gold rush in 1881. Followed mining for two years, then entered the cattle business. His cattle interests centered around what is now the town of Gleeson, his ranch in that section comprising more than 75,000 acres, and at one time he had a herd of more than 12,000 cattle. He was financially interested in mining, and was the owner of much bank stock in different institutions, his largest bank holdings being in the Arizona Southwest Corporation, of which he was a director and one of the largest stockholders.

Mr. Cowan is survived by his wife, one son and five daughters.

I. E. Solomon

Isadore Solomon, who came to Arizona in 1876, died at his home in Los Angeles, where he had lived for about ten years, on December 4, 1930. He was born in Germany in 1844, and came to America sixteen years later. Was the founder of the town of Solomonville and the leading business man of that section, and was postmaster at that place for sixteen successive years from the time of his appointment in 1880. In 1882 he was elected county treasurer of Graham County, after having served a year in that capacity by appointment of Gov. John C. Fremont. Altogether, he served that county as treasurer for four years. Probably no one man ever experienced more thrilling adventures in the early days in Arizona than did I. E. Solomon. One of his many business ventures was that of sheep-raising on a large scale, near the Apache Reservation. He was constantly harassed and hampered in this enterprise by the marauding Apaches, who on one occasion murdered a number of his herders, and slaughtered about 500 sheep. Mr. Solomon also passed through some thrilling experiences while traveling, be-

ing attacked by Indians and road-agents, but he, apparently, bore a charmed life.

Mr. Solomon is survived by his wife, five daughters and one son, all residents of California. The only member of the family who retained his residence in Arizona was Chas. F. Solomon, a banker of Tucson, whose death occurred last September.

William M. Adamson

William M. Adamson died in Douglas on November 21, 1930, after having resided in Arizona since 1896, coming first to Jerome where W. A. Clark put him in charge of the construction work of the United Verde smelter. He had worked for the Clark interests in Montana for eleven of his thirteen years' residence in that state. Came to Bisbee in 1901 as master mechanic for the Copper Queen Mining Company. Went to Douglas in 1904 and was in charge of the construction of the Copper Queen smelter at that place. Member of the first city council of Douglas, and lacked but one vote of being that city's first mayor. Was mayor of Douglas for three terms, having been elected in 1906, 1916 and 1918, resigning in 1919 owing to ill health. Was one of the organizers of the Douglas Investment Company, the Douglas Street Railway, the city ice plant, the city water works and the first telephone company in Douglas. Was always active in progressive public movements. Was a stockholder in the re-organized United Verde Extension Mining Company, and owned the Arizona Gypsum Plaster Company. He traveled extensively in this country and in Europe in recent years in search of health.

Mr. Adamson is survived by his wife, two brothers and two sisters.

C. L. Cummings

Charles L. Cummings, resident of Cochise County, Arizona, since 1880, died at his home in Tombstone on November 30, 1930. He was born in New York in 1855. Mr. Cummings was active in the business, political and civic affairs of Cochise County from the time of his arrival. He was interested in stock-raising,

mining, banking and real estate. He is a former president of the First National Bank of Tombstone, now merged with the Cochise County State Bank. He held many public offices at different times, including mayor of Tombstone, city councilman, city treasurer, county treasurer, and member of the school board. In 1894 he was elected to the lower house of the legislature, and took a prominent part in the activities of that body.

Mr. Cummings was known as the possessor of one of the finest collections of Indian baskets in the state. He was also the owner of the old Bird Cage Theatre, famed in song and story.

Mr. Cummings is survived by his wife.

M. J. Riordan

M. J. Riordan, of Flagstaff, died at a hospital in Rochester, Minn., on October 7, at the age of 65. Mr. Riordan, a native of Illinois, had been a resident of Northern Arizona since 1885, and was a member of one of the most prominent pioneer families of the state. At the time of his death he was secretary-treasurer of the Arizona Lumber and Timber Company at Flagstaff, and president of the First National Bank. With his brothers, T. A. and D. M. Riordan, Mr. Riordan was a leading figure in the creation and operation of various public utilities at Flagstaff, and their lumber mill is situated in the heart of the largest pine forest in the world. In 1901 Mr. Riordan was a member of the territorial legislative council.

Surviving relatives are the widow and four grown children.

Allen T. Bird

Col. Allen Tracy Bird died at the Old Soldiers' Home, at Sawtelle, California, on December 5. Col. Bird was born in Wisconsin, April 13, 1849, was a veteran of the Civil War, an author and journalist. He established newspapers in California, his first being the Woodland Mail, at Woodland, in 1884. He came to Arizona in 1893 and started a paper near Casa Grande, later moving his plant to Benson. The same year he went to

Nogales, where he established the Nogales Weekly Oasis, which he published until ten years ago.

Col. Bird was active in politics, serving a term as United States commissioner, and was for years clerk of the district court of Santa Cruz County. In 1895 he was commissioned as a captain in the Arizona National Guard, later being attached to the staff of Governor McCord as aide de camp, with the title of lieutenant-colonel.

The surviving relatives of Col. Bird are the widow, three sons and a daughter. Mrs. Bird and two of the sons, Allen Tracy Bird, Jr., and Duane Bird, make their home in Arizona; the other two children live in California.

J. Lorenzo Hubbell

Lorenzo Hubbell was born November 27, 1853, at Pajarito, New Mexico. Died at his home, Ganado, Arizona, November 12, 1930. A resident of Arizona since 1871, when he established a trading post at Ganado, on the Navajo Indian Reservation. He had held many official positions in Arizona. Was sheriff of Apache County twice; elected to the council of the territorial legislature in 1893, and was made that county's senator in the first state legislature—1912. He has also been chairman of the State Republican Central Committee, and was once a candidate for congress. Probably no man in Arizona was better known nor better loved than "Don" Lorenzo, to whose picturesque and hospitable home were always welcomed alike the great and the obscure.

Mr. Hubbell was buried on Hubbell Hill, overlooking Ganado, between the graves of his wife and his Indian "brother," Chief Many Horses. He is survived by two sons and two daughters.

James B. Finley

James Buchanan Finley, one of the pioneer legislators of Arizona, died in Los Angeles on October 25, 1930. Mr. Finley was born near Santa Rosa, California, in 1856, and was educated in the schools of Sonoma County. He entered the employ of the Southern Pacific as a clerk, at Tucson in 1885, and remained in

Arizona twenty-four years, during which time he rendered much political service to the state in both branches of the legislature, and advanced to positions of increasing responsibility with the railroad. At the time of his retirement, he was vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific of Mexico.

Mrs. Clara Finley, the widow, and a daughter, survive.

Anthony L. Boehmer

Anthony L. Boehmer, native of Cincinnati, Ohio, aged 74, died in Phoenix, November 7, 1930. Had lived in this city continuously since 1901, with the exception of five years, from 1913 to 1918, which were spent in San Diego. At the time of his death he owned the drug store at First Avenue and Washington Street which bears his name. He was an outstanding man in the public life of Phoenix for many years. Was elected in 1925 as a representative from Maricopa County to the legislature. Served one term. Served on Phoenix City Commission in 1926 by appointment to fill the unexpired term of Commissioner Frank A. Jefferson, when the latter succeeded to the mayoralty on the resignation of Louis B. Whitney. Mr. Boehmer was again elected as city commissioner in 1927 for a term of two years.

He is survived by a sister in Cleveland, and a brother in Kentucky.

INDEX VOLUME 3 ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

A Good Indian (Dr. John Holt Lacy)	No. 3, p.	75
Ancient Ceremonial Caves of Central Arizona (Frank Mitalsky)	No. 4, p.	99
Apaches' Last Stand In Arizona (Will C. Barnes)	No. 4, p.	36
Apache Kid, The Escape of (Mertice Buck Knox)	No. 4, p.	77
Arizona's Governors (Effie R. Keen)	No. 3, p.	7
Arizona Museum Notes (Elizabeth S. Oldaker)	No. 3, p. 86; No. 4, p.	106
Arizona's Six Gun Classic (Con P. Cronin)	No. 2, p.	7
Beauford, Clay—Bridwell, Welford C. (H. E. Dunlap)	No. 3, p.	45
Carnacion Tells Her Tale (Father Bonaventure Oblasser)	No. 4, p.	97
Cashman, Nellie (John P. Clum)	No. 4, p.	9
Canyon Diablo Train Robbery, The (Will C. Barnes)	No. 1, p.	89
Clevenger Family, The Fate of (John Roberts)	No. 4, p.	88
Current Comment (Dan R. Williamson)	No. 1, p. 7; No. 2, p. 95; No. 3, p.	90
Early Days in Arizona (Thomas Thompson Hunter)	No. 1, p.	105
First Printing Press, Highlights on Arizona's (William Hattich)	No. 3, p.	90
Geronimo Campaign, The (H. W. Daly)	No. 2, p.	27
In Memoriam	No. 4, p.	109
Joe Phy—Gladiator (John A. Rockfellow)	No. 3, p.	73
Oskay de No Tah (Dan R. Williamson)	No. 3, p.	79
San Carlos Blasted Into Dust (John P. Clum)	No. 1, p.	59
San Carlos Apache Police, The (John P. Clum)	No. 2, p. 12; No. 3, p.	21
Sieber, Al., Famous Scout (Dan R. Williamson)	No. 4, p.	60
Southwestern Prehistoric, An Outline of (H. S. Gladwin)	No. 1, p.	71
Topography of Arizona (Mrs. C. Rodney MacDonald)	No. 3, p.	85
Tucson, The Old Pueblo (Dr. Frank C. Lockwood and Donald W. Page)	No. 1, p. 16; No. 2, p.	45

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., RE-
QUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

OF ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW published Quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for October,
1930.

STATE OF ARIZONA. }
COUNTY OF MARICOPA } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Dan R. Williamson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of—	Post office address—
Publisher—Dan R. Williamson	Phoenix, Arizona
Editor—Dan R. Williamson	Phoenix, Arizona
Managing Editor—Dan R. Williamson	Phoenix, Arizona
Business Manager—Dan R. Williamson	Phoenix, Arizona

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The State of Arizona, State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

DAN R. WILLIAMSON,
State Historian.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1930.

(Seal)

Form 3526.—Ed. 1924.

EFFIE R. KEEN,
(My commission expires July 8, 1934.)

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